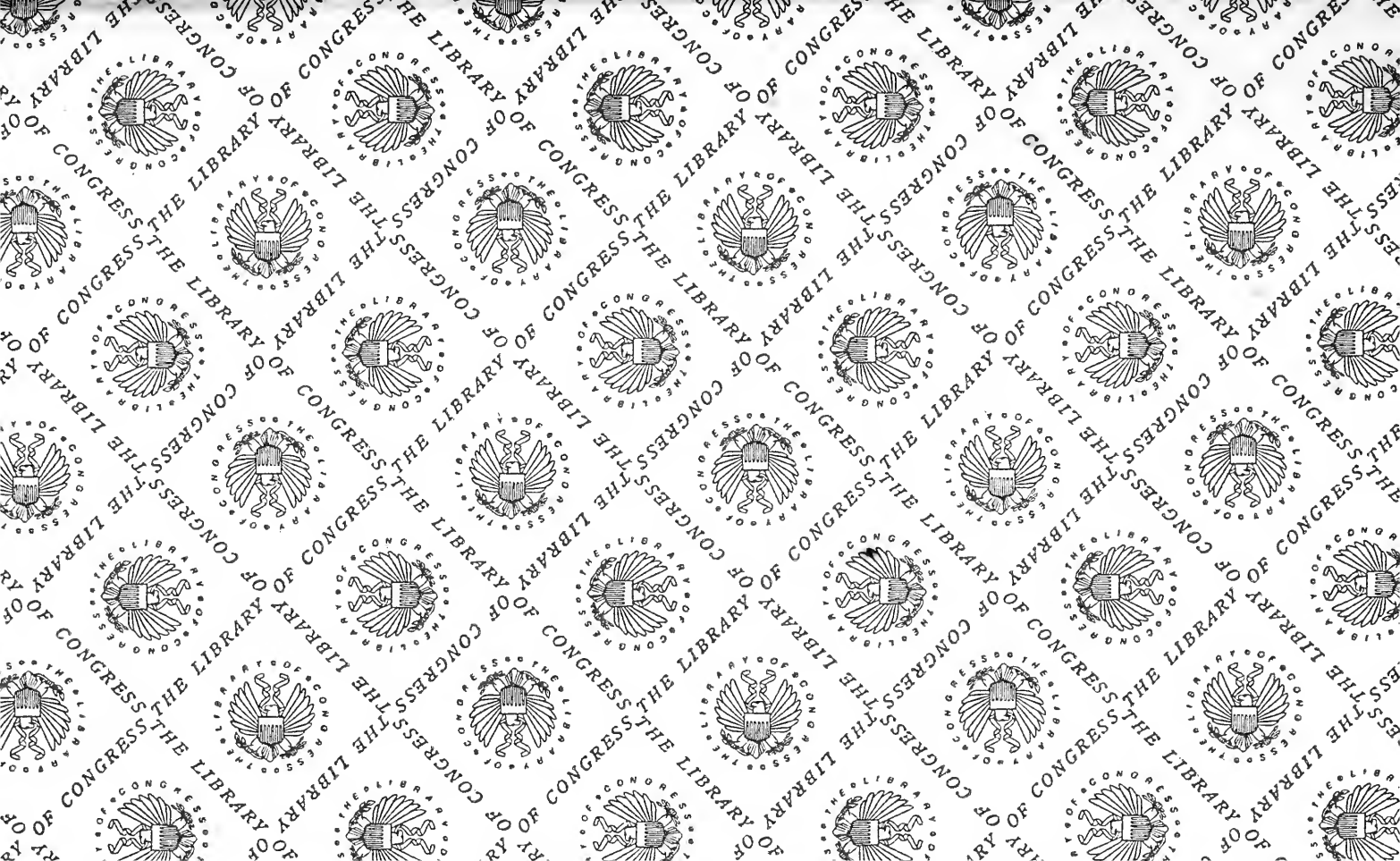
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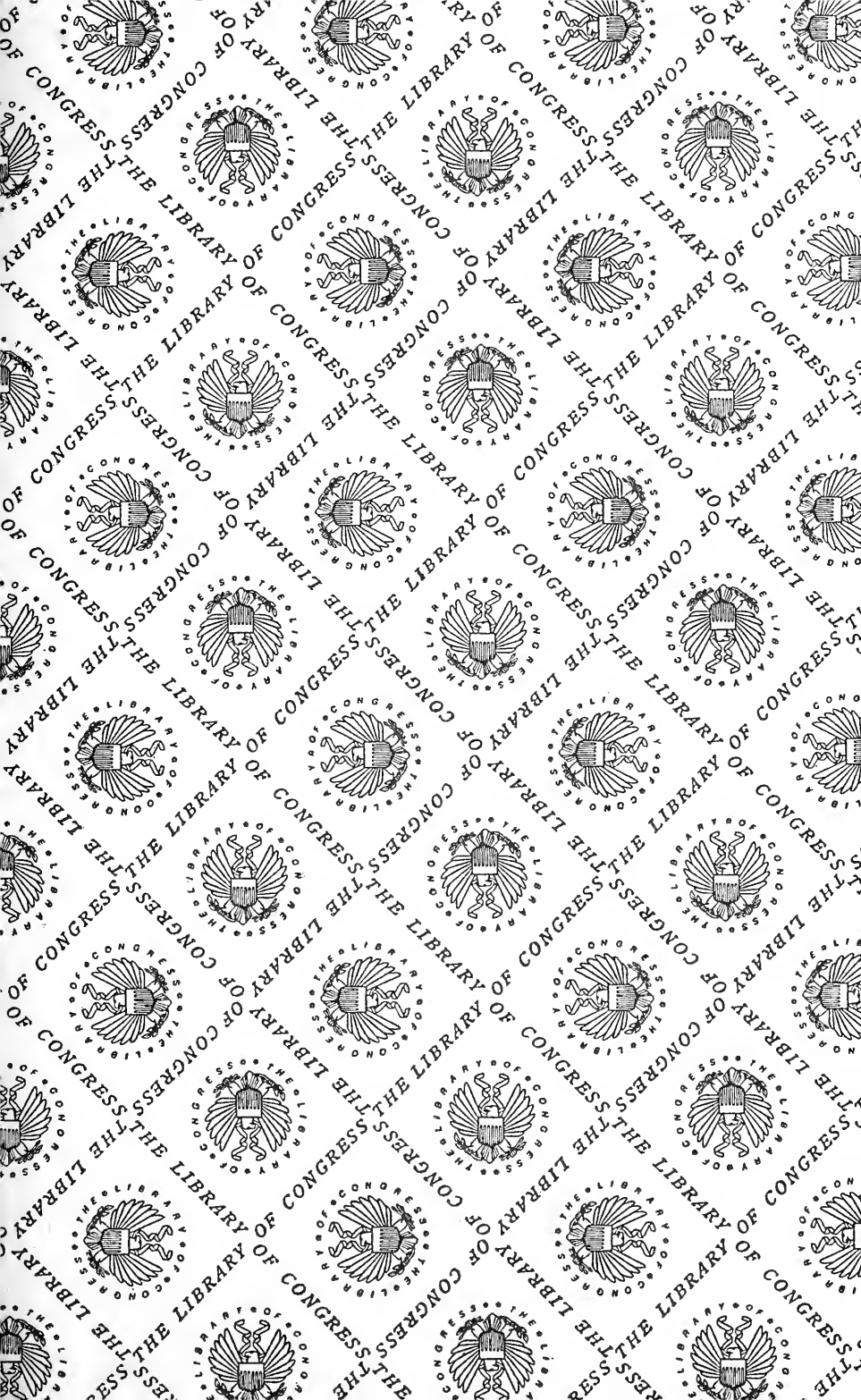
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SAKURAMBŌ

By

JAMES S. DE BENNEVILLE

"Oh, past delights,
Whereof the very thought excites
A thrill in every limb, as though
The merry life of long ago
I lived again."

Romance of the Rose

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PREFACE

In travelling through the highways and byways of a country there are many questions which present themselves, and which we try to answer on the facts familiar to us of our own present and past, require a *résumé* of the authorities to which recourse was had so numerously sprinkled over the land of Japan, naturally these questions come up, to which, with this secretive Oriental people, it is difficult to find an answer. The material of this book is largely made of personal impressions gained by four years of travel through its countryside. For the opinions here expressed, only the writer is responsible. The facts, dealing in some cases with the past, require a *résumé* of the authorities to which recourse was had to obtain such facts.

I would therefore mention, in connection with Chapter IV., Klaproth's translation of the *Ō Dai Ichiran*, a Japanese dry-as-dust chronicle compiled about the middle of the seventeenth century, and carried down to 1818 by Klaproth himself; "Land Tenure and Local Institutions in Old Japan," by Simmons and Wigmore, and "Private Law in Old Japan," by Wigmore, especially his introduction. The first-mentioned is published in the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan, Vol. XIX., Part I.; the second, in Vol. XX., the Supplements. Also, mention should be made of Dr. Knox's translation of the *Hyō-chū-ori* of Arai Hakuseki (Vol. XXX., Part II., of the Transactions); also of Professor Dropper's "Population of the Tokugawa Period" (Vol. XX., Part II., of the Transactions). As to Chapter VI., I would refer to "Ancestor Worship and Japanese Law," by Professor Nubushigi Hozumi, and to Mr. J. H. Gubbin's introduction to and translation of the civil code dealing with the Family in Japan; also to Professor Pasquale Villari's chapters on the Feudal System in Italy and Rise of the Communes, in his "History of Florence;" also to the "Institutions Politiques du Japon," by Théophile Gollier. As to Chapter

VII., Mr. A. G. Lay's paper on "Political Parties in Japan" was consulted (Transactions, Vol. XXX., Part III.), as also authorities more specifically referred to in the text. As to Chapter VIII., in addition to the foot-note placed at the beginning of the chapter, I would add Mr. L. H. Parker's "Race Struggles in Korea" (Transactions, Vol. XVIII., Part II.), and Mr. W. G. Aston's "Early History of Japan" (Transactions, Vol. XVI.).

The foreign newspapers published in Japan are also a valuable source of material. These contain the impressions and experiences of men resident for many years in the country. Many special articles are so contributed, especially to the Japan Times (published by Japanese, in English) and the Japan Daily Mail, the latter of which has a monthly summary of the religious and native press, covering the widest range of subjects. Histories of Japan are numerous. That of Murdoch and Yamagata is a philosophical discussion based on the original documents of the period from the times of Nobunaga to the death of Iyeyasu. Of those covering the whole period of Japanese history from legendary to modern times, mention should be made of Murray's "History," in the Story of Nations series, and "The Mikado's Empire," by Doctor Griffis.

In dealing with so many subjects covering a wide field there is ample room for an equally wide divergence of opinion. In the laws of Shōtoku Taishi it is said: "Be not angered with others on account of disagreement of opinion. Each one may have a different point of view, and may therefore come to a different conclusion." All that can be asked is sincerity, and this is claimed for the present volume. And one word as to the title. The cherry-blossom, as is known, is distinctly the national flower of Japan. The tree is cultivated with reference to the beautiful spring bloom, when for a few days the groves are a sight of exquisite beauty. *Sakura* is the term usually applied to the tree itself, as we say "the cherry" meaning the cherry-tree. It enters into many combinations: *Sakurabana,* the cherry-blossom; *sakuraka,* the delicate odour of the blossom; *sakuragari,* the excursions to see the blossoms; and so we pass on to the fruit of the tree—*Sakurambō.*

OMARUDANI, August 7, 1905.

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SAKURAMBŌ

I

FROM MY JAPANESE GARDEN

"We went on board, and having set sail, came near the coast of Lanternland. We then saw certain little hovering fires on the sea."—*Rabelais.*

It was one of the trifling incidents of life that led me to pitch my tent among this strange people. A sea tossed by the fresh breeze into a mass of whitecaps, a cloudless summer day monotonous in its sameness to the similar days that had preceded and would follow it, the desire for variety even if only in the weather, and a Japanese *ricksha* formed the compound of elements required to stiffen up the vacillating *ego* to say "I shall." There were also the two essential stimulants to such an assertion of energy: the direct object acting as reagent and the ultimate object to be sought as result. The direct object was the sea itself. There is something about the presence of large bodies of water inciting man to get on them or in them. There is no race so savage or so self-supporting in its present habitat that it has not been tempted beyond its own shores to seek the unknown. Moreover the Pacific, broad and wide-expanding as it is, does not seem such a lonely ocean as the others. There is always an island lying around loose somewhere to bump into, like icebergs in season in the North Atlantic, and although men go down to the sea in ships on the Pacific and never return, there are romances of sunny isles, brown-skinned maidens, cocoanut palms and giant decapods, to stimulate curiosity and to offset the lugubrious side of the oceanic ennui. And who does not believe himself the immortal, the one favoured by Fate and free from her disasters?

The little "man-power wagon," like a vane, pointed the direc-

tion of the prevailing sentiment. In its very name it seemed so isolated from the land of machinery, where man-power had been relegated to the past, where man had been almost relegated to the past, and the artisan had become a mere additional lever to the complicated machine, a lever of flesh among the levers of iron. To live among a people where arms of flesh and blood overcame the inertia of weight, where muscle, not steel, triumphed over nature, where your human steed whisked you through the country at a good round trot, and always found time to look after the personal comfort of his freight, and was always ready to enter into conversation with it on the slightest provocation, whether on matters of personal interest or on matters local to the place and occasion! It sometimes seems to me that our boasted equality of man in the West is a very fictitious feeling. Few are the prophets to preach the dignity of manual labour, and we undeniably look down on occupations that imply nothing but the straining of the muscles, so much " horse-power " as we call it, and of less value than steam and electricity, because the latter is more economically distributed. Although the lower will always unite in dislike and jealousy against the higher, there is a greater feeling of disdain of manual labour shown in the man who adds so many yards of figures, or measures so many yards of cloth, than in the man with miles of railway on his back, and his honour and reputation upholding the interests of thousands of lives depending on his brain and judgment for their daily bread. Our *ricksha* runner or *kurumaya* has no feeling in his soul that his employer despises him for his daily toil. One man is born to silk and another to cotton. One man is a shopkeeper, another gets his living from a bank, and another from the rice-fields. He may envy the, to his eye, easier toil of the other man, but not its nature. He may envy the better education and training that has enabled the other man to obtain his higher position, but he does not for that reason despise his own means of living. And how greatly that higher knowledge and training is valued in Japan! Hundreds of young men and boys will leave better occupations, in a social sense, to take up so-called menial but bet-

ter paid positions, which give them the money to gain training and knowledge; who go out as cooks, "boys" or servants, gardeners, *bantō* or under-clerks in the service of foreigners, a course a thousandfold more disliked than service among their own people, although the latter affords lower pay, or no pay, simply to acquire a foreign language. Never is there displayed in them a contempt for their occupation, a sense of degradation in pursuing it, simply because a feeling of humiliation due to menial service does not exist. The end justifies the means and honours the form of toil. Although service in foreign countries opens their eyes as to the foreign view-point of menial labour, I doubt if there are any, or but few, conversions to western ideas in this respect. No people hold knowledge, education, and all it brings, in higher honour than the Japanese, but all labour has its honourable side.

I remember once, in travelling, meeting a peculiarly attractive character in one of our numerous self-made men. He was a Yankee who had made a fortune in the West, and had returned to his old home in New England to enjoy the balance of life. His interests in the West took him there frequently, and they were his mission on the occasion on which I met him. He was not only a bright man, but well informed by reading, had travelled over all the United States and Mexico on business, and on most subjects was extremely liberal in his views. Except as to the Oriental. On that point his brains seemed to be fairly "cut bias," so to speak. To him the Oriental was the opium-smoking, degraded Canton coolie. There was no other. The idea that there were men in the East fit opponents for our learned divines, economists, and statesmen; that there were thousands of wealthy merchants doing business on a scale as large as our own, and that these men required for their business a capital, not only of money but of education and world-wide experience, quite as great as with ourselves; that below them were artisans quite as skilful, and gaining a living to their own content, and that it was the surplus, the unskilful, of this class that sought other countries—these were Munchausen tales. He told me how on a recent occasion he had met in travelling a

Chinaman. Actually, the audacious heathen travelled in a Pullman, whereas he, the peer of kings, travelled in the common car. Moreover, the said heathen paid not the least attention to his fellow-travellers, generally minded his own business, had no sense of his own shortcomings as one of those yellow-skinned races so recently described in the school geographies as "semi-civilized," or of his audacity in regarding himself as the equal of the other kings (travelling Pullman), and in general behaved himself, according to my now excited friend, like the Chinese gentleman that he was. Now the fact flashed across me, that such gross ignorance was not confined to my Yankee friend. He really believed every word he said, and could have cited articles by the hundred and editorials by the score, from the daily papers, supporting just what he said. And there came to mind the almost universal tone of superiority that we take toward these eastern nations. We will not force a tariff on any European country, or they on us, because we lack the power to do so; we will submit our citizens to their laws, and they reciprocate, because we must submit or go away; we exclude from our shores whoever and whatever we please, and it is our right to do so: but we force on eastern nations our goods on terms to suit ourselves, and without regard to the distress and disorganization it may cause in their affairs; we force ourselves on them on terms making us practically irresponsible to any authority among them; we murder one Chinaman, or a score of them, and it is the outbreak of a mob, and the Governor of the offending state reports "parties unknown." A Chinaman in a quarrel kills a foreigner, and there is a scramble to determine the nationality of the murdered man, for the plunder is well worth the hurly-burly. The Governor of the Chinese state is promptly called on to execute somebody, which he does—although probably the victim is in no way connected with the tragedy, but has been marked out for removal on other grounds—and to pay an indemnity, which he does far less willingly. Western ideas of justice hardly seem to be reached in such cases, however good the principle. Lax law and lax justice should be well amerced. The

duty, however, seems to be reciprocal. A province and a million people is high pay for two priests killed by a mob. To us "John" is still "the heathen Chinee," and the rest of us, European and American, are the burly ruffians of the Sierras, drawn from all quarters of the globe, armed to the teeth, and really a good-natured lot—when we are sober and don't hang the wrong man.

Some such thoughts came into my head as Saburo pushed back the heavy wooden outside shutters into the *tobukuro* (alcove), and threw wide open the little Japanese house to the whole of outdoors. Saburo is a little dried-up man, over forty years of age, and hence *toshiyori* (an old man) to the reverent younger generation; a smooth face, the top of his head bereft of hair, the red of hard winter apples in his sallow face, and yet a plumpness therein that gives him the delusive appearance of "childlike and bland." Saburo's countrymen had been wise in their generation. Martial valour is generally an inherent quality in island races, and a rigid caste system together with a punctilious code of etiquette had fostered and kept alive the martial spirit. The government had crushed out public disturbance in the land, and encouraged and substituted therefor private war. It is a matter of history how the martial spirit was there in 1853 and the years closely following, but the means and the skill to make use of it were lacking. The Japanese were dispersed like a band of rioters before the modern armed and drilled sailors and marines from the foreign warships. Before weapons of precision and modern tactics they were helpless. What they lacked was the spirit of the times. For two hundred and fifty years they had remained in the sixteenth century in thought and in practice, but the developed mind was there. We hear expressions of wonder as to the progress made by the Japanese within the last fifty years. Just why, it is hard to see. In the case of a race of savages such as the New Zealand Maori, one can indeed wonder at seeing the ripest product of civilization in men whose professional attainments in law, medicine, or politics, stand without question, and whose grandfathers were active advocates of "benevolent assimilation" of their fellow-men by the

fundamental medium of the soup-pot. In the present case we are dealing with a change of material direction of a high civilization. Is there any intrinsic mental development in the man who rides at one hundred miles an hour on the third-rail system and the man who eighty years ago rode at twelve miles an hour in a coach? It seems to me that if Cæsar or Norman William returned to the scenes of their former activity, we would find that it would not take them hundreds of years to grasp the science of modern war. Given supreme power, Cæsar could have written the Gallic wars at any time in history, and at the end of the eighteenth century and early in the nineteenth century he did so write them. This country of Japan had learnt its lesson well, and as I looked across the little garden to Tōkyō Bay and the Nokogiriyama in Bōshū, the line of forts lying across the bay filled the middle ground, and the naval station of Yokosuka lay nestled in the line of blue hills separating this shut-in basin from the Sagami Bay, open to the beat and storms of the ocean. Strong are the forts and elaborate the precautions taken in this corner of the Island Empire, for here lies the entrance to its capital and its rich Tōkyō plain, extending for miles to the north in a champaign country comparatively extensive for Japan, one of the few vulnerable points of the Empire.

The scene is anything but warlike, this fine January morning, although the land is in the throes of a great war. Japan is a country in which *pretty* scenery, charming combinations of sea and hill without savage grandeur, is so widely distributed that a man must indeed live in the bottom of a well to get away from beauty of some kind. This Sagami arm is the beauty-spot of Tōkyō Bay, the prettiest view of it being perhaps from above Kanazawa, looking south. From the heights above the fishing village of Negishi there is a charming picture of an indented jumble of hills and sea, which in summer is rendered still more beautiful by the contrast between the vivid green of the growing rice and the darker green of the pines and fir-trees. The Japanese pine (*ōmatsu*) fits in peculiarly to the style of the scenery. Nature

seems to have an æsthetic sense of propriety in throwing together her materials. It is a grotesque, an obsession. Anywhere else it would be absolutely condemned as a tree. Slender, stumpy, knarled, distorted, it seems possessed of a vegetable locomotor ataxia. A western gardener, seeing such a tree in a plantation under his care, would root it off the surface of the earth, and condemn it, not to firewood, for it hardly rises to such dignity, but to chips and kindling for the fairer specimens of Nature's woodcraft and the manor chimney. The Japanese, on the contrary, cherish it. They build elaborate structures to prop up its distorted branches, grown out of all relation to the trunk, like the arms of a polypus. They plaster up its wounds, so that not an ounce of precious sap will be lost. They revel in its deviation from Nature's norm, and when they have succeeded in bolstering up one of these degenerates into a life of ten generations, they build a circle of tea-houses around it and flock in crowds to look at it. As to how far they are right or wrong is not a matter of importance. The great black pines of the Sierras, the beautiful firs and hemlocks from Maine to Oregon, attract the eye by the purity of their curves and lines, and Nature duly gives them their centuries of life. They are strong in their symmetry. Such life, however, as the Japanese pine is *contra* Nature, for such exaggerations of trees, by the very laws of mechanics, are condemned as monsters. The great disparity between trunk and branches would have killed the tree long since, splitting the trunk from top to bottom, and leaving it an incoherent tangle on the ground. It is man who has baffled Nature, and thwarted her remedial legislation. In January, however, it is the prevalence of this pine and the comparative absence of deciduous trees that give the landscape its green and living appearance. The sign of winter is displayed by the snowy cone of Fuji, which, by a sweep of a small segment of the circle, is brought into view, and continues along the lofty Ōyama range, disappearing north and northwest into the Tōkyō plain. The landscape will not materially change for months. The rice is not transplanted until June, and the bare, shining, checkerboard patches,

fortunately hidden under water, even weeks later will only show here and there the velvety green of tiny patches of seed rice. Yet winter and late fall are in many respects the best seasons in eastern Japan. It is a rainy land at other times. It is safe to say that from March to November the days of the month on which rain will fall, more or less, will average nine in number, and others will be so threatening as to thwart outdoor intentions. In winter, however, for days the sun shines, not with the steady persistency of southern California, but enough so as to enable man to be fairly careless as to his future outside engagements. Unfortunately, it is not a season for the foreign visitor. The summer resorts are rarely opened before April, and the Japanese houses, lacking any heating apparatus, become bitterly cold after the sun goes down. To live in a Japanese house in winter requires a concession on the part of the foreigners to the native clothing, which is far warmer than our western clothing. It is a common sight to see the " boys " employed in foreign hotels, and who necessarily wear tights and gaiters in European style, huddled around the stove, palpably suffering from cold. The same " boy " off duty and squatting on the *tatami* in his little home open to the blasts of heaven, wrapped up in three or four layers of cotton-wadded *kimonos,* merely finds it necessary, from time to time, to stretch his frozen fingers over the few sticks of charcoal in the *hibachi* (brazier). Granted the art of sitting on one's feet, and the native dress, winter *days,* at least, are quite tolerable in a Japanese house from December to April.

Sunrise is the signal for the day's work or play to begin, and sunrise is closely followed by Saburo and his operation on the shutters, the *amado* or rain-doors, as they are often called, in distinction from the *shōji* or light wooden frames in which rice-paper replaces the glass of our western country, the only means by which in daytime the Japanese house is shut off from the gaze of the outside world. These *to* are about the only thing heavy and ungraceful in a structure which in other respects is lightness and grace itself in its arrangements; and when a driving rain from

the wrong quarter threatens to wash the rice-paper out of the frames of the *shōji,* then even in daytime the *to* have to be pulled out of the little box-like frame into which they fit when not in use, and we are shut in, in semi-darkness, bodily and mental, until the wind changes and gives our neighbours a dose, or the rain ceases, or, more often, drops into a gentle drizzle. Although Japan is a rainy country, such driving storms are not very prevalent, the steady soak, soak, from a dripping sky being more the rule; but in typhoon weather, sometimes for several days we will be shut in to darkness and ourselves. It must be confessed that under such circumstances the Japanese house does not shine; but on a bright day, and in the warm weather, which substantially lasts from May until November, when even the *shōji* can be removed temporarily from their grooves and the whole house thrown open to the air, then this little platform raised some two or three feet from the ground is an ideal home. For platform it really is, enclosed only at points where rigidity requires a wall. It has an edging of polished wood about three feet wide, always kept in a condition of shine like a pair of boots, and on the outer edge of which is cut the groove in which slides the *to,* the *tobukuro* being usually attached to or sunk in the solid supporting wall section at a corner of the structure. On the inner edge of the polished rim a double-grooved frame runs around the whole open portion of the house, sending off arms at intervals, which cut the flooring into squares of size appropriate for rooms. This frame, raised some two inches above the flooring, carries the *shōji* which separate the rooms of the house from each other and form the only privacy, limited in character, sought in a Japanese house. All is levelled off inside the frame by the *tatami* or Japanese matting, thick, soft, and heavy, bringing the whole inside of the house to one level. A little child can and does readily carry off the light *shōji,* and ten minutes will convert a large house into one large floor space, only divided by the panels crossing the ceiling and which hold the upper end of the *shōji,* and which are often made of fretwork, artificial or natural, the latter being often grotesque and always pleasing in

outline. Such woodwork is highly polished, as also the wooden pillars supporting the roof, often left in their original irregularity. The *tatami* is an important item in a Japanese house. Fairly good *tatami* can be obtained for 1.75 yen a mat, every mat being of the standard size, 3 by 6 feet, and the house being built to fit the mats, not the reverse. It is not simply as a matter of cleanliness that it is necessary to take off boots on entering a Japanese house. The matting is the padding, the mattress, so to speak, on which the Japanese sits and lies, and must be fairly soft. Shoes and boots and even the lightest slippers, if they have heels, cut and tear or mark it very quickly. As a foot-rest it is firmer, more springy, and as soft as our best carpets, but for foreign use a thick rug must be spread over it, and the supports of foreign furniture must be attached to broad flat discs to distribute the weight. Under such conditions there is no combination of foreign matting and carpets to surpass it. Simply as a platform, the living foundation of the home life, the *tatami* puts the Japanese house in the front rank.

Japanese rooms are conspicuous by the absence of furniture; in winter a *hibachi* (brazier), and sometimes a *zen* or low table about a foot in height, of lacquered or highly polished wood, the legs often being curved and carved with intricate designs, usually being the only objects in sight. Harmony between the wall tints, the *kakemono* hanging in the *tokonoma,* a vase containing a spray of blossoms, relieve it of all sense of emptiness. The screens dividing room from room are often one of the rare subjects of adornment in the room—always simple and sketchy in design, and subdued in colour; a branch of plum or cherry blossom, a shadowy flight of birds across one corner of the panel. On rare occasions I have seen the faintest suggestion of a landscape hidden away in one corner. It does one good to compare this with the ancient framed sampler of our great-grandmothers, "Rock of Ages," or a violent chromo-lithograph of the "Battle of Bunker Hill," or the stuffed trout so graphically describing the commercial room of Pickwick's day, and still a prominent feature of the furnishing of an average country inn even in these days. The little finger-

catches sunk in the edge of the screens to give the grip necessary to slide them back are also a means of adornment. Sometimes the size of a large buckle, oftener no larger than an English penny, these little bronze plates are adorned with all sorts and kinds of figures, a spray of blossoms, a grotesque, or a *daimio's* train in which, in the space of an inch, there may be crowded a dozen tiny figures and a landscape and a house. I remember putting up at a beautiful little inn in an out-of-the-way spot in *Kyūshū*. I was the only guest, and the only one likely to be there for some time. It was a famous shrine, and at certain seasons only, when the imperial envoy was sent with presents to the shrine, was there any outside interest in the place. Hence the whole upper floor of the inn was thrown wide open. There were six large chambers and in each chamber there were sixteen of these little discs. And no two of the whole ninety-six were alike. I was free to roam at will over the whole space, with no wretched guide at hand to urge one on at express speed from object to object, expediting one through a tube, so to speak, in order to get at the next batch of victims and "backsheesh." The Japanese room does not stand strictly by itself. It is essentially a part of the outside landscape and is so open everywhere to outside nature that it really forms a piece with it. The little section of garden visible from it is part of the furnishing.

Our shutters thrown back, the flood of light heralds the entrance of Ōkamisan. To no other hands are to be entrusted the plumage which convention requires the master of the house to wear in addition to his skin. With a Japanese, his *kimono* is hung on him much as in general any other child is looked after. The folds must hang gracefully, and all the accessories are to be so close to hand that he does not have the exertion of reaching for them. In fact about all he does do himself, in his own home, is to perform the necessary early ablutions. This is done at a little stand on the edge of the house, looking into the garden. A shining brass basin holds the water, dipped (not by him) from a large bucket, in which floats a primitive wooden dipper made by cutting a hole in

washing the teeth, and on the stand are lying a number of frayed a round box, much like the old fashioned fig-boxes, with heavy bottom and very thin sides, and inserting a piece of bamboo as handle. Another smaller brass basin holds some boiled water for wood tooth-brushes, used once and then rejected, and a cheap and efficient instrument. The only miserable feature about the equipment is the towel, for its artistic features do not make up for its diminutive size. Where two nations are involved, the subsequent proceedings require concessions on both sides, for few foreigners will allow the wife to act the valet, and yet the formalities of the native code are to be conformed to, and she must at least superintend the operation. The care of the man is her peculiar business, and not to be relegated to any one if she is physically able to perform it. It is the custom to say that the Japanese wife is really a sort of upper servant, that her wishes have no weight whatever, that the contract is all freedom of action and direction on the man's side and all performance on the woman's side. It seems to me that such is not the case in affairs of the household. Social life in our sense of the word is so lacking among the Japanese that outside the home the spheres of man and woman are widely separated, and outside the house his sphere is practically unbounded and unrestrained, but in the house her sphere of action is a wide one, and the man acts more as adviser and police force on such rare occasions as when a stronger arm is needed and some *yakamashii ninsoku* (noisy coolie) is to be dealt with. It is frankly to be confessed that much of this freedom is due to the care taken not to disturb his masculine eminence with the trifling matters of the house; but the wife has the silent support of the household in the fixed routine of domestic life, and if the man violated the hundred and one little conventions established by years of usage, he would quickly feel that a sort of interdict was ruling throughout the establishment. While many a patient wife would put up with freaks of the wildest kind, the rest of them would not. The household emphasizes the importance of certain conventions in the domestic life that define the privileges of a woman in her home,

the right to be the domestic vizier, so to speak. So important was the right of position of the wife as mistress of the eastern household, that in cases of hopeless sterility the child of a concubine was born in her presence, even between her feet, and from the hour of its appearance was of her and belonged to her, and the real mother had no place or portion in it. In the case of adoption of the grown-up child of a concubine, although the mother had not only borne but brought the child up, all the ties of years were broken between them in an instant by a legal formality and the child's duty passed to a stranger, his mother becoming only a servant to him, and to whom he must regulate his conduct as such—a hard fate for the son, an atrocious one for the mother. The life of the concubine was, and is to-day, in its domestic relations, a hard one, after the early glamour of the connection has passed away, but the position of the wife has always been very different. It is the result of grave diplomatic arrangements between two families, arrangements with which both she and her husband have had but little to say. A rupture of the relationship involves as many people as a Kentucky feud, in the old days and among the upper classes, a condition of affairs quite likely to result. To divorce a wife without good cause was like throwing a stone in a pool: the disturbance might spread to the farthest confines. Divorce was easy, but its burden was not light. The lot of the Japanese wife is not a happy one in our western sense, but she has rarely any abuse, in a physical sense of the word, and the main feature is neglect from a man whom perhaps she never saw before she married him.

In those early days, say a hundred thousand years ago, when man and the cave-bear were engaged in mutual pursuit, it perhaps was the custom for the strong arm of physical force to have its own way during the whole twenty-four hours. Since that time, however, the real restraints placed on women have been the conventions raised by women themselves. The *genus homo* is a gregarious animal, and gregarious animals allow no departure from the norm. If the Great Teacher had addressed women when He said, "Let the one who is without sin cast the first stone," Magdalen's

fate would have been sealed in the twinkling of an eye. Man has been known to long for a desert island, far from the "madding crowd," with a surplus of sun, sleep, and cocoanuts. Woman's ideals point to the biggest place with the biggest shops she can find, even if she has to take the husband with the biggest purse to get there. Only a genius like George Eliot could have her hero poor—and happy. And her genius is referred to the masculine type. Now by all this I mean to offer the suggestion that a good part of the self-effacement of the Japanese woman is owing, not to treatment by men, but by her own sex. In the West the sex have gained a preponderant position over the male in everything but political life and the rougher ways of getting bread and butter. After all, life is a battle in which a good many kicks and cuffs have to be exchanged of very necessity, and more than one advanced woman's voice is raised against the intrusion, too far, of women into this struggle, not for any tender consideration of the enemy, man, but for fear that in becoming a competitor woman will tender back to man many of the inestimable privileges her physical weakness has extorted from his passion. Familiarity breeds contempt, and they recognize that it is the unfamiliar in women that attracts men. Many women are by the exigencies of life required to enter into the world's struggle, but almost universally they complain of its coarseness and its buffets. Most of them expect to find the same consideration in business that they meet in the social world; in that world where life itself is at stake, as in that world to which men withdraw for a few minutes to get their breath; the time of armistice as compared with the time of battle. There is plenty of woman's work in the world, quite as arduous as any work of man; but her very physical nature has separated woman in some respects from the continuous toil required of the male, and has subjected her to conditions which require her withdrawal for a time from the world's arena. The western woman has won her freedom from most of the restraint that is placed on the idler moments of life. She can take a mate or not as she pleases, accept "Eve's curse" or not as she pleases, but in going beyond this point and demanding

that she carry her privileges on to the field of battle, it is to be feared that she is running against a law of nature; the struggle is for existence, and in it there are no privileges of sex, and more kicks than "ha'pence."

The world does not go backward. During the early years in which man is imbibing ideas as ineradicable as language, he is in the hands of women. It is woman who has pretty thoroughly subjugated man, not man who has subjugated woman; and the restrictions placed on her private and public life as a woman are restrictions drawn up and enforced by her own sex. And this holds good in the East as well as in the West. With a difference of degree, for a seat in the diet or on the bench is not yet within the horizon of the Japanese woman. In other respects her sphere seems more to be confined by a harsher religious code, and a harsher social code as applied by her own sex, than falls to the lot of women in the West. To our Anglo-Saxon freedom she in no way approximates, but the comparison is perhaps fairer if made with the Latin countries of southern Europe, in which the Church comes so strongly to the support of the social code there in practice. I think the term religion could be applied here to the Confucian code as applied to women, although it is generally described as a set of practical moral maxims, as ethical, not metaphysical or religious. Such a cold set of formal morality as pure Confucianism would hardly appeal to women unless it were grafted, as it has been, into the religious codes of the East, hiding its iron hand under a velvet glove. Under such form the doctrine of unquestioning obedience to parents and husband takes on a sanctity equivalent to any fundamental principle of salvation as laid down in western theologies. The only reward that woman has in life is that as she becomes old she becomes the object of such reverence, and as it has been ground into her in early life, so she grinds it into the younger generation, left, as with us, to her charge during the earlier and more impressionable years. Social life among a people devoted to an elaborate etiquette is no trifle in itself, and now to a thousand and one little details is to be added the stamp of this Confucian maxim of obedi-

ence. And this sometimes leads to startling results, as looked at by western standards, as in the sale of women to an evil life to relieve the necessities of parents. The Japanese, I think, are often regarded as a non-religious race, but my experience has been much the opposite. They take their religion differently, but it enters at least as thoroughly into their life as in western nations. As usual, the women are more religious than the men. The men would not have to raise a finger to maintain the subordinate position of women. The old Chinese philosopher has done it all for them, and the Japanese woman presses her scourge of thorns into her flesh rejoicing. It can be imagined that the social code, the restrictions women have based on such a religion, are none of the lightest. Among such an impersonal people as the Japanese, a people that hardly know the use of the personal pronoun except in the vaguest kind of way, there are not the individual aspirations to rebel against such a system. Such aspirations, if they dared to raise their head, would quickly be crushed out by an intolerant public opinion so universal as to be annihilating. The irregularity that is so fostered in nature by the Japanese is not tolerated in their social code. Self-sacrifice is the fundamental principle on which woman's religion rests in Japan. Without it there is no salvation in this world or the next. It is works not faith that count, and lack of duty to parents or overlord is indeed rewarded with the hottest hell-fire of a very ingeniously imagined hell. Unnatural conduct to parents is equivalent to sacrilege in the West.

I don't think that any of this is in O Kami San's head as we hear the last rumble of the *to* and the flap-flapping of the little Japanese whisks beating walls, *tatami,* furniture, and everything within reasonable reach of the *neya's* (maid-servant's) arm. This flapping is the earliest sign of domestic life in the Japanese house. I do not know that the little broom is peculiarly effective. Japanese houses look, and on the surface are, peculiarly clean. I have my doubts, however, and I think with some basis of fact. At times in the summer season, when there is a little scare anticipated or actually threatened of cholera or plague, there is a general house-

cleaning ordered by the police, who, moreover, act as general overseers, being reserved in the ordinary trend of Japanese events for the arduous task of looking on, taking presumably keen pleasure in seeing others work. Below the hill, in the town itself, is a quarter largely devoted to tiny houses many of them not covering more than half a dozen mats in total floor-space. Always wide open in summer weather from end to end, there is not a sign of dirt or litter; and yet on such cleaning occasions, when *tatami* and even flooring are taken up, and every crevice is thoroughly cleaned and scrubbed under vigilant eyes, the amount of rubbish—two or three barrels to a house—is extraordinary. Where it comes from, it is hard to say, but it looks as if the little broom drove everything into the crevices, or dispersed the finer dust in the air, to settle back again in its old place as soon as the maid's back was turned. However that may be, the Japanese housewife has great confidence in it, and the occasions of a general turnout are comparatively rare as compared with the West, where open windows, furniture massed in a corner, and a general scrubbing process on a large scale make an eternal rotation through the house from room to room, like a domestic wandering in the wilderness. Part of this débris that I speak of undoubtedly belongs to the outside of the house, for the Japanese, if finicky about their immediate surroundings, are extremely indifferent to anything beyond their noses, and by no means pay the attention to things beyond and under the house line that they do to matters within it. Something extremely offensive may arouse them to a point beyond the expression *kusai* (smelly), but it has to be something pretty strong at that. However, in cholera season they do really get to work, and when on several occasions there has been reason to fear an epidemic, such an apparently superficial method as water justifies itself by the excellent results. This cleaning is not carried out blindly, under orders. A preliminary is the distribution of a notice setting out the disease, the hygiene to be adopted, with all the whys and wherefores clearly explained, and the remedial measures to be adopted. It is the

unknown that frightens, and this house to house distribution of these lucid little notices obviates a great deal of panic.

Meanwhile, our flapping cannot last forever, and is really the agreeable preliminary to breakfast. Japanese food has been most thoroughly abused. Even long-resident foreigners abuse it (which is natural), and declare it unsatisfying (which is not wholly accurate). All food is a matter of custom and climate, and often climate can overcome custom, as witness the evidence of men who have spent winters in the North living exclusively on seal blubber and walrus steak. In fact, the balance is singularly good between carbon and nitrogen, but it is prepared in a way foreign to western usage. There is no common point between eastern and western cooking. The westerner travelling in the interior of the country, living at Japanese inns and on Japanese food, gets quite enough to eat. The food is not tasteless—in fact, is often unpleasantly the reverse; but it is not to his taste. In fact there is no greater tyrant than the stomach even in health. It has all the prejudice of patriotism in its narrowest sense, and man will agree sooner with his foreign neighbour's politics than with his cooking. Hence, although fish are a common article of diet in Japan, many varieties of them as distinct to the Japanese palate as beef and pork, and dished up in as many different ways, to the westerner they are rarely more than insipid, sometimes worse. Hence such forms of cooking as at first please grow wearisome in a short time by repetition. The native finds it hard to understand why the foreigner should travel through the country districts with a commissariat as great as if the land was a Sahara. In truth, the Japanese are more adaptable, and live year in and year out in foreign countries and on foreign food, to an extent the westerner would find almost impossible to become accustomed to in the reverse case. This is no compliment to western food, for the Japanese prefer their own way of cooking, and are only too glad to get back to it. Apparently, they find much in western food that is pleasing to the palate, but they readily get tired just as in the case of the European. However, superiority, better adaptability, in a broad sense, has nothing to do with this

question. They can and do work as hard and as long on their diet as the European does on his, and probably better than they themselves would on the bread and beer or wine of the European. In fact, the pure push and pull labour of the East certainly is far in excess of anything we have in western countries; and it is to be doubted that if an average were taken of man-labour expressed in terms of horse-power, the western average would cut a very respectable figure beside the eastern average. There would be found more men in the West able to carry very heavy burdens far in excess of eastern capacity, but the standard man, forming the great middle section, and far exceeding in numbers the others, would be found in the East. As to the other phase of this subject —the form of preparation—the Japanese with the same material prefer their own method of putting it together. They are very fond of sweets (*kwashi*). They put sugar into many things in connection with which the foreign mind would fly at once to vinegar and pepper, or at least to salt. It is a favourite way of preparing fish. They do not use the sugar alone but add flour to it. These are to them the palatable forms. They are excellent cooks, and can simulate the skill if not the originality of a French cook, rather astonishing when the question of condiments and sauces is so foreign to their own taste. All the attractive forms of western pastry are within the range of the Japanese kitchen, and yet they are not used. It is not a question of milk, for at this date the milkman's cart is a common sight in all Japanese cities, although the country districts still refrain from its use.

It is worth looking into the place where this food is being prepared for a dozen people—not a difficult task. Instruments of cooking in western style, and totally mysterious anyhow to the ignorant male. But it is the dimensions of the place that strike the eye; 6 by 4 feet will cover it amply. A couple of stoves much in size and shape akin to an assayer's furnace for his crucibles: one is devoted to the rice; on the other, various adjuncts take their turn, and in some mysterious way are kept hot. A small stand or *chadansu* holds the different ingredients necessary to savour the

food. The *sakanayasan* (fishmonger) does the cleaning and preparation of the fish. A low stand answers for any rolling or cutting required *in situ,* and the centre of the kitchen itself is sunk a foot or eighteen inches to a level with the outside ground, the *iriguchi* or entrance forming one side of the room and the general means of approach for the tradesmen connected with that department of the establishment. Certainly not an elaborate outfit. These tradesmen are an interesting feature in themselves. They are daily or occasional visitors according to the aristocracy of their pursuits. The rice man only appears at stated intervals; rice being the daily bread of the household, it is bought in bulk, a hundred pounds or more at a time. There is great difference in rice, and closely does Ō Kami San inspect the mass as to the quality of the rice itself and the care which has been taken in cleaning it. The purity of the sample is a matter of no little importance, for it is eaten boiled and without butter or condiments, a form which grows very attractive, and in a short time will be found preferable to more elaborate methods of preparation. One would never suspect rice of so much individuality until he tries it. Rice is a staple product, and its fluctuations in price a matter of such general public knowledge that there is no bargaining involved in this item of domestic supply. Very different is the case with *Obāsan* from the country, who appears at times with vegetables and flowers. Price and freshness have both to be well looked to, for, all bows and smiles, she is keen as a needle underneath, and the quarter of a cent will be a great diplomatic victory to her. In addition, there is the boy from the corner store, so here there is competition. The corner store is a counterpart of the same in western life. The merchant sits on his mats and in the centre, his vegetables being distributed around the edge or in front. He is behind his counter as much as his western *confrère.* At stated times the boy goes out with orders, or to take orders at customers' houses. His stock is much the same as in the West, with some purely eastern products thrown in and some purely western products omitted. He sends out a book which is settled at stated intervals, or paid on the spot,

duly stamped and receipted. Across the street is the baker, for the Japanese store not being adapted for baking, the baker has a more complete monopoly, such as it is, of such products than in the West, although their use is anything but general, and away from the large towns he is a curiosity.

The milkman is another feature of Japanese city life. Delivery is usually made in bottles and twice a day, and dairies are to be found sprinkled all over the immediate suburbs. Arable land is too valuable in Japan to be wasted in pasture, therefore they have no pasture land worth speaking of, and the cows attached to these dairies seem to lead a melancholy life in bare and confined enclosures. The milk, however, is good, but should invariably be boiled or sterilized before using, as in fact should be done with any milk; in the East, however, chances cannot be taken that in many parts of the West would hardly be considered chances. Modern artificial fertilization is a purely western growth. For centuries the eastern man has followed nature, and night-soil has been the main, almost the only, means of restoring its strength to the hard-worked ground. Where every available inch of ground is required to feed the people, land cannot be allowed to lie fallow. Such a method of fertilization, however, as night-soil carries its plain dangers with it. Between irrigation and such fertilization every running stream in the low inhabited land is a shining potential poison. Man without knowing anything of germ theories has found this out. He does not drink cold water. He drinks tea or boiled water. Provided the well has not reached the point at which the water is offensive to Japanese taste, it is always available. The only thing to cause its disuse is for it to go dry, and that is not very likely in a rainy island country. West and East have solved the sanitary problem differently, and the East has solved it permanently—solved it, for with their overcrowded population and agricultural needs of irrigation, the liberal methods of Europe and America are out of the question; as much out of the question for the large cities as for the continuous stretch of country population spread over the surface of the land. They have not the

ground to devote to forming large watersheds to supply pure water to large communities, and they have not the water to furnish both for general use and for irrigation purposes. If the large communities can avoid disease by drinking tea, why should they go to the large expense of establishing filters which in themselves take up tracts of ground better used for growing rice? So argues the Oriental, and goes on drinking tea; and on the whole, with a *soupçon* of cleanliness in the community, getting along pretty well. In Japan, where there is not religious prejudice to thwart sanitary ideas as to cleansing and fumigation, they manage without the improvements necessary to secure an ideally pure water supply, and which involve vast cost even in a country where the available supply from the mountains is so close at hand and so abundant. East and West have practically attained the same end by different means. The West runs its refuse directly into the streams, and then filters it out again to render the water fit to drink. The East runs its refuse indirectly into the streams by the irrigation canals, and then boils the water to make it fit to drink. On the whole, in the end the western method is perhaps the more dangerous. The population is not getting the training it must come to in the end. We are pampering ourselves, although we frankly confess, in the case of our cities lying in low land, far from any pure source of supply, that something must be done. We filter the water and reduce our sick-rate, which a freshet or a defective filter sends cheerfully bounding upward. Thousands of people live on and by the river at Canton, drinking sewage, and managing to hold their own. The westerner living in the East must take the native as example. And more: no fresh, crisp salads—his greens must be boiled; no fresh, delicate-flavored ground-fruits. No finer strawberries are grown than are grown in the East. Many westerners eat and do not die; as ditto the native. And of those who do eat, some die who would have died in the course of nature anyhow.

The most important, however, of our day's visitors in the mercantile line is the *sakanayasan* or fishmonger. About eleven o'clock this main feature of the supply, the *pièce de résistance,*

makes his appearance and his apologies. The fish are very dear on account of the scarcity of the fish, or the obstinacy of the fishermen, bad weather preventing their going out, or laziness, or a *matsuri,* or a dozen and one other reasons. O Kami San is quite up to all these statistics. She knows what fish are in season and what out of season; the date and extent of every *matsuri* is at her fingers' ends; and if the fishermen have been lazy, or obstinate, or deterred by bad weather, then the long strip of fishing-boats coming in from Hanawa Point or from the Negishi side must have gone out for their own amusement. These are the preliminary features of the argument, and, once having impressed the extent of her knowledge, the bargaining gets down to the more legitimate feature of prices as ruling among the various kinds of fish. As fish take the place of meat with the Japanese, this question of variety is far more important in the bill of fare than with us—variety not only in name but in quality. Some fish, such as *maguro* and *same,* have a distinctly meaty flavour, a stronger, harsher flavour; others are softer in texture and more delicate, and again others distinctly of the trifling nature of an entrée, such as the *ebodai* or the different forms of *ai* or trout. In fact, whether due to cooking or skilful alternation—a sort of rotation of crops, so to speak—a Japanese meal made up of fish and rice can present contrasts between the courses, not so striking as with our cooking, but ample enough to give variety. Some of these fish of daily household use are particularly palatable. The *tai* runs through a whole gamut of the "breams," from the highly appreciated *akadai* or red *tai* to the succulent little *ebodai. Mutsu* is a fish coming with the cold weather and lasting until late spring. In some respects it has a distinct flavour of the shad, and the flesh is very tender and delicate, albeit with very few bones to distract the attention from the flavour. *Bora* is somewhat firmer in texture, but with delicate flavour; and *maguro,* which is a large fish, cuts up into steak like meat. The *kurodai* and *shirame* are fish of almost daily appearance with the fishmonger's stock, but are somewhat insipid. All the larger fish furnish roe and *sashimi*

or sliced raw fish. This is preferably taken from the live fish, the operator using skill to avoid all vital parts, and cutting as needed from the fish. The *shirame* gives a *sashimi* very delicate and white, and the *maguro* a firm, red *sashimi*. The *sakanayasan* cleans all fish, and if *sashimi* is ordered, prepares it, or brings it prepared. The first is preferable on the same principle that, although painful, it is important to see the lobster go kicking and objecting into the pot. In fact, the more he kicks the better we are pleased, gastronomically, on sanitary grounds, and the less likely is he to kick after eating, or to manufacture or recall for us a line of ancestors. A little pyramid of horse-radish (*wasabi*), a larger one of shredded *daikon* or Japanese radish, and of *kobu,* a succulent green, with a sprig of *sanza* (herb) is symmetrically arranged with the *sashimi* laid in two parallel lines on broad *hi-no-ki* leaves, the whole forming a very cool and pleasing dish. As with everything eatable, the *sashimi* should be carefully kept in a fly-proof safe, and this also is an important reason why it should be cut from the living fish. In fact, in the fly season it is better to avoid its use altogether, as also the use of all kinds of uncooked food. It can be seen now that the *sakanayasan's* duties do not consist simply in exchanging his wares for cash. The bargaining over, he becomes for a few minutes a member of the household, working away with his hands and chattering with his tongue, for his acquaintance is wide-spread in the neighbourhood, and his opportunities of conversation extensive. Personal character counts for much with the *sakanayasan,* and if *otonashii,* a quiet and good-tempered animal, his daily visit is a feature affording food both mental and physical. His business over, he balances his tubs on his shoulders and makes off, lighter in burden and with items more or less substantial added to his *chronique scandaleuse.* Other requirements of Japanese household life go on much as in our western homes. The *gomiyasan* or garbage-collector is a municipal feature. At New Year's and the *Bon Matsuri* it is customary to give him a little present. Another cleans out the wells and cesspools on the premises. He has a district for his private

round, and collects five to fifty cents a month for his labour. Ten to twenty cents a month covers the expense for quite an extensive Japanese house. In the ex-treaty ports, gas and water attachments are looked after by the company's employés, just as with us, their duties ceasing with the property of the company, and elsewhere a private plumber being a necessity if things go wrong in the house itself. A number of itinerants drop in during the day: countrymen with flowers or vegetables, the *hōkiyasan* or broom man—a Japanese broom being cheap and evanescent—beggars, mendicant priests sent out by their fraternities, charitable committees seeking to pension deserving paupers or publish undeserving poems, to send blankets "to the front" or sell flags for the same good purpose, and at times a policeman to keep tab on the population and the safety of Dai Nippon.

Now, *in re* breakfast, I will frankly confess that this particular breakfast is anything but Japanese. Accustomed as one can get to Japanese food, a Japanese breakfast is too much like dinner to answer for that meal. It seems to me that the beauty of western home economy lies in the balance of the two meals a day—for the third meal, whether coffee and roll on rising or milk and roll for luncheon, should be more name than substance. The Scotch-American breakfast and the continental table d'hôte perhaps form the ideal combination. Americans get their dyspepsias not from overeating but from hasty eating, and as a nation are anything but gouty. And the Scotch, in literature anyhow, make but little complaint of that disease. The English, however, make a substantial luncheon, a heavy dinner, and a good supper, jamming three fairly complete meals into a rapid succession of feeding beginning at noon and lasting until midnight. And they are notoriously gouty. The continental European can hardly point the finger at them, for he holds his due proportion of the victims at the different *Bads,* and walks his little round and nibbles his little biscuit, sips and drinks nauseating waters, and generally abandons his *vin rouge* and *vin mousseux* for sackcloth and ashes for a limited season. And he too jams two table d'hôtes and a supper into the same

limited time. The Japanese would probably hold up their end also at Carlsbad and Homburg, if they were within reaching distance of it, but for different reasons—for dyspepsia, not gout. As to a coolie you can see his rice take up its journey through his œsophagus practically unmasticated in the original ball, a shape of which he is particularly fond. The man who ate nineteen mince-pies in nineteen minutes could easily be matched at any *ricksha* stand, provided the food was to the coolie's taste, and the Japanese would not know he had entered into any competition. To him it would be the normal method of procedure.

I think these peculiarities of nations are shown by a very every-day piece of evidence in the newspapers—the patent medicine advertisements. Once when travelling in the southern United States, being impressed by the number of large, sluggish rivers it was necessary to cross, and the sallow appearance of the inhabitants, I made inquiry as to whether malaria was not common in the district. The hotel-clerk waved his hand: "Never heard of it, sir." In fact, he intimated a little jaundice, perhaps, on my part, making me see yellow, and transfixed me with his diamond and asphyxiated me with his suavity. Still I had misgivings, and, strange to say, the drug-stores seemed to have little stock but quinine and "Antishake." The rest was fly-blown. That clerk told a tale that night to the assembled "drummers," how he preferred town to the country because he had time to shave between chills, and did not cut himself. They had not only chills but a liar or two in Arkansas. Now the Japanese prevalent advertisements largely recall American advertisements: very thin men become abnormally fat and shaking hands with each other over the change, pills and boluses for the stomach, and "detonators" to jar sluggish livers—and, right under one's eyes, at any Japanese hotel, the cause of it all. The tray goes into the apartment stored with little dishes and full contents. In a trice *nēsan* appears again, all the dishes a howling wilderness; and three times (*en règle*) has the little rice-bowl travelled back to her to be refilled. Now the human boa-constrictor sits sipping tea and swelling up the mass of rice in his

stomach, until, in an alarming number of cases, that overworked organ goes on strike—almost the only effective kind of strike known in Japan. It is a fact, speaking from the cold statistical side of the subject, that stomach diseases are a very important feature of such returns, and ulcers and cancer of the stomach a far too large proportion of the bills of mortality. They are not a drinking people, their oriental nerves are quite equal to any strain on the point of smoking, their food is digestible and well cooked, and yet they suffer frightfully. The only unfavourable factor is their method of eating, which must be held responsible for the bad results obtained. No! only the tray and the dishes present native features in the breakfast that the little maid brings to O Kami San. It is too much to ask the American to give up his breakfast foods with their spice of controversy and his coffee with its spice of Java much closer at hand than at home. As to the latter, there can be much less controversy than when seven thousand miles away. As to the former, there can be as much partisanship as between the faithful followers of different prophets. All promise future happiness and life eternal; claim the other fellow to be a side-show in the race, or a fraud.

The little maid that brings the breakfast tray represents one side of a problem which differs radically in its phases from that presented to western life. I refer to the servant problem. In many respects there is still left a strong leaven of the pre-Restoration days of 1867, in existing relations between the members of the Japanese household as a whole. In the old days the relation between master and servants seems to have been a patriarchal one. He had many of the qualities *in loco parentis* in addition to that of employer. Owing to this double relation his duties of care and protection increased with the accentuated obedience required to his wishes. Hence the relation assumed a permanency unknown in Europe for more than three hundred years; in fact, unknown since the emancipation of the peasantry from a condition of serfdom in which the individual man had no more standing than the herd of swine he was tending for his lord. Contests between king

and nobles, however, quickly brought the people into play as a valuable factor to one side or to both, and the value of a man's individuality, as distinct from communalty, was not slow in making its appearance. Master became separated from man, and the material advantages as distinguished from the personal bonds became the dominant motives. Old and tried servants were common enough in European houses, and many are the instances of devotion and sacrifice, all the greater because they were against the steadily drifting tide of making the relation between master and man purely the financial one that it has become in modern times, and eliminating the personal side altogether. Hence "Jeems Yellowplush" could have written his memoirs of the Fronde with as much candour as Cardinal de Retz, and perhaps it is unfortunate that he has not done so. And the "Jeems" of that time was strikingly like the "Jeems" of the early nineteenth century, if we can believe the many complaints made by contemporary writers as to his carelessness, fondness for his master's eatables and particularly for the drinkables, and his light-fingered affection for finery—in general terms, his knavishness.

No such relation had a chance to develop in Japan, because the feudal system as such remained in full force up to the present with but little modification, and because the groundwork of the prevailing moral code, being obedience to the master whether in relation of father or lord, lent its full weight to the imposition of the iron code which both interest and social etiquette imposed on all grades of society. In such a system social position and calling were stamped at the outset on the individual, and adding thereto the national lack of personality, a condition of contentment was reached with their lot in life very unlikely to rise to any rebellion against the social system. As with a handicraft, service ran in particular families and the connection between lord and retainer would last from generation to generation, the younger generation replacing the older as it became unfit for such service. The relation of familiarity thus existing between employer and employed did away with the menial side of the employment as looked at purely as a

matter of gain or personal advancement. The employed gained a prestige from his more intimate association with his lord's family; and the farther back he could point to such connection was a source of honest pride for it meant much as a certificate of a clean record of loyalty and favour. In fact, gain or wages were not a feature of such employment. It was a means of training for the young man or woman and it was so regarded. They were charges on their lord's bounty and it was their business to profit by their position to learn their various future duties of life in this best of practical schools in which they were treated, not as paid menials, but as taking their share in the membership of the family. Even to this day this is a feature in Japanese family life. The wages are nominal. These young girls go out to service not to earn money but to learn to sew, to cook, to take care of children, and generally to fit themselves for their own future married life. And this must not be the haphazard training that so often follows now-a-days in the case of the western woman. Sewing is not confined to a few household articles and baby clothes. The Japanese woman and her maids are the tailors of the average Japanese home and every *kimono* that goes on her husband's back is the product of the house staff. All the details of measurement, ratios, stitching and double stitching according to rule, are taught in the home, and the Japanese woman when she leaves her parents' home as bride carries this knowledge with her, not as an accomplishment, but as a necessity. She may not carry it into practice herself with her own fingers, but like Penelope she is supposed at least to be the mastermind of her handmaids. Her knowledge is practical, not theoretical, and she has the ability to act if the occasion calls on her skill. Anyone who has lived in a Japanese household cannot help being struck by the large amount of this needle-work. This is in part due to the nature of Japanese clothing, which involves not only the making but the frequent remaking, for the wadded clothes of winter are ripped apart, washed and dried, and then put together again. Of course, in the average Japanese household this is all the work of nimble fingers, and it is only where foreign influence is at work

that the hum of the sewing machine is heard. Home seems at times a sort of school or sewing bee, and it is a curious sight to see the little maids' heads together in an interested circle to watch the elucidation of some knotty point in sartorial mechanics as expounded by the mistress of the house. There seems to be an earnestness about the whole procedure totally different from the carrying out of an item of household labour done by contract at so much a week. It is not only sewing, however, but cooking also which forms part of the *répertoire* of O Kami San. This she has no hand in herself, but she has practice to fall back on if necessity arises, and at all events the direction falls on her to effect such variety as the Japanese menu affords. All the little details, from the fly flapping in the morning through the more important matters to the unrolling the quilts at night and hanging the big mosquito net in summer, are part of the educational process of a maid that comes as green as the grass on the hillside. And when she has learnt it all her parents send for her and marry her off. That has been the object of her schooling, so to speak.

So the average day passes in the household, and at five o'clock the tension—what there is of it—perceptibly slackens. It is the hour of the bath which has been for some time heating. In regular rotation the household enter the bath-room; from the master down to the smallest *neya* there is a procession lasting until it is nearly time to close the house for the night. It is the most enjoyable feature of the day, although the great dark tub is a source of terror to the children, a supply of which commodity is kept on hand in every Japanese household. Japanese children have quite as much original sin in them as any other children and hate equally to have it washed out. They too are an important item of *neya's* education, their care and obviation of their general "cussedness" being part of the curriculum, so to speak. Now in all this day's work the keynote is simplicity. Getting up with the sun we have hardly made use of the western world's artificialities and yet have got along very well. To cook our food we have used a furnace not so widely different from what will be found among the wandering

tribes of northern Asia. In fact, in get-up and mechanics, it rivals the simplicity of the giant ant heaps of Australia, which by kicking in one side can be turned into a very tolerable oven. Our water has come from a well which doubtless any sane board of health would condemn on its general surroundings without even analyzing it; but any harmful proclivities have been neutralized by boiling. The food has been much what O Kami San's forbears ate a thousand years ago, and if we can judge anything from the books of those days they would feel perfectly at home in the house and on the mats. Politics have changed much for the better and there are no swashbuckling *samurai* to go around testing the edge of their blade on harmless beggars and drunken men, and generally making an unpleasant mess on the sidewalk—or what would have been one if there had been such a thing in those days. Our lamps—a modern type—are fit to read by and enable us to extend the day with comfort far beyond the bedtime of former days. But without all the accessories of gas, water, electric light, modern plumbing, stationary washtubs, elevators, hydraulic and other kinds, complex furniture, asphalt paving, and a hundred other necessities that our western life is crying for, we have passed the day not only in comfort but with pleasure and profit. Books and people are enough for any reasonable man, and neither of them are peculiar to modern or western civilization. Our amusements change in nature, not in quality. Doubtless the old Greeks would utterly fail in putting a modern society play on the stage, just as we utterly fail in putting the Greek tragedy or comedy on our stage, and it is hardly necessary to ask which stage is going to survive the world test of the centuries. A circus parade is a worse than shabby affair compared to a Roman triumph. We know a little more of Nature's secrets than the ancient world, and most of that we have acquired in the last hundred years; and our pessimism keeps pace with our knowledge. Something of this came to mind looking down at the lights of the fishing village several hundred feet below me. These people were living identically as their forefathers for generations had lived. A kerosene lamp and a news-

paper, to give them a mass of details on people and matters outside the circle of their own hopes and fears, were the only additional items. A few miles away was a city crying out for electric trams, pure water, harbour improvement, and increased taxation. What was a man to think? These fisherfolk were happy as the world goes, although they had their neighbours' example close under their eyes. Their neighbours with their added western materialism and restlessness had not added to their content. Western roses have thorns, and increase the points of contact the more they will prick. And yet these roses are tempting to sight. The thorns are hidden and young Japan not overly conservative.

II

BŌSHŪ WAY

"High in the air the rock its summit shrouds
In brooding tempests, and in rolling clouds;
Loud storms around, and mists eternal rise,
Beat its bleak brow and intercept the skies."
—*Odyssey* (*Pope's translation.*)

One of the pleasantest features of Japanese character is its contentment. I do not mean that contentment which is associated with a sort of vegetable existence too lazy or too stupid to want to move out of its environment. Japanese content is far from any relation with such a phase; but, on the contrary, it is the strongest evidence of the completeness with which the people as a whole have entered into the inward meaning and spirit of their surroundings. Now this artistic sympathy with their nature environment is not inborn in a race. It is a sign of age. The young pioneer nations have not the time to feel that sympathy with Nature that is found in an older civilization. Nature to them is unsubdued, and it is part of their daily labour to contend with her. The American pioneer could hardly be expected to look with unadulterated pleasure on the forests of the Miami and Monongahela. His object was to establish a home, and to him those forests represented the hardest labour in clearing them away. A wearisome monotonous course of felling, stumping, splitting, and hauling by main force so many thousand feet of timber in order to get at the ground and make it produce for him his daily bread. It was the trapper and explorer that could find time and inclination to appreciate the "murmuring pine and the hemlock." The husbandman on the contrary heard with joy of the rolling plains of Kansas and Nebraska, with few trees but those found in the river bottoms, and miles of prairie grass to feed and fatten his cattle. The

Japanese have long finished their contest with Nature in the rough, and this has taken on that sleepy immobility that is found in a top —" movement internal, rest external." The result has been that Nature has passed from the stage of being an active enemy, to that of a friend whose every peculiarity is known by long acquaintance. There is all the charm associated with intimate knowledge and pride of conscious superiority. Now this completeness with which Nature arouses and satisfies the æsthetic feelings has never reached the same development in the West that it has among the Japanese. Elaboration is the keynote, the entrance on the scene of more or less of the strictly human element, and a village of cafés, beer gardens, and hotels, with or without music, is certain to spring up around any great attraction of Nature until it is hard to tell which draws the crowd—Nature or the beer garden. So with the theatre. The cost of production is growing to be a more important feature in the advertising than the play itself, and as the manager knows or tries to know his public, it is fair to assume that he judges it accurately for the benefit of his own pocket. The Japanese have as yet taken but a short step on this road, although likely to go further as time goes on. At present the tea house in its development is distinctly the merest adjunct to the attraction, a rest house not an object in itself. With all the means of amusement that are found among the Japanese as among other peoples—music, dancing, pantomime, the stage, character sketches and story telling—the Japanese never mix them with natural scenery. Margate and Coney Island are found at Asakusa, not across the river at Mukōjima where the crowds of people go in April to view the cherry-blossoms.

Mukōjima and a host of other places it can be said is an instance of the fact that the Japanese appreciate colour in mass, for it is common to see it stated that to them the highest form of enjoyment of flowers is the single spray appropriately arranged in a vase. This has indeed been brought to a fine art. Perhaps when the Japanese woman is " emancipated " it will be found that the time now devoted to training in such subjects as flower arrange-

ment and the tea ceremony will have to be curtailed and devoted to studies which will put her more on a par with man, to whom she will be not only wife but companion. It is undoubtedly the case that the western woman has not reached her present development without sacrificing something. There are only twenty-four hours in the day, and much of that is required by the simple necessity of ordinary living. But it is a question as to what is going to be of more value to the race; the tea ceremony or a course in hygiene as applied to the household; the arrangement of flowers or the ability to hold her own in that general social life which is bound to come even in Japan. After all, both tea ceremony and flower arrangement have reached their highest development and are now living on their past reputation. The period of seclusion has passed away and new duties require a new training. As Europe treasures its old traditions and bewails the decadence of these present days in all the finer qualities of man's nature, so the Japanese will cling to their old traditions and masterwork, retain as much of the old as conditions allow, and gradually replace it with the new. Doubtless a millennium from now our descendants will equally be able to look back on arts which seem lost to them. The present age may not be very fruitful from the æsthetic point of view but periods of great material and political activity rarely are so. Man's mind after all is limited. Leaders are rare. This is an age of science and of politics, lines are changing rapidly in both spheres, and the mental material available to guide these changes is mainly occupied in that direction. Whether the Japanese will ever come to our " hideous bouquets " so often held up to derision is doubtful. The said bouquet is largely a back number now in the West and rarely figures except at weddings and funerals and the débutante's first plunge into the social world. The Japanese lack the one flower which is really effective in that form, the rose. No westerner will admit any standing to the Japanese *" bara "* and it is not at all surprising that the Japanese have very little regard for it themselves. The rose is a strictly western flower. Whether as a single masterpiece—the " American Beauty "—arranged *à la*

Japonaise on a maiden's bosom, or *en masse* covering a whole house as seen in southern California, it outrivals any flower in the East in grace and beauty and fragrance. No more can be asked of the flower than the combination of these three qualities. It does not seem possible to acclimate the plant in Japan. Like western fruit, the stock soon degenerates, perhaps on account of the peculiar distribution of heat and moisture. The Japanese, however, do enjoy colour in mass as shown by the many flower shows based on just such effect. In May crowds of people flock to the Honjo district in Tōkyō to see the peony show, the effect depending largely on the massing of the plants which are of the most varied shades of colour. In the middle of May *Kameido* is at its best, the wisteria blossoms reaching the length of a yard or more. Still later in early June and in the same district the iris gardens are ready to display a wonderful variety of shade of the double iris. All this pleasure the Japanese gets at little cost. His country is one of the most picturesque in the world. Every hillside on the coast gives a charming vista of sea, mountain, and archipelago. He goes picnicking for the flowers and the view, not for the beer, or the merry-go-rounds, the shoot-the-chutes, that the time and money available will allow him. He not only wants to enjoy himself, but he wants to enjoy the view, and the latter is inextricably involved as the *chief* feature of the outing. This characteristic it is to be hoped they will long retain.

Apart from the flower shows Honjo presents but little other attraction. It is mainly a collection of small houses inhabited by fishermen and artisans and whenever plague or cholera visits Tōkyō it is pretty sure that Honjo has or will have a hand in it. However it contains a railway station, not absolutely necessary but still presenting great advantages over Uyeno for reaching the country directly east of the great city. For several years I had been looking over the bay at the misty blue range of hills on the other side, of which Nokogiriyama and Kanōzan are the most distinctive features. In legendary days of yore those blue intervening waters had witnessed the self-sacrifice of the Princess Oto-

Tachibana, wife of Yamato-take the hero, then on his mission against the hairy men of the North; traits of character that show that her sex has changed but little in these many years. Later it was among those hills that Yoritomo, first of the Minamoto Shōguns, sought refuge, and in fact Bōshū, or Awa, seems to have been the refuge of those whose political fortunes were under a cloud. Nowadays there is no particular reason to take anyone there. The guide book speaks of it pleasantly but slightingly as a nice winter trip in which such phenomena as flowers and naked people were to be seen in December. Not at all wonderful as to the display, but as to season and about which I was somewhat sceptical withal for I had been led one winter to Atami, in part by the deceptive orange groves to be seen growing all through the countryside. The Japanese orange however I found to be a broken reed as an indicator of climate. The local orange grower does not sit up at nights losing sleep over cold snaps and providing steam heat and wood fires for his trees. The tree has a supreme indifference to frost or to snow and the sun comes out on the winter days to warm everything into life only to be locked up again in a zero temperature at nightfall. The ultimate result of this erratic treatment for a tree so delicate as the orange is a fruit of the mandarin size, sweet with a pleasant tart twang.

With these cold winter nights of Atami therefore in mind I postponed my visit to this "shadowy land of Avilion" until the warmer weather of spring made Japanese inns less of a winter campaign in the open. Hence the first of May found me at Honjo station with a minimum of luggage and also of expectation, for little was anticipated beyond pleasant valleys, rice-fields laid out in checkerboards between low hills, and native villages recalling some unfortunate town which has long ago been wiped out by fire and rebuilt temporarily, only the inhabitants have forgotten or been too busy to rebuild in a more substantial manner. Leaving Honjo this anticipation was realized; low hills to the left and the wide expanse of paddy fields to the right pleasantly varied at times by glimpses of the bay. As Ōhara, the present jumping-off place of

the railway, is approached the hills become a feature. Travel is very light on this section as most of the traffic is diverted at Chiba to go toward Narita and the villages near the mouth of the Tamagawa. At present the Ōhara line is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, the terminus being a tiny place, but with some little inns at which one can put up for the night if a sunrise start is desired down the coast. I managed to rout out a *kurumaya,* a most ancient man who seemed to drop some present occupation to take me and my furniture part of the ten miles to Katsuura. The road was mainly good, the hills pleasing to the eye and much as in the neighbourhood of Kamakura, and some touch of interest was found in a traveller bound to Tōkyō—a large *maguro* fish, some ten or twelve feet in length, riding in state and pushed along by a crowd of joyful fishermen. A good haul, for such a fish I was told was worth a hundred yen to the Tōkyō market. My *ōjisan* (honourable old gentleman) left me to my own devices at the half-way stage, a *kurumaya* rest house at the point where the road reaches the sea. This place was better supplied and soon I was bowling along with a pushman in addition, through fishing villages and tunnels with slices of road interspersed and which seemed to improve with its distance from metropolitan life. It was getting toward night and the fishermen were already pushing off and putting to sea for the night's work. Ten to twenty men to a boat, naked to a breech clout, shouting and chanting, pushing and tugging, but with very little misdirected effort. Old men and children watched the process and the gay pictured *kimonos,* seen in scattered cases through the " treaty ports," were here the general outfit. Women seemed to be otherwise engaged as they were conspicuous by their absence, the group of watchers being almost entirely men. I cannot say that my welcome at my inn at Katsuura was a warm one. This is one of the accidents of travelling in unfrequented corners and even then is of rare occurrence. Misgivings as to *chadai* or tea money I think have little to do with it, for the innkeepers usually charge foreigners on a separate scale and incidentally get *chadai* in addition. There is perhaps an unwillingness to break the routine to cater to the possi-

ble idiosyncrasies of the foreigner which they do not understand and yet in the satisfaction of which they do not want to fail. Again, the presence of a foreigner is always a matter of curiosity in out of the way places and curiosity is not always pleasant to either innkeeper or his guests. Also, as is not unknown in the West, there are inns that wish to confine their custom to the native. The foreigner is only an occasional item in their clientèle, unprofitable and perhaps annoying. There is moreover another complication for the innkeeper. The places of public resort are peculiarly under the thumb of the police, and they wish no trouble from that quarter, the simplest method therefore being that of avoidance. The presence of a foreigner in a place is particularly noted. On application to the police, if it is feasible at all, the foreign traveller can get placed for the very good reason that his source of introduction is unimpeachable. If, however, he is taken in without question and trouble subsequently arises, the innkeeper is liable to an overhauling and his compliance with all the formalities gone into by very hypercritical judges seeking a scapegoat. Travel could be so hampered by a simple hint from headquarters to refuse accommodation that the country would practically be as close as before the revision of the Treaties. It happens therefore that it is necessary at times to make one's way good, and on such occasions once ensconced in the inn to lose all knowledge even fragmentary of the native tongue. In time they will cease dangling before the eyes of the obtuse foreigner the different means of exit from the town, and leave him alone much as one lets time and a burly canine planted on his premises take their course in due season. It can be added that it is no small matter in such cases to get ensconced behind the *shōji*. A favourable condition due simply to the innkeeper's hesitating frame of mind. In the morning my hosts and I parted company on rather cold terms. I stuffed away in available pockets the little book and towel which formed part of the external expression of our mutual forbearance toward each other and much etiquette was wasted on both sides. They certainly fulfilled all the duties of a host and made a good bargain

for me with the *kurumaya* who were to take me onward as far as Hōjō that night. Nothing more than that can fairly be asked of any inn.

It was beyond Katsuura that the pleasantness of the surprise of this new district came upon me. So near Yokohama, here was a place of which people seemed to know little and care less. From Katsuura to Matsuda was a succession of landscapes, cape after cape stretching into the ocean. In the intervening valleys the road ran beside the sea and through the fishing villages. Then it would ascend some narrow valley, gradually working its way into a sort of *cul-de-sac* and then plunging through a tunnel, giving on the further side a picture of land, sea, and rice-field, set as it were in a natural frame. From Katsuura and almost to Kamogawa the coast was of a bold character. The road, a sort of Corniche road, was cut in the face of the cliffs, and ran along at times several hundred feet sheer above the sea. There are places along this stretch, at the narrow turns on the face of the cliff, that must carry no little danger in a heavy gale to vehicles and even to men. The road is narrow and without any protection whatever. Standing on such a headland one looks far down the coast to Cape Nojima and often just at one's feet and filling the width of a narrow valley lies a jumble of roofs, a fishing village notable in these parts for cleanliness. So it goes on over a fairly good highway, up and down, through the little valleys and around the faces of the cliffs in picturesque alternation. It is not always plain sailing however. The tunnels are very numerous and sometimes undergoing repair. A stiff climb over one took me to the Nichiren temple at Kominato, where I had to wait until my *kurumaya* arranged for our future progress, for the original *kuruma* could not be "toted" up the steep footway. The site of this temple is the very dubious place of the saint's birth; the supposed original being under water as the coast is losing to the sea on this side. He has gained by the transfer, for it is the most picturesque spot in the neighbourhood. The lack of any obtrusively Japanese vegetation on the scene gave it a touch of resemblance to our western world. A well-kept shaded

road, the "God's acre" with its temple outline only dimly shadowed among the large trees and the low wall surrounding the whole, recalled in a way a scene often met with on the outskirts of some of our country villages which have gone to sleep for the past sixty years or more and have never grown up to and around the old church placed on its outskirts. An excellent luncheon at the Yoshidaya at Kamogawa marked the end of this more picturesque section of the day's ride. Changing men I soon reached Matsuda, at which point the road cuts across the peninsula to Hōjō, a distance of about eight miles. Matsuda afforded another pleasant surprise. Japanese towns are not conspicuous by their attractiveness. In fact they are unusually commonplace and ugly, the graceful curves of the roofs being the only redeeming feature. But Matsuda recalls all the pleasing greenness of an English lane. The houses are hidden behind hedges and there is a long vista of green looking down the town. Passing under this archway of trees soon brings one again into open country, broader valleys and rice-fields broken up by fantastic hills, and over a splendid road by which my *kurumaya,* covering the eight miles in a trifle over an hour, landed me at the Kimuraya of Hōjō.

These excellent inns in such an out of the way corner as this edge of Bōshū have a reason for their being. At this May season Hōjō was empty, but the land has a reputation in the Japanese world for mildness in winter and for bathing in summer. Many of the quieter people of the better class of Tōkyō make a yearly pilgrimage hitherward. Only one remnant still clung to the Kimuraya at this off season. A venerable old gentleman who was accompanied by quite a large family, some of the younger members of which must have been granddaughters, although a Japanese retires from life and takes on the appearance of *Ōjisan* so early that it is easy to mistake the second for the third generation. Japanese and western social life often touch at some unexpected point. I do not refer to the receptions, balls, and dinners given in foreign style in Tōkyō, where men and women meet on terms akin, in outward seeming anyhow, to western usage; but to the social life as

carried on independent of any but native usages. Women have their outside interests, their circles and societies for relief of the poor, interests of school girls, hospital service, study of poetry, needlework, and a dozen and one other social objects. In the relation of women with women the social life is free enough or could be made so without opposition from any source, personal or conventional. In the home circle the relations between the sexes is free enough. The older women join freely in conversation; the younger, as they do or should do elsewhere, do not volunteer information until they are asked. Visiting perhaps is not so general as with us even among the women, being largely between families related in some way by marriage or blood, and there is no such concession shown to youth as represented by social functions which are mainly devoted to the pleasure of the young, and which are conspicuously a feature of Anglo-Saxon life. The Japanese father does not stand around cooling his head and his heels until the sun rises, while some young daughter wearies herself out with dancing and flirtation; both to return home, she to sleep until midday, and he to go to his office at nine o'clock.

The main feature of European life, the *formal* social intercourse between the sexes, is the feature that is lacking in Japanese life. External social life of course exists but is confined to men, moving much on the same plane as in the West, only granting difference in national taste and always apart from the home. Formal dinners and any such features of social life are confined to the tea house. There it is that the Japanese seeks to entertain his friends in sittings that last for hours, and on such occasions appear the only touch of femininity that is allowable in such public life—the *geisha.* This little creature is a product that it is extremely hard to classify because western life has nothing exactly to correspond. Her training is entirely directed in wit and accomplishments—dancing, singing and playing various musical instruments—toward pleasing men, and not only men but she must gauge the tastes of her particular employers at the time. The dancing and singing is but part of her "business." It is the "coffee and repartee," so to

speak, between these intervals of the entertainment, the more intimate chatter, that is the attractive feature. In some ways she could be compared to the chorus girl of the western stage only the after-theatre life of the latter is purely her private affair, whereas with the *geisha* it is the main part of her function as entertainer. The comparison it can be said is, from an artistic point of view, hardly fair to the *geisha* who is a product of a very high and specialized training which raises her to that plane where the symbolism in her art in dancing (posturing) and singing calls in full play a species of elaborate mental æsthetics—a feature certainly far from being connected with the chorus of the comic opera stage which appeals purely to the eye. In some features she forms what might be called the demi-mondaine of Japan, but here again one would never think of her in connection with Sappho, ancient or modern. Charming and witty as she often is, it is more as child than as woman; a plaything for idle hours, not a steel that can flash out brilliants when the occasion calls for it, and the tragedy so often thrown across Sappho's path rarely figures in that of the *geisha.* There is one ground on which she and her western sister of the night life of great cities meet. Both are equally looked down on and envied by the rest of their sex for their life, apparently one of gay careless freedom. Fashions in Paris first appear on the boulevards and *geisha* deeds and misdeeds are constantly on the tongue of Japanese women; and any good Japanese woman would resent being taken for a *geisha,* although she would speak warmly of her beauty and her dancing.

After all that a few gentlemen should meet for eating, drinking, and otherwise disporting themselves adds but little to the general life of a people. The brilliant night life of great European and American cities is not found in Japan. *Matsuris* or temple festivals, really fairs, are very small change compared to the panorama of cosmopolitan life that streams along the boulevards of Paris. For this the sexlessness of public life is responsible. Men have their clubs based on all sorts of objects, useful or otherwise, as are clubs in the West. Political clubs abound and, as politics

are warm in Japan, new clubs are constantly in formation by a sort of fissile process. Scientific associations hold meetings on all sorts of subjects. The Japanese is by no means unclubbable. Quite the contrary. He does not seem to be able to get along without his kind. But women cutting no figure in man's public life, our general panorama of society is unknown. Now man (specific) is far more given to sensual pleasure than woman, and there is more particular application to him of the saying that "his god is his belly." It is no difficult matter to prove this, for the increasing influence of woman in social life has been accompanied by the retirement of the kitchen to the rear of the house. In the good old Saxon days, and long after, our ancestors used mainly to devote themselves to eating and drinking. Dinner began early and lasted pretty much all day. The great hall or dining room was *the* room of the house, and manners were such that woman generally had to disappear from the feast long before it got a good start. The wine came on with breakfast, and not in the more moderate allowance of our modern feasts. But with the gradual emergence of woman from her seclusion of the early feudal days, the dining room gradually loses its importance until in these present times the great hall has been replaced by the drawing room, and the dining room has been converted into as strictly special a use as a bedroom and has lost its position as the social centre of the household.

Now if man makes a minor feature of social display—only relatively speaking for the high-sounding "titles" and "rituals," and the gold lace sprinkled over the trappings of some harmless creature whenever "the lodge" appears *en masse* and in public gives evidence that also in him the inclination for such display exists—it is the *ne-plus-ultra* of woman's life. Her public life is a competition of personal appearance with other women, and, as nature has given an unchangeable basis on which to work, this competition can only be equalized by the more or less skilful use that art, whether of costume or cosmetic, affords. That side of social life therefore of which woman is the commanding figure takes on the features of a stage setting in which the scenery is no

inconsiderable part of the display. The frame must be adequate to the picture that is to be set in it. The broader her stage the better pleased she is, and it can be seen that the more related any purely social function is to display, the wider the influence of woman appears in it. Display being the main object, the relation between the individuals drops into mere formalities, the inanities of polite conversation in its general assemblies. It is intercourse of people who merely meet each other to make comparisons and not for any real object of vital interest to them. Not that these wider gatherings have not a deeper meaning. They have a much deeper meaning and in fact grow out of the gradual development of the individual in European society. The gradual appearance of woman from her feudal environment up to the present when she walks the earth free and untrammelled has gone *pari passu* with the widening of the sphere of the individual until to-day man is left in free course to work out his life without interference from his fellows, provided he does not interfere with them. But as man is individually the freer, so he is more thrown back on himself and the more isolated he has become. Competition having become wider the wife has stepped out into the arena of life, and from being merely the regulator and guardian of the household she has become also an active ally in his struggle with the world. A man cannot in these days voluntarily reduce the effectiveness of his right arm, so to speak. Public life does not consist merely in doing so many hours' work a day at a fixed reward. It also means keeping in touch with his fellows as far as possible. Man is a gregarious animal, and it is through and by the herd that he works. As breadwinner he finds his hands full, and as breadwinner he finds that concentration on the object in view is essential to success. Effort cannot be scattered. Hence this regulating of the more formal intercourse has been left to the woman and has taken that form of development which her love of display demands.

This outer form, the shell so to speak, is what is visible to the outside world. It is often the only part visible to many inside the charmed circle, but if so they are mere pawns in a game which

has life's success for its object, and at times both stake and players are of the highest. It is the only field on which man can look over his future antagonist before he comes to grips with him, the ground set apart from the field of contest where no business and any business can be approached through the inanity of general formula, can be touched on lightly, cursorily, incidentally, and then be referred to the more serious moments, and all without that earnestness which necessarily must be attached to matters that men regard as of vital interest. The importance we attach to it is found in the stress we lay on " keeping up one's appearance in the world." And sharply does the world scrutinize its members for often this formal society is the only means of judging a man's capability to fit the standard he aspires to maintain. Not always a good means of judging, as the bankrupt list, moral and financial, shows of people who have kept up appearance to the final smash. However it is a means of judging more palpable instances of decline in worldly prosperity. From the Minister of State to the townsfolk " who hold a general amalgamation of themselves in the town hall," as Mr. Bantam, M.C., described it, this general field is their field of observation and man willingly lets the woman work her will in it, set its rules and manage its details. He has enough to do without more minutiæ. This feature, I think, ordinarily escapes an easterner brought in contact with western society. To him it is often merely subserviency to women whose proper sphere is the home in his opinion and who figure very badly outside of it. To Japanese eyes the *Bois* parade and Rotten Row must be a great puzzle. The round of balls, receptions, theatre parties, where apparently to judge from the inmates of the boxes the play is the last thing thought of, all these features of western life are concessions to woman's whims that are foreign to his outlook. His life is largely bound by convention both in politics and in its social features where it touches the lives of other men. Not so the westerner. He largely stands alone. Associations of men by their very nature have a cut and dried object or else an intimacy too close to cover the exact field here sought. Neither the club nor

the convention will cover it and so he has invented a new witenagemote and left the framing of its rules to the other sex, while he uses it as a new instrument for his advancement and protection in this complex modern world.

To the European the East has no social life at all. The man is alone or else figures at a set feast. His contact is at a few points with those interested in his particular life work or in the intimate relationship of personal friends. With society, as a whole, he has nothing to do. Indeed, if usage had not crystallized certain rules into an automatic feature of his daily life it is hard to see how his rulers would get in touch with him except by the aid of a policeman. The different small spheres in which men find themselves of course touch each other, the whole forming the body politic. Society therefore in the western acceptation of the term is a congeries of such associations not one homogeneous well-kneaded mass. Now I think Japanese politics bear this out. Intensely national they are intensely sectional. Indifferently this can be put down to the history of the race, or to the history of the race can be attributed their sectionalism. They are convertible terms. Japan of the past is usually described as a feudalism. A feudalism which in its modification so closely follows the history of feudalism in Europe that the parallel between the two is interesting. The feudal system in Europe, for instance, can be limited to that time during which the great lords, while owing their service and allegiance to the king, were equally supreme in their own dominions over their own subjects. The breakdown of the system was gradual. In France it began with the reign of Louis XI and was completed under Louis XIV by Mazarin and Colbert. Under the latter king we find that his writ runs everywhere, and that when the local authority is in collision with it, this must yield at once by the very source of its issuance. Great lords there were with great powers in their hands, but before the king sitting in Parliament on a "Bed of Justice" the greatest of them was wax before the flame. Absolutism reigned supreme. "I am the State," said Louis, who from the time he came to manhood had not even to

juggle parliaments to make them yield. And so it lasted up to the reign of Louis XVI. Now something like this obtained in Japan from the time of Tokugawa Iyeyasu. With the final crushing of the great *daimyō* there was no place in which the Tokugawa writ did not run and no place where the final decision sent down from Yedo did not command instant obedience. This was accomplished in Japan in much the same way as in France by a judicious lopping off the heads that stuck above the crowd and by impoverishing the nobility. But here Tokugawa centralization of feudalism stopped. They always continued to deal with the *daimyō* alone who were left absolute within their dominions. With the people at large they had no contact.

As Richelieu found that Henry IV and his great minister had paved the way for him, so Iyeyasu had his way made easier by Nobunaga and Hideyoshi, and when he died the kingdom passed to his grandson Iyemitsu with very little to do except to keep things in the same condition. That he did not reach the same absolute position as Louis XIV is due to a complicating factor. If Rome and the Papal Court had formed part of Louis' dominions he too in all fulness could not have said "I am the State." There were two reasons why the Tokugawa court never reached the splendour of the French court. It always had a rival in the Court of Kyōto which, while of little importance from a political point of view, always maintained its ascendancy as the nominal fount of honours bestowed, and by its continued existence always kept alive the knowledge that there had been another power in the land. The Tokugawa system also deliberately maintained the clans. No matter how absolute that government its system was really based on a balancing of one *daimyō* or baron against his neighbours and elaborate rules restricting free passage from one district to another kept alive the local spirit. Instead of fusing the people into one homogeneous mass loyal to the government as such, the nation was made up of a series of clans whose loyalty was due to their chief and whose common head was still the shadowy priest Emperor who had become to them almost a tradition. It is not diffi-

cult, however, to see that as the Tokugawa influence gradually waned through enervation—a course almost inevitable where for a long period the conditions were not such as to call for strong men —the clans whose interests were directly opposite, the "outs" as opposed to the "ins," would simply await the favourable opportunity to supplant them. The revival of the study of *shintō* or the national religion had directed the attention of the warlike class to the only feasible rallying point. Long experience of the advantage of a central power prevented any return to the clan system in its original heterogeneity of the fifteenth century, and the presence of the foreigners knocking for admittance also forbade any return to such a rope of sand. Satsuma and Chōshū ousted Tokugawa in the name of the Emperor but the very fact ensured the modernization of the political system. This of course was not done at a jump, and dissatisfaction was so great that the Satsuma rebellion was an almost necessary consequence before the country could settle down under the centralized government which was foreign to the ideas of the people at large. This rebellion was due in part to reaction against such centralization which stripped the reactionary element of the last shadow of feudal power in their principalities, and in part to the absorption of the governing power by the progressive element which excluded such reactionaries from any share in the spoiling of the Tokugawa.

Where difference between parties however is based not on some national policy but on supposed local interests or clan jealousy, the rallying points are very numerous and the parties of the Japanese Diet are difficult to follow. Sometimes they seemed based on locality as North and South. Again one man of particular abilities, and with a wish to impress some policy or system of economics on the national legislation, has his body of supporters who do not hesitate to bolt from the party caucus if their immediate leader thinks their principles violated. In other words, if parties are numerous, factions within parties are still more numerous, and the party lash by no means has the power that it has in England and particularly in America. This is to a large extent explained

by the nature of the franchise. The upper house is appointed by the Emperor. The lower house is elected on a very restricted property suffrage. When it is understood that in a large city like Yokohama, with nearly two hundred thousand people, barely five per cent. have any voice in the election of their own local government and not one-half of that have anything to do with the election of a member to the Diet, it can be understood that the Japanese Diet is not in any sense of the word a popular assembly. The people at large have one striking if somewhat strenuous method of showing their displeasure; assassination, which although very uncertain in its action, has in some cases a deterrent effect on pushing through a measure which is absolutely repulsive to the public at large. The vindicator of the public rage is regarded as a hero, and though he may be hanged a dozen times over, his grave is kept green and his spirit appeased by the offerings of his admirers. These assassins make no effort to escape and usually carry a paper on their person setting forth their reason for their action in case they should be cut down by the officers.

East and West therefore have approached this relation of the individual to the community from the same standpoint and have solved it differently, and the West far more completely. We remember the three Johns of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. John, as John saw him, and very different from the real John; John as his neighbours saw him, very different from the first John and from the real John; John as his Maker sees him. Starting with the individual fettered John, the West has thrown the world open to him, until among the more advanced peoples John's John is given a fair field and stands free to use all his powers as best he may with all the tremendous fruition that they may bring him. The only limitation placed on him is that such powers be not used to the detriment of his neighbours. The result has been a fishing in strange waters, and to-day a remarkable feature in western civilization is its fundamental homogeneity which is anything but related to its divers constituents, and due largely to the inherent *self* restraint of the race. In art and science this homogeneity has

given rise to a cosmopolitanism anything but harmful in this age of iron. Herein East differs from West. To the East the individual, John's John, is not of the slightest importance. His development is to be carried out within certain narrow conventional lines. What conforms to the norm is good. What does not so conform is bad. This of course crushes out all originality. Whether any elasticity has been left in the human mind after centuries of such training remains yet to be seen. Man's only distinction being that he is a thinking brute, imitation and adaptation are hardly the limiting qualities of any race. But the quality of originality needs exercise, like any other quality of the mind; and it is only in the last forty years that Japan has somewhat lengthened the fetters of the individual John to give him freer movement; for this must not only be through legislation but through that far wider range governed by social convention. Private life—as our neighbour sees us—is as well sheltered West as East. The law of libel is finding extension, not diminution of its scope, among western nations. Some of the episodes however that find their way into the Japanese press would hardly find publication in the most reckless yellow journal, not it can be imagined through any particular delicacy but because of a damage suit. There is one point on which the law of libel is very definite, and that is in relation to the government. Here punishment is severe and certain, but otherwise great leniency is shown as if the object was to get the boys to tell on each other so that their paternal rulers can better keep an eye on them.

The general social life of the West certainly seems healthier in many ways. It is always the case where some trust is shown in the individual. The essentials of family life are quite as much hidden and yet there is a fuller exchange of ideas and customs through the whole mass of the body politic on a more intimate basis than the relations of business and politics can afford. Men learn to know each other better the more points they touch at. Without entering in any way into the merits of including or excluding woman from general society it is a fact that the extension

of her sphere has been accompanied by a lessening of the spirit of provincialism and clannishness, and their disappearance from the sphere of Japanese public life is to be regretted. That the life within the family of the West suffers from such liberality is much to be doubted. Filial duty is as important to the West as to the East, although the West has long since stripped the father of his autocratic power in the household and refused to hold the grown man in tutelage. One would think from the way this question of filial devotion is often discussed that western sons were mainly occupied in turning their parents out of doors, or beating them, or otherwise maltreating them. We have few special laws on this subject, and where one of them is violated the perpetrator is quite as much an object of horror to the community as he would be to the East. We do not recognize the permanent tutelage of the son for that is incompatible with our system of individual liberty and liability granted as soon as man reaches what has been agreed on as man's estate. As only up to that time he has claim on his father for support, so all his life his father has claim for support on the son, and in the rare cases where the Courts have to intervene to enforce that right they have done so emphatically. The father of the West cannot enforce that unvarying obedience that the eastern parent accepts as his due. It is against our whole system of life. The western father must get his son ready to take his place in the world's battle on his own account, and hence conventional lines are made very broad and the boy is given much more opportunity to show his capabilities and how much originality is in him, to be developed for his future advancement. He does not want the boy to show himself equal to the average that he sees around him. He wants him to stand high in the world. The restraint is still there or should be there. It is well shown in a common saying, "give the boy plenty of rope." This can be done wisely or foolishly as is the case with all things human. In external deference to the aged an eastern household presents a very beautiful sight. Not more so I think than can be found in those older communities of Europe where parental author-

ity has retained much of its earlier flavour, which is the more worthy of note as in the West filial respect is a part of religion whereas as in the East it is the whole of religion. Filial misconduct in the West is a breach of religious law. In the East it is a dereliction against the Divinity itself and is regarded as sacrilege and punished accordingly, and there is no point on which the Japanese law is more minute and goes into greater detail as to the nature of the punishment than with crimes of this class. If filial misconduct is such a rarity in Japan they have piled up a very complete code in anticipation. An elaborate structure to act as a preventive which must have been based on intuition, for these laws are old laws and in existence long before Japan had contact with the demoralizing West.

The Kimuraya is a delightful stopping place and Hōjō is noted for its view of Fuji rising up on the other side of the strait. My morning's ride would keep the mountain pretty constantly in sight. If the ride down the east coast of the peninsula had been a fine one there was a still more pleasant surprise in store. There are no late breakfast hours to bother one at Japanese inns. No sulky waiters to divide their attention between you and their slicking up for the day, a secret circumambient hostility because you take advantage of God's daylight, disturb their routine, and start your day pretty much with the sun. Hence before seven all the preliminaries had been disposed of and my men were ready for their freight. The first half of the day was on the plain or through the hills, the ride still keeping the pleasing type of the afternoon before, shady lanes and villages buried in trees. There were pretty views across the water to the Sagami peninsula and still more distant the blue outline of Izu. Ahead the mountains apparently barred the way to further progress in that direction, the most prominent being Nokogiriyama or "saw-tooth mountain," a ridge so named from its regularly indented shape. At this point the road is approaching the turn which brings the western side of Tōkyō bay into full view. The mountains here come close to the sea, sometimes leaving barely room for the road to pass, again cutting it off entirely. In such

cases the only remedy is a tunnel, and of the thirty odd found between Katsuura and Minato two-thirds are on this section of the road, which runs along the sea not more than a dozen feet above the high water-mark. The previous night had been stormy and the waters of the bay were still in a great turmoil, dashing the spray over the edge. It was a fine ride on a good road with the cliffs towering far up overhead. There was comparatively little traffic. Rest sheds were conspicuous by their absence. It is to be suspected that these fine roadways have more to do with military purposes than with the immediate needs of the country district they traverse. Upper Bōshū swarmed with soldiers, and they formed no little part of the wayfarers met on the road. In this part of the peninsula however I met with but one emblem of the powers that be in the shape of a policeman who was driving an offender to confinement. With his hands tied behind his back and attached to a cord some half a dozen feet in length the said offender was trotting along much as the unconscious pig goes to market. It goes against the American grain to see the *genus homo* treated in this degrading manner. It is a common enough sight in the country districts. In the treaty ports however the foreign system of a "Black Maria" is used to convey prisoners to and from a hearing, and the sight of two or three men trussed together like cattle, while seen at times is not a very common occurrence. Just why such desperate measures are taken with the average Japanese criminal is hard to see, for once in the clutches of the law he becomes a very mild product and the sight of a uniform is enough to turn his gall to milk and reduce him to submission. There is a fair amount of savagery underlying the surface of the "*Bête Humaine*" and the Japanese have their full share of it, as is well shown in the encounters between the ordinary public and the law-breakers. One would think that where the individual counts for so little in the community that the derelict from the path of law would rush to extremes in his encounters with it, and the result would be a dangerous criminal as one outside the pale of the community altogether. That this is not the case is perhaps due to

the lenity of the Japanese criminal law, which imposes less severe terms of imprisonment and has a graduated system of rebates, so to speak, according as the criminal gives less trouble in clearing up the offence. Hence a thief when captured not only gives a full account of his present transgression but often goes into full details of his past sins. This undoubtedly saves much trouble for the police if not for the public, against whom the offences are just as frequent. The specimen I had in front of me on this occasion—a thief—and who doubtless fell on his knees and gave in at once when confronted by the man in authority, would not have hesitated to carve me into little bits with the short sword which is the favourite weapon of thieves, if I had caught him robbing my house. They are a class of offenders that get little sympathy from the public who are in great dread of them.

The indentations of the coast were on more sweeping lines at this section of the way but on reaching Minato the road, here embowered in trees, turns into a little estuary, the locality being very picturesque. No Japanese town has any appearance of antiquity, but simply of shabbiness. In fact, they are not ancient, for fires periodically wipe them out. Minato, however, on the whole looked quite new and shiny. A great deal of *saké is* brewed here and there is an excellent Japanese inn of the better class which fortunately I found open, for the place is a watering resort and out of season the inn ordinarily is closed. About a mile from Minato the main road is left for a cart track, which quickly degenerates into a trail leading up the outlying spurs of Kanōzan, the loftiest part of the range as seen from Yokohama. It is not much of a climb and the view a beautiful one, Fuji rising in all its snowy splendour across the bay. Kanōzan has an important temple on the summit, a plateau rather than summit, for the mountain is really a ridge. On the eastern side is a view over the cut up country to the east and south, locally called the "ninety-nine valleys." It is an exaggerated counterpart of the confused jumble that one finds on the Yokohama side. In fact this line of hills running across the base of Bōshū and taking in the Sagami penin-

sula makes a section of Tertiary clays which subsequently have been raised above sea level as an island when all the Tōkyō plain was still under water. This peneplain has been carved into the most confused shapes—ramifications of valleys intersecting each other at every angle where the water courses have met the least resistance to their power of erosion. A condition of affairs not badly illustrated by the result of a watering pot on a good-sized mud pie. The inns are well placed, overlooking Tōkyō Bay and with a full view of Fuji. The food was rather primitive but the people were very willing. Four miles of a picturesque walk down the mountain—picturesque in a European sense, for the road just at the foot of Kanōzan has but little Japanese in its surroundings—and *kuruma* can be obtained into Kisarazu, the main local port on the east side of Tōkyō Bay. Here the welcome was cordial enough, but it was very necessary to make one's way good, for they were evidently uncertain about foreigners and there was some little delay before they would say they had accommodation for the night. However, being ensconced behind the *shōji,* by a judicious ignorance of the native tongue and a lesson in English to the scion of the house who had ambitions toward one of the Yokohama schools, our nationality was proved, so to speak, and the guests' book was brought at once, not a usual thing, for ordinarily it is produced near the dinner hour in the evening when it seems more of a formality than a necessity.

One of the first impressions that is the gift of the gods to the arriving stranger in Japan is the ease with which he picks up the language. It is merely a matter of vocabulary. There are no persons, genders, numbers, or inflections to be grasped with their involved combinations. The structure of the verb seems simplicity itself. There is something of a hitch in getting used to a post position instead of a preposition, but otherwise the sentence looks not unlike one of the Latin languages or German. Noun, object, verb. And so he rambles through the land, getting along tolerably well, and waxing pretty great in his own conceit over his linguistic accomplishments. If he does not stay too long in the land no harm

has been done and the experience has all the freshening effect of any tonic that acts more on mind than on matter. It is when the period has been extended beyond a few months that he gets the full shock of the truth, and sooner if he wanders away off the beaten track where they not only do not understand him but do not care enough about foreigners to take the trouble to understand him. In other words, the time comes when he finds that the linguistic accomplishments have been mainly on the side of the native. In those parts of the country frequented by foreigners, the number of natives that are familiar with English construction of sentences is extraordinary. They may not know a word of English itself but they have grasped the foreigner's use of their own words, and it is this knowledge of theirs that enables him to make himself understood so readily in the large majority of cases. A native will address a foreigner in a way perfectly comprehensible to the latter both in accent or in use of words and addressing one of his countrymen will become at once incomprehensible. He has adapted himself to the foreigner's needs, his first thought being to take the easiest method of being understood. Of course in turning to a Japanese he drops into the native idiom and use of words. If there is no royal road to learning there is certainly not even a "first aid" to Japanese. "Japanese at a glance" would be a mere vocabulary of words, for Japanese grammar could only and does only, to the foreigner, consist in a lengthy exposition of innumerable idioms. Every English construction undergoes not reversal but a sort of grammatical earthquake, shaking it into a tumbled heap of words which, as they stand, have no particular meaning whatever. Given a collection of a dozen words we can start in and build up a fair collection of sentences from them by altering the arrangement. This is very much the situation if a sentence be literally translated word for word from Japanese into English. It is often absolutely without meaning and we can suit our sweet will in making very much what we please of the combination. There must be a key, and fortunately this has been supplied by the very few who have penetrated the genius of this most difficult of eastern

languages. Only with one of the excellent Japanese grammars written by foreigners and the aid of a Japanese teacher can the foreigner hope to make any impression on the native tongue. Unaided efforts are only too likely to end in the stumbling block of the native adaptability and the adoption of the *lingua franca* of the country.

There is no question here of entering into a Japanese family (not readily possible for other reasons of a purely social character) and surrounding oneself with the native medium, so to speak. The eye gives no aid, for to read the language one must first learn several thousand Chinese ideographs, must learn the endless readings of these ideographs as used by the Japanese in combinations and when standing alone, sometimes taking the Chinese sound or the Chinese sound as pronounced by the Japanese, and again appearing in the form of purest Japanese. And having grasped this, one must again go to school and learn a new grammar as applied to the written language in distinction from the language as spoken in daily intercourse. Very few foreigners can ever hope to grasp the etiquette of this tongue. For etiquette it has. From highest to lowest and *vice versa* the form of address is so different as in itself to explain the personal relations and does away with any but this indirect use of pronouns. This indirectness of address not only applies to the speaker and immediate hearers but defines the relationship of persons or objects the subject of the conversation. Forms of official address, even to some extent found among western nations, are of course carried to a much greater extreme in a country where connection with government carries with it social position in itself, a government that "hands down" its will to a people that "respectfully receives." In the upper circle of the Court a vocabulary and form of address is used entirely limited to its narrow membership. Among western nations there has always been to some extent a formula for official addresses and receptions but limited to the occasion of its use. The East possesses its cut and dried set of formulas for such conditions and in addition has carried into general life a form

of speech marking off class from class. Also throughout Japan can be found numerous dialects and in a still narrower sense what can be called *patois,* expressions without any literary sanction in form and often confined to the range of a single fishing or mountain village. There is perhaps here a distinction from the use of the term " dialect " as used in the West. The crystallized form of the written language (its Chinazation, analogous to the Latinization of our fifteenth century literature) prevents the development of a dialect literature such as exists in all European languages. But the divergence between Tōkyō and Kyōto, north and south, is radical enough to form a dialect in the colloquial, and where it has been reduced to literary form represents a true literature. A Japanese can in general terms distinguish the particular habitat of his countrymen, just as an American can quickly tell the average " down-east Yankee," the Southerner, the man who lives in the Mississippi valley, and on the Pacific coast. As for *patois* it is not uncommon when travelling with a Japanese to find him stumped on occasions in some mountain hamlet by local idioms, although not more than a dozen miles away lies the large district town which limits itself only to some dialectical forms of expression. Another difficulty lies in pronunciation. Many foreigners living in Japan speak Japanese as their native tongue. They were born and brought up in the country. But there is a distinctive *timbre* about the Japanese voice that marks the native, and hearing without seeing the speaker, a foreigner usually betrays himself by the lack of this *timbre.* As to the foreigners who have grasped the genius of the language, who have a full and complete knowledge of its different ramifications, they can be numbered on one's fingers, and curiously enough are nearly all immigrants. Outside knowledge of Japanese, the grammar of the Japanese language has been given to the western world, not by those one would think most capable of doing the work, but by a set of scholars who have had to build the structure from the ground up; to whom the language was an accomplishment not an accident of birth.

It will not do however to think that Japanese has all the diffi-

culties to itself. Our English tongue which has cut loose from most of the complexities of inflections, and reduced itself to the simplest form compatible with clearness, still has enough bristles left to make it a very tough morsel. We do not appreciate this until the occasion arises to prove our boast as to how easy English is as a language. "Just talk straight ahead." We have, in common with most other European nations, an alphabet of twenty-six letters to express the sounds found in the language. That is, we fondly think so until examination shows that the number is nearer three hundred, a number corresponding to the forms of the Japanese *hiragana* syllabary. Taking small letters and capitals, written and printed, old script, black letter, and German script which is so often quoted as to be necessary to a student of English literature, this latter number can be reached without any difficulty, and italics and more fanciful forms common to our printers' fonts can be fairly added to swell the list. To us of course the relationship between these forms seems so evident that we say with perfect sincerity that the sounds of our alphabet are expressed by the twenty-six symbols; but to a Japanese, totally unfamiliar at the start with these symbols, this is not the case, and it is quite a shock in its way, after having impressed the printed symbol *b* on the neophyte to be asked what the form *B* represents, or *B* a form often used in heading chapters, and a host of other *b's* as the case may be. Monograms are often a puzzle to ourselves, as is also the ornamental script commonly used in seals. For words, English literature requires but a small glossary until we get behind the fifteenth century, but in that time there has been a wide range for change in orthography and printing, not only new words and new uses of words but new symbols. There are plenty of old books still living a hale existence in the libraries—some of us prefer these hardy old relics—not enough called for to reprint in our modern style and still showing their old dress of seventy years ago with *f's* for *s's* and final *e's* in places long since disused. Many still use the long *f* for *s* in writing.

Change of words with time, change of meaning and of spelling

with time, are unavoidable difficulties for which the glossary is the only medicine, but our modern tongue offers plenty without going back to hunt for them. For instance homonyms. These are so superabundant in Japanese that it is the Chinese ideograph that makes the written language intelligible. The neophyte simply dipping his feet in the ocean of Japanese writing and printing quickly learns this fact and turns to the ideograph to read the *kana* meaning printed beside it. In English, as compared with Japanese, such cases are rare, but still they exist in number enough to be troublesome. The context shows us at once the meaning to be taken but to anyone less familiar with the language they are a very serious stumbling block, especially the nearer they stand to being a keyword in the sentence. As with *dear* used in the sense of cost, *dear* as a term of affection, and *deer* an animal, this last named involving the long forgotten days of the dreaded spelling book. Spelling and the juvenile equivalent for swearing and vigorous switching were too common concomitants not so many years ago. The world has grown less strenuous to its progeny in these latter days, for less than twenty-five years ago in many of our schools we got a personal and practical application of the East in the shape of the bamboo cane. But all the verbal difficulties are slight compared to the pronunciation of English. Here even foreigners akin to our own race admit the difficulties piled up with almost every sentence they seek to use. The dictionary is a collection of words that in arbitrariness rivals the Chinese ideograph, for all our vowels have several sounds and no accents or indication to show which particular sound applies to the word under consideration; and diphthongs and triphthongs add their quota to the merry confusion of the fifteen different simple vowel sounds. For instance—*receive, neighbour, height: pierce, piebald: mould, mound: my, myriad, myrrh: tub, tureen, true: father, fat, fair, afterward: every, even: pine, pin:* etc., etc. Then there is elision, slurring, and silent letters. Difficult as these vagaries of the alphabet are to other westerners, they however recall familiarities in their own languages that offers some aid in surmounting the

peculiarities of English pronunciation, but to a Japanese using a syllabary and not an alphabet these difficulties are enormously increased. It is really surprising therefore how widespread a knowledge of English is found in travelling through the country. Most of it is of a very haphazard character, a few words picked up by peasants who have lived on the sugar plantations of Hawaii or in the western states of America, or by "*boys*" who have been in service in the foreign settlements. There is a much better quality of English found among Japanese who have lived in England or in the United States, apart from the Japanese communities, and among Japanese of the educated classes it is spoken with remarkable accuracy of grammar if not accent. It is an occasional experience to meet with an English speaking Japanese who speaks without a trace of foreign accent, and these cases have been caught young, so to speak, and brought up abroad or under foreign influence. The general impression one gets however is, that as a nation the Japanese are no mean linguists. On asking the question, most of them seem to think that the continental languages—French, German, Italian, and Spanish—are easier to learn than English. It is not the involved declensions that stagger them so much as pronunciation. The nebulous quality of the alphabet. Incidentally foreigners will often be found who say that they can understand the English as spoken by Americans more readily than when spoken by the English themselves. The former speak more in monotone; the latter accent words much more sharply, throwing the rest of the sentence in shadow. According to the Japanese, among foreigners there are a number that speak correct grammatical Japanese, and a great many who speak the language fluently with more or less correctness. They usually shake their heads as to its pronunciation. The general medium of exchange between native and foreigner is the "*lingua franca*" as it can be called, a Japanese with English syntax and sprinkled with Japanese idioms which will not stand transposition and must be learned by heart.

In connection with language there is a subject that here pre-

sents some very interesting features, and that is as to Japanese literature. It is difficult to believe that such a gulf exists between art and literature as on the surface appears to exist in this case. As to art, the West recognizes the high standing of the Japanese in most features and its supremacy in some. Western Catholicity cannot be better instanced than by the tribute it has spontaneously given to eastern art. In fact, it is the keynote of our western civilization to accept the good—or what it conceives to be the good—no matter where found. And such appreciation has a very wide range. There is less cant about this side of our character than any other. The beautiful features of the intricate scroll work carving such as is found among a truly savage race as the Maoris of New Zealand give rise to a genuine not a fictitious or curious pleasure. Only those who have access to it can state why Japanese literature has not been able to take its stand side by side with Japanese art. In these days the western world is going back of the race feature of any man's work. It is striving, so to speak, to find a formula to which everything mental, moral, and physical, is to be reduced. To find the ultimate natural basis on which phenomena of any character rest, and according as the particular instance conforms more or less closely to standard to judge it entirely apart from the factor of personal or national equation. Excluding subjects whose facts must ultimately rest on a purely scientific basis Japanese literature covers the whole gamut from the heaviest and hardest theology to the lightest novel. There are foreigners and Japanese well able, not only from command of language but from high literary qualifications, to translate the masterpieces of Japanese prose and poetry into the European languages. The instances of such translation are very scattered and strange to say have been mainly directed to that form which is the most difficult for foreigners to appreciate—the poetry, of which there are charming examples in English dress. A most difficult form of translation, for Japanese poetry is particularly a matter of form. There is one branch of it, the Hokku or Haika, almost built on a Chinese basis. It forms a sort of perpetual motion

machine. It leaves the development of the thought in obscurity and enables a literature of commentaries without end to spring up over the dead bones, as in the controversy over " Bill Stumps, his mark." It must be confessed that in its original form the western mind cannot take much interest in such a production as the oft cited,

" Asagao ni
Tsurube torarete,
Morai-mizu ! "

which Professor Chamberlain translates: " Having had my well-bucket taken away by the convolvuli—gift water ! " If the reader feels unable to solve the whole of the really beautiful idea concealed in these few words from his inner consciousness, he can find it in the Professor's paper on Bashō in the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan, Vol. XXX. Many examples are there elucidated. The question, however, rises in the mind of the foreign reader how much of these beautiful translations from the Japanese we really owe to the translation in developing the thought of the original. To us conundrums and acrostics and word puzzles have their place. But not as literature. Literature is completeness of thought and its expression in pleasing form according to more or less elastic canons of taste. The Literature of Power as De Quincey called it, as distinguished from the Literature of Knowledge, cannot depend on obscurity of meaning.

Japanese poetry has literally been piled up by the ton but its appearance in foreign form is rather scanty. That of prose is still less. Essays, novels, folklore, memoirs, description of manners, dress and customs, all the little minutiæ of Japanese life, abound; and the description of Japanese life and manners as seen through foreign eyes is complete and detailed, but very seldom has the native spoken for himself. Scattered fragments of Journals, of Travels, and very scattered fragments of the " Hizakurige " (Shank's mare), by Jippensha Ikku, the Japanese Rabelais so called, are found in essays often devoted to general subjects. I suppose we are to be considered fortunate that the idea came into

the head of Sir Thomas Urquhart and old Peter Motteux to translate the great French master for we have grown too nice in these latter days, or perhaps our fabric is a little more worn out and our modern Babylon cannot stand the push of coarser Nature. Much of Japanese literature is freely denounced as pornographic. All literatures are more or less so, and at times the greatest artists fairly wallow in the mire. In fact, man is many sided, and if "he strikes the stars with his lofty head" his feet on the contrary get in some very queer holes, but the one-sided man is not the whole man, and expurgated copies of our great authors are fit equipment for Sunday-schools and the use of children but not for libraries and grown men. It is safe to say that the indecencies of Rabelais, of Shakespeare, of Cervantes, of Sterne, or of the Irish Dean, never made a lewd or immoral man; which is far more than can be said of some of the modern analytical society novels and of the irretrievably vicious suggestive literature which is so prevalent to-day. To go through the world with one's eyes on heaven while desirable is no defence against the wicked who lay traps for one's feet.

After all this question is one not only of an Age but of a Nation, and the term "pornographic" has a range as wide as nations. Judging by externals the most artistic peoples are the most human. Perhaps their very kinship to Nature makes her natural to them. Hence the Latin peoples will give a very different interpretation to the term "pornographic" than the people of the North; not that there is any difference intrinsically but it lies in the expression. The less clothes a man wears, the broader his smile. Now man is not any more moral for suppression. He is more hypocritical and it is no great boast to feel, as Taine says, that Pecksniff is thoroughly English even as Tartuffe is thoroughly French. If art and morality had any intrinsic connection then the western Anglo-Saxon who puts trousers on Apollo and denounces Longfellow's "Launching of the Ship" is the artist. But the world at large is hardly likely to admit any such conclusion, and statistics of the divorce court would hardly support the contention

of supra-morality. Now in saying that the translations from Japanese literature are limited, we are not confining the question to the narrower limits of what is acceptable to the more restricted taste of the Anglo-Saxon nations. The statement applies equally to all European languages. As Japanese art has been studied and lauded all through the West, so the field of Japanese literature has been as studiously neglected, which is the more remarkable if the catholicity of western taste be considered. There is not here the limitation of the eastern mind, for limitation it seems to be. Everything of practical value is eagerly accepted. Books of Science and of practical Philosophy, the range of the "Literature of Power" has been freely translated for the use of Japanese students; but with European art, poetry, and general literature, the Japanese has no touch. Here he is the true Oriental; unchanged and unchanging within the circle of his own civilization and in that steadily revolving around the old centre laid down ages ago. With earth's eyes fastened on the deeds of his ancestors as his soul's eyes are fastened on the shades of those ancestors. The western standard is here far the safer to follow and by it we must judge that there has been found no Japanese Shakespeare or Molière, no Dante or Milton or Goethe, no Boccaccio, Ariosto, Cervantes, Fielding, Smollett, Dickens, Thackeray, Balzac, Flaubert, or George Sand, to paint Japanese life as these masters have painted English, French, Italian, Spanish, and German life; no Montaigne to entertain with his garrulous geniality; and finally, no Rabelais to get us through this world of trouble, drowning its discords in an Homeric peal of laughter and teaching us, without cynicism, to make merry over its defects and make the best of its opportunities.

At the time I speak of there was no direct service across the bay from Kisarazu to Yokohama. I had therefore to return to Tōkyō. From distrust we had passed to the greatest affability, and the whole inn was present to say "*sayonara*" the next morning. With a towel, a book, and some *kwashi*, and most important two large slabs of wood, I had quite an armful in addition to the

luggage, and they took the trouble to get me off promptly for Kisarazu is a large place, the inn what we would call a commercial inn, and they had a houseful to get rid of that morning. The start was made by *kuruma,* and after plunging through the lanes of the town we came out on the edge of the bay. Here there was no sign of boat or wharf or anything but water. Some distance out were lying a few sampans, and at least a quarter of a mile away was a tiny steamer.

I expected some sort of a move on the part of the sampans, but instead my *kurumaya* plunged boldly into the water, and started apparently for Yokohama direct. On we plunged slowly through the soft silt, and it was soon evident that he was making for one of the sampans anchored some hundred and fifty yards from the shore. Quite a little procession was now directing its way thitherward. A line of *kurumas* was following me, and by the " roadside " were pedestrians, men and women, their kimonos tucked up to the middle and carefully picking their way among the sea shells strewed along the bottom. On reaching the scow the water was nearly up to the floor of the *kuruma.* At this point one of the before-mentioned slabs of wood was consigned to the *kurumaya,* with *" mo go sen,"* and he took himself off smiling. The other slab was destined for the boatman. The procession followed on, the scow being gradually poled out as the tide went down, until we were quite a distance from the shore and perceptibly nearer the little steamer.

This side of Tōkyō Bay is very shallow near the land and a rise of a few inches covers no little amount of plane surface. The last shore was a long one and the late-comers reached us rather damp. After more than an hour spent at this elastic anchorage we were finally *" complet "* and pushed off for the ocean greyhound " Fukugawa Maru." One could not help thinking what would be the result if this trip is made in the reverse direction and the *kurumas* ran short or did not appear at Kisarazu. A foreigner would have to camp on the sampan until the *kurumaya* with his indefinite sense of time (of other

people) came to his aid, or else take off his "breeks" and appear "*au naturel.*" European undergarments are hardly of a model to meet such contingencies.

In somewhat less than three hours the steamer was to land us at the Ryōgokubashi in Tōkyō, a speed which, although by no means swift, was less exasperating than on a previous occasion, when coming from Shimoda, the "county town" of Izu, I had taken thirteen hours. Japanese coasting steamers are not a joy forever. After struggling through one of the side plates which is swung back, and denting one's hat and temper in the operation, a low cabin is entered bare of everything but matting and a narrow ladder which leads to a very small hatch and the deck. Most of these little steamers carry two boxes on deck, one of which at least is available for passengers. I advisedly say box for they are not more than 5 x 3 feet and little more than three feet high. Passengers of course provide their own food if the length of the voyage calls for it. The *bentō* or lunch box is an almost universal institution in Japan. The dining car is strictly an importation. The food in some cases explains the vital statistics of the Empire. Japanese fruit is not good under the most favourable circumstances, the pear and the peach being the worst offenders. The pear is to be tabooed on all and every occasion. Either the name or the fruit is a hideous caricature. The peach is sometimes fairly good—for a Japanese peach—but as the native often eats it, is an atrocity. On the occasion to which I refer, coming from Shimoda, one of my fellow passengers brought on a bundle of the native peaches for his amusement and sustenance. As one rolled out at my feet it gave me an opportunity to inspect it when returning it to him. It was absolutely green and hard. Eight of these he consumed between Shimoda and Tōkyō, and perhaps more at times when not under observation. He knew nothing of the affecting mishap to "Johnny Jones and his sister Sue, them two" which was just as well for his peace of mind. Slipping close by the old Shimbashi forts the Fukugawa Maru entered the Sumida River and soon put us on shore at the slip near the bridge. I had re-

turned in good time for the azalea blossoms at Ōkubo—a suburb of Tōkyō—and it was night before I once more reached my head-quarters. During my absence I had had a visitor in the shape of the *dorobō* or thief, and he had been regulating the distribution of the goods of this world on his own socialistic principles and with small regard to the wishes of the normal owner. The fact is worth mentioning in connection with a curious superstition of this facetious fraternity. They believe that if they befoul the place selected for their exploit and cover it over with a tub the people of the house will be held fast by the god of sleep. Hence the visits of such gentry call up an amount of wrath that would give spice to the interview if they were caught at the time. Japanese housekeepers are careful not to leave any of their *tarai* or tubs lying around so as not to offer any facilities for the performance of this curious rite, although it is much to be doubted if any thief is really deterred by his inability to carry it out with all its formalities.

III

IWASHIRO WAY

" Cerchiamo la bonta, la virtù, l'entusiasmo, la passione che riempirà la nostra anima, la fede che calmerà le nostra inquietudine, l'idea che difenderemo con tutto il nostro coraggio l'opera a cui ci voteremo, la causa per cui moriremo con gioia."—*Romanzi della Rosa.*

Anyone who comes to Japan to surround himself with antiquity is doomed to grievous disappointment. If there is a country that has the stamp of external newness on it is " the Central land of Reed Plains." Not that there are lacking hoary monuments of antiquity, such as the temples at Nara, at Kamakura, the various Daibutsu, and even such evidences of a more remote past as dolmens. Ancient monuments are to be found to some extent, but they are lost in an oasis of wooden houses which have no mark of age on them but shabbiness. Much of Japanese antiquity as you see it is a gross fraud. Stones in the cemeteries take on a mouldy and moss-grown appearance in the lapse of twenty-five years. A new house or temple in a half a dozen years looks as weather-beaten as if it had stood there for a century. Places are indeed ancient and place names in some cases figure in the earliest of their chronicles dating from the eighth century, but nothing is left but the names. The present is its heir. The reason for this is fire. Even if structures for secular use, built of wood, could have stood the test of time, this element would probably have wiped them out, so widespread being its range that the average life of a house in Tōkyō is put at less than a dozen years. Although there is plenty of building stone they make but little use of it, the usual explanation being the prevalence of earthquakes. It is noticeable however that such structures as were built of stone—Nagoya Castle for instance—admirably withstood the great Gifu earthquake and no material damage has ever been reported to foreign built houses. The Japanese are losing their timidity in this

respect, brick coming into use; and, as in a number of other directions, what was needed being the initiative from the outside to show them the way. It is only fair to say that a twenty-two storied "skyscraper" would never become popular in the country, either as an investment or as a neighbour. Now the lack of antiquity in Japanese colour is very much the reverse of Europe where age impresses itself "*en bloc*." With all due respect it is quite feasible to find in Christian Rome monuments outdating the temples of Nara by centuries. But in addition whole districts have a hoary life. The Italian and Spanish Ghettos, the Latin quarter of Paris, have no counterparts in Japan. An old Spanish city like Toledo fairly shows the old bones from which it has been constructed and a Moorish palace, perhaps later the Hall of the Templars, will still house a multitude unconscious of the past frowning down on them from some capital, or arch, or groining.

There is a touch of fellowship in the homage both East and West pays to the places associated with its great minds. In these present times the wave of such feeling is in full force, and if a few years earlier it might have spared the old Tabard Inn of Southwark to stand as a national monument. Such work must spring from the heart of the people. Official support is too likely to take into consideration the politics not the merits of the candidate to such honour. There is one feature of Japanese literary life that fosters this preservation of detail of the lives of some of their literary men. Every literary man of eminence had his disciples and it is their reverence that has preserved all the little details of the master's life. But it must be understood that their system did not favour originality. A man's work must be based on a certain classical norm, without interest in itself as an instance of evolution. As it conformed to the norm it was a thing of beauty, as it lapsed it was to be regretted and cast into outer darkness. A teacher's life, thus surrounded by these watchful disciples, was a continual illustration of his doctrines. As a rule they practised what they preached. But as they subordinated themselves to a formula, so they lost much in personality. They are rarely off

guard; usually on exhibition. Such an occasional irregular character as Jippensha or Hokusai gives a sense of relief. The Japanese are not so tender to some other symbols of the past. At the fall of the Shōgunate the land was dotted with the castles of the *daimyō*. These were all given up and passed into the hands of the government. Against modern artillery the great majority were worthless hulks, more dangerous to those taking shelter in them than to any assailant. Just why these picturesque remnants of a bygone age should be wiped off the surface of the earth is hard to see; and yet they were, and so effectually that one can travel through the land without seeing a sign of them. Occasionally a bit of stone wall perched on a slope outside a village, and which by a suspicious sweeping line on the corner recalls some old Japanese print, and shows where only forty years ago such a structure represented the governing power in the land. Now antiquity in the abstract is just as pleasing as antiquity in the concrete. I do not know but that the intervals spent in rambling through the old quarters of Italian, French, German, and English towns, without any particular archæological lion in view, are the pleasantest features of travelling. They are the idle moments of sightseeing. When we are viewing some particular spot—house or place—where an important event of history took place, the mind is or ought to be more or less on strain. We are at school, so to speak, for the time being. But when the attention is not so concentrated; when we are simply placed in such a medium, as for instance, the ancient canals of Venice, or a row of the square-timbered houses of Shrewsbury, or a sixteenth century corner hidden away in the ecclesiastical quarter of Rouen; then the very diffusion of our attention, its scattered range, removes all element of strain and leaves behind simply pleasurable interest. It is the difference between the burning lens and the prism. The Tower of London and Westminster Abbey are of overpowering interest, and at them we go guide-book in hand for the good of our minds and souls. The old inn at Ludlow—the Feathers—arouses a much milder interest. We need no guide-book and concentrate our

attention on chops, potatoes, and a tankard of ale, and find the time passes anything but slowly in recalling the old and varied life of the inn in the days of yore, the pleasant and profitable picture of the *life* of the past that it has seen.

Although his journey to the North may take the traveller half way across the city of Tōkyō—which has been a great city since the seventeenth century—he meets with no such interest on the way. Only one-quarter of the town, the surroundings of the Imperial palace, presents exceptional features. The rest is simply an enlargement of a score of a number of minor towns. A few foreign style shops in the Ginza make some display, for the rest, miles of one-story wooden houses monotonously alike. If the district is a business one, the front is a shop. Otherwise latticed windows and in front of the large majority a screen or half-screen of fencing to protect the houses from the more immediate inspection of the passing public. In the wealthier residence quarter high fences and more or less elaborate gates, and within, some trees the tops of which appear behind the fence. The house behind all this may be old. It may have escaped the ravages of time and fire, but the probability is that it has not passed its quarter of a century and in all events architecturally would resemble its neighbours. This is the usual panorama seen by foreign eyes, for the shortest route from the Shimbashi station to Uyeno—the station of the Northern Railway—leads through narrow streets to the left of the Ginza. Streets given over to special trades where one block will be a waving front of *kimono* stuffs displayed to would-be purchasers, and the next block a choice collection of old metal of all kinds from a second-hand *hib.chi* to a second-hand anchor for a junk. There is one thing to be noticed about the streets themselves, and that is the fairly good condition in which they are kept. They may be ankle deep in mud, but the only obstructions tolerated are the repairs made by the municipality itself—perhaps cutting off part or the whole of a street from public travel or coating it with a layer of rough stone. This is a feature of no little importance where many of the people go barefoot or at best with straw sandals

on their feet. Broken glass, fragments of tin cans or other sharp objects would be very serious under such conditions, but one does not often hear of accidents of this character. The "*ricksha*" men run ahead through the darkness without much care to footing. I remember once in crossing the city at night one of my runners stubbed his toe rather severely against a manhole which had been set so as to project above the road level, and there was no little excitement over it. It is the only time I have seen them show front to a policeman, and he regarded the fact of some importance, for a note was at once made of the occurrence and presumably somebody was hauled over the coals for carelessness.

The approach to Uyeno is along one of the best stretches of highway in Tōkyō; a broad avenue nearly a mile in length and with a pavement for foot passengers. The Japanese, however, has as yet not taken up the question of tree-planting in the cities, and from side to side it is as bare as a board, except in so far as electric poles and rails for the cars break its surface. The station itself is an anticlimax. Most Japanese stations are. Bare, shabby waiting rooms and a travelling public with manners quite as bad as they are in any other part of the world. Otherwise the construction is excellent. The platforms are all raised so that one enters the cars on the same level. They are all faced with stone and macadamized, and the larger stations are sheltered from the weather throughout the platform. Overhead bridges connect the different platforms and only travellers are allowed access to them or those holding platform tickets. The speed on Japanese railways is intolerably slow, twenty to twenty-five miles an hour for the average express service. This is largely due to the fact that most of the roads are single-tracked, and the trains take root on switches until one thinks the operation of the road has come to a sudden and untimely end. The roads are protected by an ample signal service and the engineer carries his right of way with him, so to speak, in the shape of a little baton which is given up at the next block. The Japanese boast that they never have an accident —not strictly true—and there is no particular reason to dread one,

for it does not seem feasible that there should be any great crash if two trains should happen to dispute the right of way. The *Sanyō* railway in the South has the best service, and the government road —the *Tokaidō*—has the worst. On their Maebashi line the Northern railway have some cars of improved American pattern, and their weight and strength are palpably evident in smoother running. In some ways the Japanese newspaper man is much restricted in his legitimate field of operations, and some of our scare headlines would be treasure trove as journalistic timber, substitute for the gay doings of the *geisha*. "A terrible crash," "The flyer telescopes the dynamite local at sixty miles an hour," "Amos Quito one of the victims," etc., etc., have not yet been imported. The Oriental is supposed to be far more careless as to his life than the Occidental, but I think in some ways the statement has its limits. He is one of the best drilled creatures in the world. Implicit obedience to his superiors is one of his qualities, and when sent on a mission involving death itself he will carry that mission out to the best of his ability and with great indifference to the result personally. But he takes it for granted that what can be done has been done to obviate the dangers attendant. No mistake has been made, and if he comes to grief it is so written down in the fates. East, as in West, there is not indifference to *useless* sacrifice of life. He makes one of the best soldiers in the world simply on this ground, that his individuality has been merged into the ground mass of the operating body. He is an instrument and has abdicated his own personality, so to speak. His body is there but his mind is "possessed" by his superior officer just as it is "possessed" by one of his *Shintō* gods.

Now this is a very good quality and a very formidable one—found elsewhere it can be added—but carried to an extreme in the Asiatic. It is the spirit that has animated Asia from the dawn of history, and it is the direct opposite of the great pioneer nations which foster individualism. With them the individual has scattered himself over the world, getting a foothold, subduing the savage tribes, developing the country and, most important, develop-

ing himself with it, until the first thing the world has known is that from a few scattered energetic men, with little support but their own right arms, a great colony and a great nation has sprung into life. The government-ridden man has never done this as yet. In the first place the government decides whether there shall be any going at all. This is the first blow to his self-reliance. In the second place, it says where he shall go, and lays down endless minute rules as to what he shall do when he gets there and how he shall do it. On new soil broad lines are the only guide, and the minutiæ are so much rubbish from the official brain which clog the wheels of progress. They rarely fit the new conditions, and simply deal a second blow in stripping the settler of so much more of his remaining stock of self-reliance. What is left is not worth having; a gang of labourers who have simply changed their habitat not their condition, themselves looking to their government to smooth over every difficulty for them, and their government regarding them as another source from and by which to satisfy placeholders. The nations of the world all started fairly even. Asia had as good a chance as Europe to people the world, but the Asiatic system was against it and they hug their chains to this day. Continental Europe to some extent makes the same mistake, but on a much less complete scale. Only the Anglo-Saxon has set the individual free, giving play to his freest efforts and to-day ruling half the world. Continental colonies are languishing the world over. America, North and South, is the goal of the Continental European who is worth having, the man who has energy enough to try and better his condition in preference to tamely going to the wall at home. And America is getting them simply because these men see their failure at home and do not see why they should succeed under the same conditions abroad, whereas they see their fellows succeed on the other side of the Atlantic. The Japanese is far too much of an Asiatic to feel the charm of individual freedom. He is content with all the government he can get, to have his down-sittings and his uprisings regulated for him, much as one bobs a sparrow on the tail to make him drink; but it is getting hard to

find a living at home and hence he emigrates in bands. They may come in as individuals, but invariably drift into their local communities. As the object is simply to make a living, and not to form part and parcel with their hosts, they take no interest in their temporary home except as its laws may press on their prejudices or the local interest of the Japanese community. As individuals they deal with their own community and their community, as a settlement outside the local authority, deals with that authority. Colonization by government order perhaps can be successfully carried out close at hand, and there seems to be a future for the Japanese is northeastern Asia. Whether under that system they are going to become competitors as a world power remains to be seen and much to be doubted. Colonies must be planted with the eventuality of becoming self-supporting and self-seeking, but as the Mussulman, the world over, turns his face to Mecca as the sun rises and sets, so the Japanese for ages has turned, and for ages perhaps will turn, his face to the throne of the Mikado. Western individualism always has defeated the centralism of Asia. Between the man who carves the most exquisite *netsuke* or weaves the finest silk, and the man who first detected radium emanations, there is a great gulf fixed, and granted the same conditions the same result will follow. Asia must not only adopt the spirit of western material progress, but must prepare to adopt the means to keep that spirit alive.

If one looks at a geological map of the main island of the Empire, there can be seen a white splotch shaped something like a polypus with the body at the head of Tōkyō Bay and extending arms in different directions. This is the Tōkyō plain pushing as far south as Odawara and the Hakone Mountains, running other branches up to and into the main mountain mass to the west, and north to Sendai, with an offshoot to the upper part of Kazusa. It has not been many ages since it was all under water and in the main is level. A range of low hills stretches across country at the head of the bay from the Tonegawa River to the Tsurumigawa at Kawasaki, and the more elevated part of Tōkyō has been built

on these hills. Half an hour however to the north takes me out of the little valleys and on to the main plain, which extends a sea of rice-fields in every direction. This is pleasantly broken by groves of trees, sometimes mere clumps of half a dozen or less around a shrine, and by the villages dotted over the plain. The whole land is under the most complete cultivation, and as we roll over miles of this plain it is not hard to see why the lord of Yedo obtained and held such a dominating position in the political development of Japan. Nearing Utsunomiya the Nikkō Mountains appear to the left and ahead on the right the outlyers of the Coast Range, which takes a much greater development farther north. The stations mostly have names familiar enough in English dress, *Akabane,* "Red Wing," *Oyama,* "Little Mountain," *Kurihashi,* "Chestnut Bridge," *Shirakawa,* "Level River." At the more important stations men parade the platforms with trays of little boxes, sold in pairs, one containing rice, the other a slice of omelet, some smoked fish or stewed meat, bamboo root and relish. Beer, at some places "sandoyeach" (which is close enough to sandwich), all sorts of *kwashi* or cakes, and soft drinks. This business is in the hands of the neighbouring teahouses, and no matter how one may differ as to the edibility of the contents of the boxes the surroundings are usually neat and clean. The stations differ—to Japanese eyes anyhow—in their makeup of these boxes, and by following the example of our native neighbour we can do better. As the place that enjoys the culinary reputation is reached, heads go out in every direction and the *bentō* man is enshrined on the pedestal; whereas elsewhere tobacco, newspapers, etc., have the call. Most of the foreign passengers leave the train at Utsunomiya, which is the junction for Nikkō. This was but half of my present day's journey. The boy brought on a fresh tea supply—a little stand fitted with pot and saucers supplied by the railway company—the blue mountains unrolled in a continuous line in the West, a volcanic cone here and there jutting out of the mountain wall, and the same scene of rice-plains and valleys unfolded itself, but here interspersed with barren spots, sandy, and on which only stunted

pines were growing. At *Kōriyama,* " Herd Mountain," it was my turn to leave the train and take the branch line which runs into the mountains and is extended as far as Wakamatsu in Iwashiro. It was evening when we entered the fine gorge of the Gohyakugawa, the mountains rising high on both sides. My destination was Inawashiro, a little mountain village at the foot of Bandaisan, which volcano soon appeared on the right raising his head to a height that in the gloaming looked unpleasantly excessive. It was quite dark when I reached the little platform station, to find that as usually happens in Japan the connection between station and town was rather theoretical, or perhaps the railway had been built with a liberal eye to the future growth of the place. This was nearly a mile off, and over a road recently coated with shingle which I considered very bad walking, although later I revised my views and could conceive of something worse. In the darkness it was most picturesque. The great mountain loomed up directly in front towering over the little village, the outskirts were farms hidden behind hedges of bamboo in the darkness and taking a familiar home look. The town itself thus gradually entered on was a mere mountain village with no pretence to anything but its agricultural affairs. The night was a hot night in early August and people were lounging up and down, the houses wide open from front to back, and everybody was, so to speak, metaphorically if not literally out of doors. The inn was no exception to the rule, and was built more on the lines of one of the farm houses than with the formality of the town inns. The gossips were mainly collected in the front apartment which also answered for kitchen, and *Ojisan* made but little show of his books and writing pad and *nēsans* and the other paraphernalia displayed in what corresponds in the Japanese *yadoya* to the " office " of our western hotels. I was quite habituated to the conditions of the Japanese bath, but I must say it was the first experience of entering it so *" coram publico "* as in this particular case. The general lavatory appliances for washing everything from one's person to the dishes were jumbled together in the front of the establishment. In mountain districts I had

often seen people—men, women, and children—tubbing in front of the houses for the very good reason that the house was too small to conveniently arrange a place for the bath other than the highway. I had now an opportunity to put this experience to use. The tub, a converted beer barrel, was placed in the front of the *yadoya* and open to the public, although withdrawn some dozen feet back from the house front. In this real Japan we have something of the times of the garden of Eden, minus fig-leaves or before that unseemly episode. Undressing to that condition known to the Scotch as a "mother naked man," handing the garments over to *nēsan* (elder sister), in turn we stepped in to be boiled like a lobster for as long as desired. *Nēsan* washed her lacquerware, Obasan (honourable grandam) cooked the supper, I bathed, we were all girls together, and the passing public lacked the curiosity to gaze.

Now this brings up the question of modesty as it is understood East and West. Or rather as it is misunderstood, for there is much reason to believe that we are tilting at the two sides of the same shield. And to both sides its contrast presents features that shocks every sense of what they understand to be modesty. The South Sea islander, who would send his spouse to the tent of his brand-new white friend, would have been highly scandalized at any appearance of women in general association with men and in public life. The women have their own side at public festivities, as much so as in any Quaker meeting house of the old days, and generally from the external relations with the other sex women could be said to be most carefully looked after as respects the exposure of their persons. If external respect has any relation to modesty then the Mohammedan should be held to be the most considerate to his womenkind, for he veils them from head to foot in such way as to prevent even an outline of the form appearing. But the very reverse is the case, for they perhaps hold women lower than among any other nation, not even granting them a soul. The question therefore of exposure of the person as related to modesty is a purely relative one, and, to tell the truth, is simply related

to mental condition and is governed largely by climate. The standard of correctness is a purely national one, and where evil is not thought there is no evil, until the serpent enters the garden of paradise and whispers the thought about. One cannot even grant that external modesty is properly a question of morals. There is a larger percentage of illegitimate births among the nations of northern Europe than among the nations of the South. the prevalent form of religion undoubtedly being the controlling factor. It is only necessary to contrast the two neighbouring countries of Scotland and Ireland to have an instance. Exposure of the person plainly has nothing to do with these cases. In fact exposure of the person is more of an antidote to pruriency than an incitement. Artists who deal with the nude are by no means immoral people, and in fact, if we can judge by divorce court records they figure very favourably. In fact, sexual immorality is a question not of clothes at all but of social standard. Questions of property and succession visit the offence on the woman in such cases in a social sense, and social damnation, the auricular confession, and fear of Hell in people of lively religious faith, have more preventive effect than any innate feeling as to exposure of the person. In western communities our ideas of modesty are somewhat contradictory. Every effort is made to develop and beautify the lines of the female figure and the whole dressmaker's art is directed to such display. A woman is perfectly modest who is almost naked to the waist and yet must not show an inch of ankle. Now this is an acquired feeling, for any young girl who appears in her first low neck dress feels—and ought to feel under our training—a shock to her modesty. It quickly becomes customary and such exposure is regarded as perfectly natural. In the West also we associate acts of necessity with our animal nature and carefully seclude such features in public life. This is highly proper on the ground of the offence such necessities give to our whole æsthetic sense. The range of such seclusion however is very wide, and certainly is not to be carried to the ridiculous excess as in certain American cities, where public latrines are not supplied at all or in

such minor numbers as to be of little practical use; namely, only in certain public buildings in which business may keep men for some large portion of the day.

There is no doubt that in the West, according to our varying standard, we act wisely. We have forcibly connected clothes and modesty, but it is a case of the whited sepulchre and on the point of pruriency the West cannot claim any cleaner record than the East. Pruriency is common enough in the East, and the eastern mind is no cleaner than the western mind. In one respect, in his lower view of woman he is distinctly worse, as shown by the snatches of remarks cast by coolies when women pass, and which rouse the protests of their own newspapers. He has the advantage that a number of minor necessities, which we absurdly call animal forgetting that we ourselves are animals, do not arouse in him other opportunities for its exercise. The Japanese woman is just as modest as her western sister, if directed in somewhat different channels. To her the exposure of the low neck dress is of the grossest immodesty and she would never dream of exposing her breast in that manner just as she would not hesitate to suckle her child in public; in which connection it can be added that among the upper classes of Japanese, wet nurses are commonly employed. She would not hesitate to retire for purposes of necessity. Here we in the West have carried modesty to an absurd excess, for all sorts of excuses are resorted to by men to obtain a few minutes intermission at the theatre, and many a woman has suffered physical injury because the train crew have made up the train so that the woman's lavatory is placed at the upper end of the car. Custom has been much modified in Japan simply because the idea of evil has entered—which by the way shows how much custom has to do with the question. To the Japanese woman the bath is a necessity and she does not hesitate to visit the public bath; or rather did not hesitate, for this practice is now only found in the country districts retired from the view of foreigners. Once more the "idea" has entered and hence the Japanese have taken measures to guard against its evil influence.

Bandaisan had not grown appreciably smaller with daylight. Standing at Inawashiro at an elevation of 2000 feet, the top of the mountain was some 4000 feet above us, and the uncertain factor was just how much of that ascent was necessary to secure my object, a matter of no little consideration on a hot August day. Part of the way anyhow was to be done on horseback, and two steeds, by no means fiery, were waiting me at the inn front. Japanese cattle seem to come under the national influence, so to speak, and have the same respect for the police regulations as the native himself. The stallion and the bull are seen performing their functions as draft animals in every direction. The Japanese horse is an overworked quiet little beast. They have a nasty trick of biting, which requires as much caution in passing them by the head as the average mule by the heels. I and my "boy," climbing up on our Japanese saddles, were started off led by two natives in raincoats and mushroom hats of vast size. Altogether the sight was edifying and called to my mind in some ways Hogarth's painting of the Knight and Ralph in Hudibras. We were taking a base advantage of Bandaisan by attacking him in the rear, and passed out of the village along the base of the mountain paralleling the railway running nearly a mile away. Gradually rising up the slope a beautiful view unfolded itself. Japan is made up of mountain and valley scenery of every kind, but I can recall but one other instance that gives the exact sense of isolation that is found in this Wakamatsu plain; the sense of unity in itself. The steep narrow valleys so often seen seem part of a system, the ranges piling up and obviously forming links in a more or less extensive chain. So many twists and turns and we are again in the world of men. But here we are in the bottom of a bowl. The plain is wide enough to give a sense of completeness to the scene. The villages sprinkled over its surface make a little world in themselves, but this plain is surrounded by a wall of mountains except at the corner where the Gohyakugawa, flowing from lake Inawashiro, breaks through the gorges. Even here the mountains so fold and overlap each other as to hide entrance and exit. The plain seems abso-

lutely cut off from the outside, the only apparent exit being over the lofty and precipitous wall of mountains. Lake Inawashiro itself is a product of Bandaisan, filling a depression the result of an eruption of the volcano. It teems with fish, but the sides being meadow flats and not wooded, it presents but few attractive features. Not far from its head lies the large city of Wakamatsu, not in contact with the lake as would be thought desirable, and not particularly in touch with its railway which has an air of uncertainty as to its future direction. We obtained no little height on these slopes, and gradually turning the base of the mountain, ascended over grass-covered slopes and up to the entrance of a valley, which in direction was taking us toward Inawashiro again, but which gradually narrowed to the base of a saddle connecting Bandaisan with its nearest neighbour. The trail straggled over these slopes which rose at a very easy grade. Once well in the valley, clumps of bushes and trees appeared, and the path became decidedly bad and the slope steeper until it began to climb up to the foot of the saddle where were located a group of two or three huts. These were found to be a hot spring, very primitive and plainly only of use to the country people roundabout. Here horses were left behind, and here also followed one of the agreeable surprises in life, for a ten minutes' climb up the zigzags brought me to the top of the saddle and the huts which were partly damaged in the eruption of '88, the elevation being 5000 feet. Off to the right lies the summit of the mountain; to the left my road led down over the débris of the eruption to the village of Kawakami. There are some sulphur banks and hot pools here on the saddle mainly of interest in showing that the volcano still has plenty of life in it. Below lies the crater, and we started down over as rough a piece of ground as we could desire. In places the trail was pretty fair, but even then the sharp cinder played havoc with any kind of footgear. The débris was mainly made up of a tufa, almost an acid slag, and in the shape of fragments ranging from heaps of large bowlders piled up in confused hillocks to the finest sand. A favorite form for the trail to take was over these fragments some-

what larger than road-metal, and a mile of this cut beyond repair a stout pair of oxhide boots. There seemed to be very little mud to cement this mass. The crater is very impressive. Properly speaking, it is a cleft. The walls tower up a thousand feet and more. At the head of the cleft—the actual crater—a few hot pools and fumaroles form the source of the poisonous little stream which flows down the side of the mountain. We lunched here to find out the grievous oversight of the leader of the expedition, and omission of " the boy "—no water in the commissariat. Of course there was nothing to be found in the immediate neighbourhood, and we would not have dared to drink it if there had been, for it almost certainly would have contained enough arsenic to give us at least grave discomfort of mind if not of body. The native himself rarely drinks water unless he has some information as to its source, and the prospects of " the boy " and myself were poor indeed unless there happened to be a tea shed at the foot of the mountain, a thing hardly likely on such an out of the way excursion. On we went, scrambling down banks of rubble, then a piece of fair going over a little level. The great cleft stretched on the right extending all the way to the foot of the mountain. Looking back and to the left over the devastated country toward Lake Hibari, formed after the eruption by alteration of levels and damming of the water courses, it was as great a contrast to the Wakamatsu plain with its rice-fields as can be imagined. The mountain itself is to be classed with the explosive type, and the eruption of 1888 is almost the counterpart of that of Tarawera of New Zealand in 1886, which however was on a greater scale. In both cases the side of the mountain has been blown out, and an enormous mass of débris scattered over the exposed country. In the case of Tarawera this was in the form of fine mud, the material being literally blown to dust and carried down by the torrents of rain following the eruption. There, too, at Tarawera, the effects on one side of the mountain have been tremendous, the outpouring of the liquid mud being enormous, covering the country for miles to a far greater extent than at Bandaisan. The country around Tara-

wera however is somewhat desolate—fern-covered brackens—and great as is the contrast in crossing the divide between Lake Rotorua and Lake Rotomahana, it is not so great as between the two sides of Bandaisan. Our last scramble was a helter-skelter over bowlders and through and down the little stream flowing from the crater, and after five hours of this work we stalked through the little village of Kawakami which lies almost athwart the cleft. It came near being overwhelmed during the eruption, but escaped, lying just on the edge of the downpour. The loss of life was not so great at Bandaisan. Some four or five hundred perished, but the destruction of property was very great, a dozen villages being buried in mud and cinder. The inhabitants had warning and most of them had already left their homes for places of safety. There was no sign of tea shed or place to substitute for it. One female, *in puris naturalibus* and the bath, was the only living creature in sight. The rest of the inhabitants of the little hamlet seemed to have disappeared underground. As negotiations with the lady were not *en règle* under the conditions we continued on down the valley to complete our circuit of the mountain and enter Inawashiro at the end opposite to that by which we had left it. It was a pretty walk down the river gorge. A fairly good cart track, with the Nagasegawa, the opposite hills, and the slopes of Bandaisan to keep us company. About a mile from Inawashiro we crossed a mud flow curiously distinguished by its sharp differentiation from the surrounding land. It narrowly missed Inawashiro. A pretty walk through orchards and along the paddy fields brought us again to our inn. The seven miles from Kawakami had not improved affairs, and, as with the good citizens of Orleans, Pantagruel had seized us by the throats and our tongues lay out a yard long. This was soon remedied at the inn, and after boiling the stiffness out of my limbs before a larger and more interested audience than the previous evening I stretched out on the soft cool *tatami* with a better appreciation of that necessary article of Japanese furniture than before the scramble over the rubble heaps of Bandaisan.

The next morning I again made my way over the stony road to the station, which, after the experience of the day before, seemed a masterpiece of Mr. Macadam. A short run of half an hour along the lake landed me at Wakamatsu, a large Japanese town of the usual stamp, with a park occupying the site of the former castle. The revolution of 1868 saw hard fighting here, and Prince Aidzu was the last to show organized resistance on the Main Island to the triumphant southern clans. With the fall of Wakamatsu the Tokugawa sun had set forever. The town is prettily situated, out on the plain but close to foothills on the east. On a spur overlooking it is a temple from which one gets a beautiful view of the plain with its encircling mountains. We are not looking at it here so much from the end of the oval as when on Bandaisan, and the *multum in parvo* effect is not so evident. The temple has a very particular interest as the place where seventy-eight of Aidzu's clan committed *hara-kiri* after the fall of the castle. A large stone has been erected commemorating the event and bearing the names of the men, heroes in the eyes of the Japanese and commanding respect in the eyes of Europeans. The question of suicide has not been judged in the same way East and West. Taking that chord of European feeling which is more or less one of connected sentiment, we find that for 2500 years, while motives and justification have remained much the same, the necessity of such justification has always been felt and each particular case has had to plead on its own merits before the bar of public opinion. Warfare up to recent times has been very cruel, and suicide in preference to hard or degrading slavery or death by torture has been a frequent reason for such a course. Wretchedness, misery, loss of honour, have all furnished their victims, but it has always been understood they must fight to the last gasp. Death on the battlefield has always been held in high honour, but when that has failed it has been held justifiable to leave it to the future to retrieve lost ground. Suicide being distinctly an escape from greater evil than living, it has been justly held the man who fights his life out to the bitter end, using every ounce of energy and will to effect his object, is the greater

man than he who voluntarily succumbs. In ancient and mediæval days many a man would have spared himself years of suffering by the course of suicide, but he would have gained nothing in public opinion by doing so. Suicide, therefore, being a matter of emergency in western life, has never reached the stage of an elaborate code of etiquette. Certainty and rapidity were the two objects sought and the means adopted. There was but one form of suicide which was more formal in the ancient world, and that was the form of execution performed under official order and carried out by drinking juice of hemlock or by opening the veins. This is the form of suicide most nearly approaching to Japanese *hara-kiri* when performed as a punishment for some offence against the state. And with rare courage did these old ancients perform it, for they had neither the hope of the Japanese warrior in the due respect that his descendants would give him on his fulfilment of the *Samurai* code, neither had they the indifference as to the future that the scientific spirit of modern scepticism furnishes. They had a very palpable and unpleasant Hell in the next world in which even the good got very little comfort. When with calm courage Atticus Vestinus opened his veins and smilingly bade farewell to the very beautiful world he had around him, he was having a much harder trial than if he fell in the heat of action or after a struggle with his master. The old faith in the gods to strike the balance of justice had left him, the old superstition of the cold and dark *Hades* still remained to him. Men can die by a code, or can die when they have exhausted every effort to prevail, but to die without this preliminary of struggle or according to the capricious cold-blooded will of another, as he would crush a spider, is the hardest task of all. There were cases of course where the modern spirit of scepticism existed, but the Rome of the Emperors was Agnostic rather than Atheist. It had lost faith in its old gods and retained all its fear of them. But few had the investigating spirit of old Empedocles, who cast himself into the yawning crater of Ætna to solve the question of that other world. The agnostic spirit in ancient philosophy while it did not countenance suicide did

not condemn it, except on the grounds of to-day: That a man should make every use of the life nature has given him.

With the Christian Era of course the whole viewpoint changed. Suicide now became a matter of religious prohibition, an offence against God. And for 1900 years this view of it has held western society in an iron grasp. It is but little more than a century that Christian countries heaped every sign of obloquy on the suicide. He was buried at a crossroads with every degrading accompaniment heaped on the convicted criminal. Like all such feelings this reasoning has not always been consistent. Most of the early martyrdoms were to all purposes suicides; suicides without any more redeeming features than the Mohammedan who rushed to battle to ensure his reception into Paradise. So this day western religions refuse burial in consecrated ground to a suicide, and our laws keep up the same spirit by punishing the unsuccessful attempt. The same spirit is shown in the acrobatics of coroners' juries who dodge everything they decently can to bring in some other form of verdict than suicide. With all this strong tide of public opinion and religious conviction—certainty of punishment or contempt in this world and certainty of Hell in the next—suicide could not be eliminated from the western world any more than from the eastern world. But the code of honour had to undergo modification. The code of honour that was to spring from the feudal institutions in Europe of the seventh century was quite as severe as any that sprang from those of Japan three hundred years later. Following the lines of ancient thought the individual man was responsible for the complete use of his life. It was not his to take but to use, the Gods or the Fates settled the question of its duration, to encroach on their sphere was sacrilege. Hence it was better to endure any sufferings in preference to *felo de se,* to cut himself off from God's congregation. Men, women and children perished in burning ruins or languished out years in noisome dungeons not for love of life but for the duty which their religion put on them to avoid every wilful semblance of taking it themselves. Indeed in this direction we have a notable

Japanese example when Konishi, the great Christian general of Hideyoshi, after the battle of Sekigahara and the final triumph of Iyeyasu, refused to take refuge in the national custom of *hara-kiri*. He and his Christian companions submitted to the shame of death at the hands of the public executioner. Up to the first quarter of the nineteenth century man was decidedly a fighting animal. Every gentleman wore a sword which was his protection against personal affront. Now the question that might arise was a question of affront from a quarter too high for the victim to resent. There was a self-adjusting balance here between the lord and the retainer. If they had their duty of loyalty to him, he had in turn his duty to them, and a gratuitous insult to one against the accepted code would quickly bring the others to his support. The public opinion of the clan here operated certainly and quickly to determine the wrong, and that being done the remedy lay easily to hand. The lord was a leader not an absolutist. He had no more right to be disloyal to the clan than they to him. The man who rode rough-shod over the feelings of his retainers quickly found his various Achilles sulking in their tents. The code of honour was too exacting to allow a man's self-respect to suffer. The world was wide. He could retire to his farm, or take his sword elsewhere without any loss of prestige. Not that treason was ever condoned any more in the West than among the Japanese *samurai*. Count Julian for his treason to his country will always be held in infamy by his countrymen, but if he had plunged his sword through Roderic's body they would equally have applauded him. Even though they would have to take off his head afterward. As the religious bond has loosened in these present days, so suicide due purely to pessimism or inability to support the strain of modern life has become more frequent. From a scientific point of view it is to be condemned on ground of violation of Nature's law. Nature provides for our removal and should be allowed to operate in her own way. Besides, a man represents so many units of energy to act or to be acted on by external forces. Government still pursues the attempted suicide, nominally

on grounds of a violation of Statute Law based on God's law, but really on the scientific ground that a man belongs to the community and not to himself. The latter ground is of course the only rational one. To punish a man for failing to kill himself carries with it a degree of bathos that should throw a ray of cheerfulness even into the mind of the would-be suicide, who if he still remains in the same frame of mind will certainly not be deterred by any such punishment from seeking his voluntary exit from his troubles at a more favourable opportunity, or if he has changed his mind will certainly not regard as punishment the lesser evil as compared with the greater he has just escaped.

Suicide therefore in Europe was modified by the far wider extension of a man's possibilities. His sphere of action being thus extended, granting the reaching of an *impassé* in his present surroundings he could find a field more congenial to his honour. He was not in such a position that he had tamely to submit his honour to the will of another or seek the only outlet available—self-destruction. As strictly as any Japanese *samurai* was the European gentleman bound to loyalty to his chief, but if that chief failed him he could transfer his services to another field. The field of European politics was wide, and this could be done without detriment to his honour. In the West as in the East he who fought for the destruction of his own people was regarded with the scorn due to a renegade, and but little respected by those who made use of him. There was plenty of fighting without having to meet one's former companions in arms on the field of battle. Various were the nations represented in the armies that followed the banner of the crusading chief or later of one of the "free companies," and to the standard of William the Silent or of Prince Eugene flocked the best swords in Europe. With the same underlying motives for the act, suicide in Japan took a different development. A peculiar feature of Japanese political life cut off any such career to the Japanese *samurai*. In disfavour with his lord he had to become either a *ronin*—a more or less out of the pale character in so far as he had no support but his own

sword—or to commit suicide. There was no middle course. Japanese politics were purely domestic and very local. They had no international relations, for the temporary invasion of the continent through Korea could hardly be classed as anything but episodes. Gibbon has graphically described the condition of the man who had become a source of offence and a stumbling block to the master of the Roman world. Within the bounds of civilization there was no place for him to hide his head. In the wide range of the body politic therefore, when it became a question of death or successful rebellion, the two influences reacted on each other to an extent that is shown in the fearful tyranny of the Emperors and their violent deaths. Roman philosophy was far too much advanced to grant the divinity claimed by their Emperors. The Roman at heart was too much of a republican to admit that the Emperor was more than a part of the state. Multitudes would shout "Hail, divine Cæsar," but there was always in the background the Ciceros, and Catos, and Senecas, to say "this is a man, very much of a man." In fact, in this very crux lies the parting of the ways between East and West. To the West the divinity lay in the sacredness of the community as represented in the man; it was his office not his personality that was sacred. The old republican spirit of Rome is at the bottom of all of us. "Civis Romanus Sum" fitted well into the Germanic theory of the state. And whether by the aid of the Church or the aid of common sense, the state found means to get rid of the *Imperator* or its *Rex* "by divine right" when the occasion arose. A little casuistry or defect in genealogy greasing the ways for his descent. To the East however the divinity lay in the monarch. He was not part and parcel of the community. He was above it and separated from it and representative of the gods who made it. This divinity was inherent in him, not a gift or spirit granted to him on his becoming head of the state. A laying on of hands, so to speak, which is the only sense that the "divine right of kings" ever attained in the West. To our minds of to-day it is hard to judge the illogical standpoint of a seeing, moving, active man in all his relations take

on this attribute of divinity as an inherent part of his nature. He is just as much a descendant of the gods in his previous condition as when he occupies the throne. His divine nature has not changed. In the twinkling of an eye all the former conditions change, and the man who a short time previously led his soldiers in triumph through the streets as a successful general, by the accident of death to his predecessor, becomes death to any mere mortal who looks on the divinity of his face. Let us turn to good old "downright" Montaigne where he makes Antigonus answer the poet Hermodorus who has compared him to Phœbus: "My friend, he that emptieth my close stool knoweth well, there is no such matter."

The full development of this idea of divinity is probably due to China. In common with all eastern nations and some western ones the Japanese early attributed divine origin to their leaders, but many of the episodes of the prehistoric and early historic times anything but endorse the more extended views taken later on. With the adoption—sometime subsequent to the fourth century A. D.—of Chinese ideas in every department of thinking, Chinese ideals were made the standard, and the teachings of Confucius on the subject of the relation between inferior and superior, parent and child, husband and wife, became the religion, so to speak, of the country. With the retirement of the Emperor from the field of active politics, practical expression of loyalty became centred on the military leader, and an offence against that leader became an offence against the moral code by which the *samurai* was directing his life. Such loyalty driven to its logical conclusion was likely to lead him in two directions to an impossible position. Where he would find his will in collision with his lord; here the only choice lay between becoming a *ronin* or masterless man, for few would care to harbour him thereby bringing the vengeance of his master down on them; or he could commit suicide. Again, his duty lay in following his master to the end of any course he chose to take, and avenging him if he survived him. This would infallibly lead him to a collision with the governing power of the land, for an inferior had no right to raise his hand against a superior. As

vengeance however was specifically required by the Confucian code, the morality of the vendetta was admitted and the form of execution took the kinder one of suicide. Hence suicide passed from simply a form of death sought to escape intolerable surrounding conditions to become part and parcel of the Code of Honour. It was the necessary concomitant between a code of morals which sanctioned and enforced the vendetta, and the punishment required by outraged law, law necessary for the stability of any community. Here in distinction from implied condemnation of suicide we have its apotheosis in public opinion. And views on the subject have not changed in those modern days. Published excuses of modern *hara-kiri* are usually based on the ground that by the suicide the man's usefulness is extended. Living, such usefulness is ended, but by his death he can inspire his companions. The officer who is wounded in a charge commits *hara-kiri,* thereby relieving his men of the necessity of taking care of him and inspiring them to vengeance. I think it is quite sure that Japanese troops would need no such inspiration, and in the West instances are common where the fall of an officer leading his troops has had quite the reverse effect to terminating his usefulness. They have obeyed his orders to go forward and with just as much readiness to avenge him. The government view of it is not very evident. There is no external sign of disapproval, although trained men have such value in these latter days of scientific warfare that it is hardly to be supposed that the gratuitous loss of a man they have been at no small trouble to educate to his present efficiency is regarded as balanced by considerations of the effect his suicide may have on the *morale* of the service. For the *morale* is certainly not maintained by any such anachronism as *hara-kiri.* If so, so much the worse for the service. It is a fact however that *hara-kiri* finds general support even among men of scientific training on just such grounds of expediency. On economic grounds it will die out, but it will die hard and then purely on the ground that it is detrimental to enforce such a code when men are valuable. There is one curious feature about the Japanese suicide that shows up the ultra-conservatism of

the nation. It is still maintained in all its strictness as a form of a code. It is not only the end sought, but the means to that end have remained unchanged since the early days when it came into practice. As its origin is remote so it retains but slight trace of any refinement in that early race that adopted it. That part of the body whose influence on the brain is most clearly indicated is the belly, and the Japanese in common with other primitive nations made it the seat of life or the soul. Uncertainty of hand may spoil the attempt to take life by reaching the heart or other vital organs. With the deficient surgery of old days however the slashing of the entrails was an absolutely certain means of ensuring death, and, in the manner as performed by the Japanese, a speedy one. From its primitive intention simply of taking one's life it has passed into a formula still to be adhered to by this more enlightened age.

Wakamatsu however has more cheerful sights than these blood-stained mementoes. Coming down the hill from the temple I was soon bowling along the hills to a little side valley some three miles from the town, and in which was located the little hot spring known locally as Higashiyama (East Mountain). If the Japanese town in the plain is not inviting, often these mountain hamlets built along the sides of a ravine present picturesque elements. Whether from the decided flatness of the architecture—there is but little pleasing about a Japanese home externally except the roof—and lack of the many old picturesque bridges such a common feature in the West, they are however at a disadvantage compared to European towns of the same class. Higashiyama was up to the average. The road wound along the bank of the brawling little river and up the narrowing valley, until near the head came in sight a group of roofs lining both sides of the stream. The houses beneath them were mainly inns, and devoted to the refreshment of both the outer and the inner man. Just across the bridge at the upper end of the hamlet was a very attractive looking one, on the edge of the stream and looking down the valley and across the huddled mass of rocks below. *O Kami San* gave me a pleasant welcome, and transfer to the apartment on which I had had my eye

for the last quarter of a mile was a matter of the few minutes necessary to remove shoes. The feast was ordered, and donning a bath-robe, I was soon on my way to the bath below. Here let me say that I have heard some things about the Japanese bath that I have not found so universal as one is led to believe. The Japanese do *not* bathe half a dozen times a day. And the Japanese does *not* spend a large portion of the day in a bath-tub. They *are* a decidedly cleanly people. In fact, there is no particular reason why they should not be. Nature has been very lavish with them in the matter of hot water, and it takes very little courage to get up an inclination for that kind of bathing. I have seen a Japanese using the cold bath in summer, as supplied by the river, but I never heard of one breaking the ice in the tub to get his plunge on a winter morning, a by no means unheard of feat among Anglo-Saxons. In fact, if only cold water is available, the Japanese labourer will fight as shy of it as the most unwashed peasant of southern Europe. There are hundreds of houses in the city of Yokohama without a tub to bathe in, and many a household would find it absolutely impossible to find the funds for the charcoal necessary to heat the water. It is even said among people resident in Japan that their servants do not use the tub. Now this too is a fact, but does not imply that the occupants of the hundreds of little houses and the said servants do not use the bath. They do, but it is at the public bath-house which is found in every *chō* or ward, and its chimney begins to pour out smoke about noon and its swinging lamp marked *Furoba* is the mecca of a stream of people from early afternoon until late at night. The Japanese not only bathes but he bathes in public, and enjoys not only the hot water but the chatter of his surroundings. In a sense it is a social gathering. A resort—for the lower classes—just as much as among the Italians in the old Roman days.

As with our plunge baths, found in so many eastern cities and on the Pacific coast and at some springs, the bath is for common use and therefore requires some preliminaries before entering it. *O Kami San* took me to an apartment in which was a large square

wooden tub fifteen feet to a side and about two feet deep. It differed from the ordinary Japanese bath in that hot water from the spring was constantly entering it and running out by an overflow. All around this tub and nearly on a level with it—the edge of the tub being a couple of inches only above the floor level—the floor sloped to the tub, leaving however a crack about an inch wide around it. Disrobing, I put myself in the hands of the inn boy, and after being thoroughly soaped and scrubbed from head to foot was drenched with hot water until every trace of soap was removed, the soap and water of course running off through the crack to the drain below the tub. Then I was ready for the real bath, and getting into the tub stewed at pleasure. Higashiyama was not a particularly severe test as the water was but little, if at all, above 40° C. These natural hot springs have at least this advantage, that nature regulates the heating apparatus and is a far more regular guide than *nēsan,* whose only criterion of excessive temperature is boiling. There is a certain consideration due one's fellow travellers that makes me somewhat chary of adding cold water to the bath, and thereby spoiling it for the Japanese who are accustomed to take it much hotter than Europeans. They do not hesitate to do that themselves, but the standards are so different that the mean puts it out of use for them until it can heat up again. I should say that the love of hot water seems to date from the dawn of history, for in the very twilight period of the gods, their divinityships had to content themselves with the ordinary facilities afforded to him who travels in waste places, and perform their ablutions in the river and mountain streams—with fearfully prolific results if the old legends of their offspring thus born are to be given any credence. Izanagi, the creator of Japan, thus gave rise on his return from Hell to some score of deities. While my bath was in progress O Kami San had fished a trout out of her fish-pond, knocked together a little omelet, and was ready to provide the inner as well as the outer man with raiment, and very pleasant memories of the little inn were those I took away with me.

From Wakamatsu my way lay south through the mountains

to Nikkō. The next morning I left very comfortable quarters at the Shimizuya—one of the better class of Japanese inns and beautifully gotten up in its appointments. Polished wood, natural fretwork, beautiful screens, were the more material surroundings, and the human machinery was noticeable for neatness, completeness, and quietness. The publican does not differ much the world over and Japanese inns furnish the usual types, ranging from the modest establishment of some fishing village where the clientèle are the smaller commercial man stopping for the convenience of some little coasting steamer, or the countryman on one of his minor missions—purchases at the local centre or to meet the aforesaid drummer—to the aristocratic establishment whose clientèle is drawn from the upper stratum of the land and where coarseness or noisy merriment would be as much out of place as in one of our own more *recherché* hotels. The life of a Japanese inn rarely begins before the close of the business day. The Japanese travels very light, his personal impedimenta consisting of a very small grip or what will readily be folded into a large handkerchief, the more frequent companion of his travels and usually more or less pleasing in colour. All day he is busy on his rounds. If a drummer, his samples go with him on his own back in the shape of a huge pile of boxes in which economy of space has been made a fine art, or on the back of a porter if too elevated to do that part of the labour himself. Only at nightfall does he seek an inn and a Japanese commercial house then takes on a great bustle. The *nēsans* are busy running with tea trays and *kimonos,* for the first thing after getting fairly ensconced with his modest belongings is the bath, and the inn relieves him of any necessity for providing garments for that purpose. In a country where privacy is unknown, and social interference may be said to have become as much a part of the natural life as with the assemblages of our zoological gardens, where the overpowering interest of the individual, so prominent in western life, are not the isolating medium as with us, the inn is one big family. Often, if crowded, three, four, or more are chummed together in one room. *Saké* and *geisha* and talk while

away the evening hours, and such an establishment, where paper screens are the only partition wall, give but small chance of sleep until the last merrymakers have gone to rest and the tinkle of the *samisen* has ceased for the night. To see a Japanese curled up on his *futons* and sleeping next door to the most merciless racket is such a common occurrence that one is led to believe that they must be much less sensitive to noise than the average European.

At Shimizuya however there was no such experience to go through. In the morning *nēsan* appeared with the pickled plums and tea and the more valued assurance that in spite of threatening appearance it was not likely to rain, which prophecy held good until near the end of the day and the journey; and breakfast over, I was sent speeding south over the plain at the moderate pace that two coolies would take who had nearly a three days' job in front of them. The Japanese coolie is by no means so bad as he is painted—or so good. His ethical standard is not extravagantly high, in fact it is scandalously low at times, and it is just as well the average foreigner is unable to understand the full nature of the subjects of conversation and the jests which give rise to so much merriment among his coolies and passersby, for the exchange of compliments among them is by no means always suited to delicate ears. His occupation however is greatly aided by his wits, and while dragging a *ricksha* is by no means a highly intellectual pursuit, capturing his prey and squeezing it to the last *go sen* is an accomplishment. Fares are regulated by the police, and the guilds of *ricksha* men are sharply checked up; but indiscriminate appeal to the police is not always advisable. The men have their bounds and cannot be made to go out of them, and a traveller's reputation goes ahead of him by a system of wireless telegraphy. Given the proper conditions and an unreasonable disposition one can well find himself under the necessity of shouldering the baggage and marching out of some untravelled spot as best he can. Coolies of every kind have disappeared like magic, the field labour (at 30 *sen* a day) has become so important that four and five times that amount cannot tempt a man, a cow, or even a woman to come forward. The

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ricksha man is usually to be found in a town of any size, and which of necessity has communication by highway with the outside world, but he is not often found in the small villages of mountain districts, and simply reaching such a place, even if on a highway, is no guarantee that one can exchange one's legs for an easier means of progress. Incidentally one feature of travel in Japan can be referred to, and that is safety. People often complain of the blank which is brought to them to be filled out with information for the police. The questions at times seem superfluous—as to age, intended route, and family relations even unto the third and fourth generation—and at times they are followed up by a personal interview, particularly in the case of a foreigner, so as to make it troublesome. As a matter of fact and largely as a matter of form, Japanese have to fill out the same blank, and whatever the motive of being so particular in the case of foreign travellers it can be passed over in the knowledge that it makes his travelling very safe. It would be very difficult for a foreigner to disappear in Japan. His personal appearance differs so from the native that, among a people who spend their time in noting all the petty details going on around them, some one is bound to have observed his movements even in such frequented places as the treaty ports. Nay, even in visits to the Yoshiwara and such places his entrance and exit are reported to and noted by the police; which fact would be clerical and female sight-seers can bear in mind. In the country he could not disappear. He is registered from hotel to hotel. The *ricksha* men who take him are known and are responsible for his delivery at the other end of his journey. As all are not saints in any calling of life so the *ricksha* man is by no means free from black sheep among his flock, but the opportunities of such gentry are confined to the petty fleecing that they can effect by their wits, and in which they are white as driven snow compared to the honourable fraternity of cab drivers. They are well up in the points of interest along their own particular stamping ground, and no better guide is to be found than a *kurumaya* who takes an interest in his fare. The *kuruma* or

ricksha as a means of conveyance, I think, has been grossly overpraised. It is the best there is in the country, but there its good qualities end. The motion partakes somewhat of that of a dog-cart. One must absolutely recline or sit bolt upright, and when hours are to be passed on the road both of these attitudes are by no means unqualified joy. When travelling through the mountains where real work is to be done it is necessary to have the hood up so that the pushman can get some purchase on the vehicle. There is no substitute for it however but one's legs, which indeed are to be recommended when time permits and they are available. A horse would be as troublesome as Wang's elephant, as to providing provender and finding shelter for it when the day's journey was finished.

The first part of my route lay over the Wakamatsu plain. Near the end of the valley, then narrowing to the Funakotōge (pass), we took to the hills and soon had risen to some height. The view toward Bandaisan and Wakamatsu was beautiful. The road was well graded and only near the top of the pass was it necessary to do any walking. It was a pretty ride, winding under the trees, around the little ravines, and giving bits of sylvan scenery much like home, perhaps because of the absence of houses and tea-sheds and such marks peculiar to the particular species of the *genus homo* inhabiting the land. It is remarkable how man puts his mark on a land. The summer days spent in wood or field, lying on turf or rock, idly chewing a blade of grass and without set purpose letting the eyes roam over the surroundings, is stamping on boyhood's mind a standard landscape that will never be forgotten. A landscape containing a host of minute details of which at the time the observer has no consciousness, even if it be but a blurred image of some distant house or a column of smoke rising from some unseen habitation but whose familiar outlines he can easily frame in his mind's eye. Unconsciously in these early years he is adding to his sense impressions, to the photographs stored away in memory, the bias of his race mentality. He is adding that element, external to the scene in front of him, and from which he never will

be able to free himself. Hence certain types of scenery have the pleasing familiarity of old friends. We are at home in them and drop our mental alertness or unconsciously critical attitude of comparison. This same effect can be carried into other countries. In such a wide range as between England and New Zealand the landscape bears the same stamp of familiarity to our minds, the same vistas of sea and shore, and we feel at home beside a Welsh brook or looking down from the heights of Dunedin. Some of this sense of familiarity is lost among peoples whose kinship is not so close to us—as on the continent of Europe, but a good part remains. Literature, our reading, is partly responsible for this. One never has this sense of familiarity in Japan: The landscape always remains strange, and involuntarily the faculty of comparison—essentially a hostile faculty—is at work within us. In part this is due to Nature herself. Japan is a volcanic country and a small country, where Nature has seen fit to cram a good deal of material into a limited space. There is a paucity of the rounded outline so familiar to American or European eyes. Nature does not seem to have had time to soften down her outlines. To an Hawaiian the outline of the Japanese hills would seem familiar. The main difficulty is however the human element, and a thatched roof, a glimpse of *tatami,* or the barley or wheat spread on mats and lying in the sun, at once casts an unfamiliar *outré* tint over the landscape. Add the blue cotton tights of the native himself, and even if one has been successful in mentally eliminating the bamboo-grass springing up between the oaks, chestnuts, and birches, we are at once back in Japan and half way round the world again from our old home. Lying on the border of a Maine lake or on the bank of the Merced River in the Yosemite we have the sense of restful familiarity, a feeling that never is felt by the side of any Japanese stream.

On this walk I saw for the first and only time a *mamushi,* the only poisonous snake found on the main island of Japan. It is of the viper species, and the particular specimen was about a foot in length, of inconspicuous markings and a dirty brownish yellow colour. I had stretched out my hand to pick a flower growing in the

cleft of a rock and noted him just in time, for he was coiled close by and with no idea of making off. A blow from my stick soon settled him and the *ricksha* men identified him. The peasants have curious superstitions about them. I had described to me by a witness the process of skinning the wriggling living serpent, cutting off the head and gouging out and eating then and there the eyes, the rest of his snakeship going into the peasant's basket for some subsequent occult proceedings. The lucky finder by this performance was ensured against sickness for the rest of the year. I omitted the ceremony. They figure largely in the pharmacopœia of the lower classes, and pickled *mamushi* fresh and stale are a matter of sale and barter. There was no view from the top of the pass and the road down the other side became decidedly worse. The rest of the day's journey was through most picturesque river and valley country, settled enough to add human interest to the scene, and with the contrasting beauty of man's cultivation of the soil and the wild and rugged on Nature's side with smiling, peaceful touches. At one point we left the *rickshas* and walked through one of the numerous gorges along a path in places supported by arms resting against the rock wall towering above us, and the river boiling along some twenty feet below, crossing back again and rejoining our vehicles near a hamlet called Yadoshima. At places through this mountain country I ventured to refill my water bottle. I say "ventured" advisedly, for one must be able to get a very good idea of the source of the water. There may be a little plateau above draining its poisonous irrigation canal into the sparkling brook. Some miles of this mountain country brought me to a wider valley in the centre of which was the little town of Tajima, twenty-five miles from Wakamatsu. Just how many the inn could accommodate "though puzzling was not beyond conjecture." Two tiny rooms were cut off at one end, and when we were ensconced we filled the house. As a matter of fact "one mat, one man" measurement would enable quite a large party to find quarters. A great deal of tobacco is grown all through this district, and every farmhouse through the country and in the suburbs of the town

seemed to be engaged in drying and curing the leaf. Tobacco is one of the foreign importations to which the Japanese early took a great affection. It was introduced by the Portuguese during the early intercourse of the sixteenth century. We will not hold the Portuguese responsible for the present product. As in other directions the native has presumably modified it to his taste. Japanese tobacco hardly deserves the name of that noble plant (not weed), and it is unfortunate that they did not disguise it under a native name. French tobacco and the still ranker product of the Italian monopoly are odours of "Araby the Blest" compared to it. In the form of snuff I have not heard of its use; a practice by the way very common among the mountaineers through the Allegheny region of the United States, although its use elsewhere has almost died out. Western ideas have full sway and much better enforcement among the Japanese as to the use of tobacco by minors, and there is trouble ahead for the boy's parents who have been warned against allowing their children to smoke. The policeman keeps a sharp eye on such youngsters and as the registration system is very complete the age is a matter of easy and prompt determination.

The next day was a repetition of the previous treat of river, gorge, and mountain scenery, bringing me at night to a prettily situated little inn which makes up the hot spring resort known as Kawaji. The bath was a large pool close to the bank of the river, and was swarming with Japanese, male, female, and *kodomo* created he them. The river itself looked very tempting on the hot August afternoon. There was a convenient eddy, a natural basin, and it was much to be preferred to the swarm of humanity close at hand, so I "tubbed" there to my own great satisfaction and aroused curiosity of my neighbours. The Japanese are convinced as to the more or less "eccentricity" (politely speaking) of the foreigner, but here was a convincing case under their eyes. Not only a deliberate immersion in cold water but a deliberate choice of an unnecessary evil. If the question *de lunatico inquirendo* had to come before that jury of "Japs" I would have no show. We got out of the mountains the next day, through more fine scenery

and over as bad a road as I have travelled in Japan. Walking was out of the question as the road was ankle deep in mud from side to side, through which treacherous depths yawned, such ruts as only the years of traffic of a Japanese road can produce. Stones and bowlders were hidden under this glutinous covering, making the road resemble to some degree the bed of a mountain torrent. In places the *ricksha* men lifted the whole apparatus, vehicle and rider, and carried it on to the next piece of dry ground. They were a hardy mountain lot of men, very different from the same fraternity as found in the large towns of the plain. Individually they were most of them going to get but little beside their "gift money" at the end of the trip. At Tajima they had gambled most of the future away and the lucky man, hiring a substitute, had hied him back to Wakamatsu to blow it in on ease and *saké*. Gambling is most strictly forbidden and relentlessly pursued by the government. And justly so, for the lower class Japanese has but little idea of the future; any more than the Thomas cat on the back fence. He lives strictly for to-day and lets to-morrow take care of itself, and a surplus in hand proceeds to blow it in at once. The government does its best to correct this spirit of improvidence so fatal to the material progress of the nation. We came out on the plain and crossed the river at Naka-iwa, a well known picnic resort near Nikkō. The scene is here very picturesque, looking up and down the river which is divided by an island, and hence the name—"centre rock." There is no tea-house worthy of the name, but an hour's run across the plain took me into Imaichi, a town on the railway, and the Reiheishi Kaidō, that famous avenue leading into Nikkō.

IV

THE CENTRE OF SHIMOTSUKE

"E poi il dolore è un gran ricostituente dell' uomo credete e in certi casi è un confortante indizio di vitalità morale, perchè dove non vi è dolore, vi è cancrena."—*Malombra.*

From Imaichi to Nikkō is one of the most striking sections of a grand highway that stretches across the country for more than twenty miles. The very narrowness of the roadway adds to the great height of the ancient cryptomerias closely lining the sides and walling it in from the surrounding country. In places sunk between grassy walls, gradually increased in height as the roadway between them slowly wore away beneath the feet of generations of travellers, it has the appearance of a long green tunnel, but this is soon relieved by the reappearance of the smiling countryside, the rushing river close at hand, and—to right and left—the forest-clad hills. One traveller, in days of the past, moved along this road unconscious even of the pomp surrounding him. The Shō-gun, carried to his tomb, recked little of the beauty of the world about him. Those who carried him probably thought more about their prospects under his successor. We of to-day can follow it with far lighter heart up through the long village of Hachi-ishi or lower Nikkō to the stone steps mounting the slopes of the hill until, at the end of a broad avenue, we stand under a great stone *torii* and in front of the most beautiful temples in Japan. Here in close proximity lie buried two men who put their stamp on a nation as few men have done—Iyeyasu the great and Iyemitsu the little, grandfather and grandson. The system devised by the first and carried to perfection by the second so peculiarly fitted into the previous history of this island country that it is well worth going into such history to some little extent. Especially of that earlier portion of it of which comparatively little is heard in popular form.

Previous to the close of the fifth century A. D. Japanese history is extremely vague. There is no reason to believe that the people had any other means of recording events except by oral tradition. The accounts of those times are full of miraculous events and still more miraculous periods. Chinese and Korean notices begin about the first century of our era. China at that time extended her influence to northern Korea, and there were Chinese resident officials occupied, as usual, in scribbling wonderful information as to everything that they saw and heard for the benefit of the imperial throne. The Koreans themselves quickly took up Chinese learning, to hand it on some three centuries later to their neighbours, the Japanese. In the first four centuries therefore of the Christian era we hear of the Japanese mainly in the unenviable light of piratical descents on Korea to get what plunder they can and to carry off slaves. They are described as a brave, hard drinking, hard fighting people, inhabiting very roughly built huts or houses, moving their habitations from place to place, and spending most of their time in the chase or in wars between the petty tribes. In fact, at the corresponding period, they resemble in many ways our Anglo-Saxon ancestors before they left their German home to settle in Britain. At the end of the fifth century, however, an embassy from Korea included teachers and a present of the Chinese classics. This first introduction of learning, more probably the means of learning, like the introduction of Christianity among the Saxons, had an immediate and wonderful effect. The accounts of a more complex social system are very specific. The full effect, however, was not obtained until the reign of Kimmei (540–571 A. D.). In 552 A. D. the embassy from Korea included a gift from the king of Kudara of a statue of Buddha, together with the holy books. Now this introduction of Buddhism had a far more reaching effect than appears at first glance. As in the case of Christianity ten centuries later, Buddhism had to fight for its ground. His councillors warned the Emperor—"Our kingdom is of divine origin, and the Emperor has already many gods to worship. If we adore those of foreign kingdoms,

our own will be angered." Intimidated therefore by this advice he gave these presents to one of his ministers, Soga no Iname, who much taken with the new cult established the worship of the image at one of his temples. An epidemic, however, following soon after, was attributed to the new religion and the temple was burnt to the ground and the image cast into the river. This seems to have been only a temporary check, for in the next reign Buddhism is again violently suppressed. It seems to have taken a strong hold in the family of Iname, for we find his son and successor Umako petitioning to be allowed to maintain the cult privately for his own peace of mind, which was granted him; but there are already two parties in the land based on the very radical ground of differing religion. There is an incident of some interest referred to in this reign of Bidatsu (572–585 A. D.), namely, the reception of a letter from Korea written in invisible ink, presumably some cobalt salt, for the writing appears on exposure to heat.

A development quite as important as Buddhism is to be attributed to Bidatsu reign. When he first appears in history the Emperor is, in plain terms, a Mongol chief, fighting at the head of his tribe, and it is only after wars and strife that his tribe establishes its supremacy over the tribes of kindred nationality. At the time we are speaking of the system had apparently been reduced to a condition not unlike the days of the Heptarchy in England. As in most eastern nations, the head of the state was recognized as of divine descent, but his real physical power depended much on his ability to maintain himself in his position of supremacy. A system of government had, however, been thoroughly established, and already in 550 A. D. we find the Emperor surrounded by councillors whose opinions have much weight, and furthermore that precedents are being given their value. It is generally assumed that the first disappearance of the Emperors dates from Fujiwara times. Umako, who seems to have been a very able man, was however practically a Mayor of the Palace. He had supreme influence over the Prince Regent Umaya. On the death of Bidatsu there was a dispute over the succession, apparently between the

Buddhists and the supporters of the native religion. Umako gained his point, had his antagonist put to death, placed a friendly prince on the throne, and practically reigned as minister. Sujun, the succeeding Emperor, showed a tendency to rebel against this subjection, but Umako removed him by assassination and established the female line in his place. When he died about 625 A. D. Buddhism not only was triumphantly established in the land but Umako's son, Soga no Yemisi, succeeded his father in the management of the kingdom.

As in many nations of primitive times the priesthood at this date seems to have been hereditary in two families. One of these was known as the Nakatomi. Soga no Yemisi as prime minister carried things with quite as high a hand as his father. He associated his son Iruka with him, who was still more disliked than his father. Neither the nobility or the Imperial House took kindly to this supremacy of Soga and Iruka in the Government and the reign of Kōkyoku (642–4 A. D.), sister and wife of the preceding Emperor Yōmei, was marked by a series of barons' wars in which the Minister had decidedly the best of it. A conspiracy of the princes of the Imperial House was given practical direction by Nakatomi Kametari, and at the height of his power and security, Iruka was assassinated in the very presence of the Empress. The conspirators then completed their work by promptly attacking the house of Soga himself, in the flames of which he perished together with part of the imperial archives. Nakatomi stepped into his shoes as far as influence in the Government went, and up to the time of his death in the reign of the Emperor Tenji (662–672 A. D.) he is a prominent feature in everything that related to the Government. It is worth stopping here to note a marked difference in the tone of the annals of these reigns. Before the introduction of Chinese influence they show palpably the roughness of the times. Habits are gross and ceremonial is very slack. Both improve very rapidly after the sixth century, and ceremonial, evidently copied from Chinese models, becomes the prominent feature in the accounts given of these monarchs. Offices multiply, and the

person of the Emperor is soon to gain a sanctity which certainly before that time it did not possess. Certainly the rough and ready time of Yūriaku (457–477 A. D.) had little to do with the pomp and ceremony with which a white pheasant is brought and presented to the Emperor Kōtoku (645–654 A. D.). The year name is changed on account of this auspicious event and all the prisoners in the Empire are set at liberty. Yūriaku would have eaten the bird and made a few more prisoners if it had disagreed with him. The reign of Tenji (662–672 A. D.) could pass without note. There was apparently an unsuccessful attack on Korea which was repulsed, but which furnished a complement of slaves, an element particularly needed in the new civilization of the nation still sadly lacking in skilled workmen as teachers. One important event marks the supremacy of old Nakatomi Kametari, who on his death is given the family name of Fujiwara, and to whose family passes all his honours. The part this family played and plays in Japanese annals makes this a notable event. We should also remark here two important features of Japanese life which add much to the strength of the family as compared with Europe. Namely, polygamy and adoption. To us, this would only imply the same blood in the first case, polygamy. Plurality of wives and concubinage is a great safeguard to maintain a family name in existence, and when this is bolstered up by adoption—from a cadet branch if possible, or a stranger if necessary—it practically ensures it.

As at this point we enter on what can be described as the Golden Age of Japanese art and literature, and it is worth while to take a glance at the attendant conditions which in some ways differentiate Japan from the western world. The conditions under which Japan and the western nations started on their careers were radically different. So much so as to give a peculiar stamp to the civilization evolved and due to these attendant conditions. If the Roman Empire had fallen under the blows of a single powerful antagonist, it is fair to presume that the onward course of civilization would have had but little check. Rome, however, fell under the onset of different nations, and, their task accomplished, the

brunt of defending their spoils against rivals fell on these different nations. The fall therefore of the Empire was marked by a hurly-burly, of which South Europe was the battleground. After the Goth, the Lombard; who in turn succumbed to the Frank. The Franks might have developed at this early date—the eighth century—a great literature and art, and as they began to do three centuries later, but they were too busy on their frontiers, and the division of the kingdom on Charlemagne's death was the signal for another wild struggle covering the whole of Europe from what is now known as Russia to the waters of the Atlantic. A point to be noted here is that this is a struggle of nations. Internal strife will halt and impede the development of a nation. Foreign strife absolutely puts an end to it. The struggle is too serious. It is one of national existence, and in that age one of life and death to the men engaged in it. But little respect was paid to anything attached to an enemy. His very memory was to be rooted off the surface of the earth. Hence any art that a conquered nation had succeeded in developing was marked for destruction, and it was only with time, and as the conqueror had opportunity to come under the influence of the superior civilization of the conquered, that the few wrecks that were left were viewed with an eye to their possible usefulness. Venice, however, early in the ninth century was noted for its metal working, its woven textures in silk and wool, in velvet and in brocadé, its beautiful dyes, and its glass work famous to this day. As Mr. Molmenti tells us, " the goldsmiths especially reached the dignity of a most exquisite art in those little masterpieces of figures, imitated from the byzantine, in those ornaments of gold and pearl, of which mention is made in the will of the Doge Giustiniano Partecipazio in 829, and in those gold chains, the chosen ornament of ladies as of the Venetians in general." Literature, however, was all in Latin, and swamped under the scholasticism which followed Charlemagne's times. Only in the tenth century and in northern France did the native tongue make itself timidly heard in the *chansons* and in the earlier Arthurian legends of Brittany. In the eleventh century we have the ripened development of

this ballad literature in Provence. Provençal literature worthily represents the refinement of the earlier times, and is the nursery of the future Italian and French literatures. In the face of the existence of neo-latinism and the Provençal literature it is an exaggeration to say that Europe was a collection of barbarous tribes, and that learning was only kept alive by the Saracens. To these latter Europe did owe much, but it can be added that they were also a positive hindrance to the peaceful development of the great Frank kingdom, continually threatening one of its flanks. It was not until the twelfth century that modern Europe fairly began to take shape, and from that time on a development of art and literature was not only possible but an actual fact. It had to take place largely under the shadow of the church, for Europe was still not only a battleground but suffering from the warlike habits incurred by the ages of disorder, and the church was slow in removing the ban placed on beauty by early Christianity. It is not to be denied that Europe in some ways gained much by the very rough education through which it had passed. The very complexity, the friction of nations, produced a width of range, a liveliness of thought, a curiosity of understanding, a fellowship among its learned men, that was most beneficial, and which when the time came for its development has placed it far ahead of anything which the East has been able to develop on its much narrower lines.

The physical geography of Japan is by no means peculiar. It occupies a position strictly analogous to that of Great Britain. The difference lies in its neighbours. The Chinese are a sluggish, peaceful people, and perhaps the only race in which the profession of the soldier is held in contempt. Their Tartar conquerors were no sailors. The Koreans carried the same qualities to a greater exaggeration, and also they were split up into small kingdoms singly as inefficient as any member of the Heptarchy. If there was no other evidence, it would be hard to believe that any form of strong central government existed among the warlike Japanese, from the fact that no effort was made to come in contact with their

neighbours, which necessarily in the early period of their history would have taken the form of conquest. From lack of pressure therefore, internal and external, they were left to develop in their island kingdom with only such outside influence moulding their civilization as they chose to adopt. Communication with China, their greatest neighbour, was always very spasmodic. No great trade ever sprang up between the two peoples, and the interchange was mainly directed to the adoption of Chinese ideas on ethics and politics. These were adopted and adapted wholesale; not so much in a continuous stream of influence, although through priests and travellers a fairly constant communication was maintained, as at set periods during which there was a fashionable rage for Chinese models in art and literature. During the whole period of their national existence therefore the Japanese were left to themselves, without external pressure of any kind, to develop these models as was most pleasing to them and their national genius. What pressure existed was of an internal nature, due to disturbances in the state. This will hamper, and in Japan did hamper, the continuous and peaceful development of its art and literature, but these were never broken off and crushed until there remained for revival nothing but a tradition. Also, in the peculiar nature of the political structure another preservative element existed. Namely, the Imperial Court. Separate from the political struggles it was always the centre of the refinement of the country. It underwent periods of neglect and depression, but as such it was sacred against direct attack, and it is owing to the existence of this peculiar institution that much of Japanese ancient art and literature was encouraged and preserved.

The period to which we have now come however had an added advantage. It was one of comparative peace. Barons' wars there were but they rarely threatened the imperial throne. They were mainly struggles of ambitious nobles getting a foothold on the outskirts of the Empire, and to develop later into that ominous power which displaced the old Imperial line and relegated it to a high priesthood in the nation. The *Yemishi* or barbarians

had been driven into the northern part of the main island, and wars with them had little more importance to the court at Kyōto than the fighting with Indians on the western plains in the fifties and sixties had to the eastern United States. Time enough had elapsed—over three hundred years—for the native art to develop, and it was now prepared to establish a school with Kosé Kanaoka as its master. Later to develop into the Tosa School, to this day taking first place in Japanese contributions to art. The same peaceful conditions, combined with a brilliant court, greatly aided the development of a literature, which in its description of manners, in its short stories, in the delicate fancy displayed in its poetry, and in its comparatively clean lines of thought, compares favourably with the most brilliant part of the Yedo period. In connection with this period which we have been discussing, and that which we are now to discuss, a few dates from English history will not be out of place. We will pass over such a landmark as Gariononum or Burgh Castle in Norfolk, for this is of Roman times. In Bede's time, however, the foundation of St. Albans was four hundred years old. Bede himself chronicles the first council of the English Church held at Hertford in 673 A. D. and presided over by Theodore, seventh Archbishop of Canterbury. Ely's foundation dates from 670 A. D. In fact, in the year 700 A. D. the Saxon kingdoms of Britain compare favourably with the island Empire in Japan as far as all material civilization goes. But where the Japanese have in front of them a period of peace in which to develop the civilization obtained from their continental neighbours, the Saxon is to face the Dane and the Northmen before he is brought into contact with the civilization of southern Europe introduced by the Norman French.

But to return to Fujiwara and the course of the Empire. If the Emperors were as yet real monarchs in their kingdom they had all the drawbacks of such real authority. On Tenji's death in 671 A. D. there was a disputed succession between nephew and uncle, which seems to some degree to have been started by the suspicions of the former as to his uncle's real intentions. After a number of pitched battles the nephew's (Otomo) army was finally routed

and dispersed, and to avoid capture he hung himself. Temmu, the uncle, who reigned until 686 A. D., gives us some idea of the increasing ceremonial and luxury. Fêtes and dances are a feature of the court life. His reign is also marked by the discovery of silver in Tsushima, the island lying between Japan and Korea. It is in the reign of Mommu (697–707 A. D.) however that the intimate connection between the Imperial House and Fujiwara began. This Emperor married a Fujiwara and with few exceptions the wives of the succeeding Emperors were all taken from this family. Fujiwara are often referred to as the first Mayors of the Palace, but in a sense they have but little connection with the great ruling families that succeeded them—Taira, Minamoto, Hōjō, Ashikaga, and Tokugawa. In fact, the Emperor becomes so indistinguishable in blood from this family that they can claim as much to sit upon the throne as any Bourbon or Hapsburg. The Emperor is really their representative, and up to the twelfth century it is a genuine rule of the head of this family, acting mainly as regent; but sometimes, at the end of the *régime,* reappearing in the person of the Emperor himself. This is a very different thing from the essentially hostile interests as represented by the later usurpers, who had no connection whatever with the Imperial House except as its vassals. It is to be noted that in the early period of their power the Fujiwara really did govern. The Court established at Nara and later at Kyōto was the scene of elegance and luxury, but these men took their turn and for four years exiled themselves to the outer provinces, spending their time in warfare against the barbarians, and in trying to maintain control over the fast increasing but as yet scattered units who were building up semi-independent baronies which they ruled from their strongholds far from the central power and with small regard to its wishes. These *Gōshi,* some of them officials themselves, some of them merely strong independent men, we shall hear something of later. They are to be the framework on which the feudal system is to be built.

The reign of the Empress Gemmyō (708–715 A. D.) is marked by the discovery of copper in Musashi, a province of the

Kwantō and in which is situated much of the Tōkyō plain. Copper was the coinage of Japan for centuries and a native mintage dates from this period. Until modern times gold and silver while a basis of currency were but little circulated. The supply of copper seems always to have been behind the demand. Holy enthusiasm was in one sense a cause, as the many large statues of the many Buddhas used up a great part of the metal mined. In Shōmei's reign (724–748 A. D.) gold was discovered in Tsushima and also a great Daibutsu was erected. The statue is one of Japan's great works of art as it still stands in the Tōdaiji at Nara, and it is not without interest to learn that at a fête given in its honour by the Empress Kōken (749–758 A. D.) it opened its eyes, perhaps on the change of manners that was going on around it. Things have much sobered down. We are reminded of a passage in Rabelais, where Ponocrates for the diversion of Gargantua "thought fit, once in a month, upon some fair and clear day to go out of the city betimes in the morning, either toward Gentilly or Boulogne, or St. Clou, and there spend all the day long in making the greatest cheer that could be devised, sporting, making merry, drinking healths, playing, singing, dancing, tumbling, on some fair meadow." So we find the Emperor Saga (810–825 A. D.) goes to view the flowers, and makes the round of the various temples for a similar purpose and to recite poetry with the priestesses. In Nimmyō's reign (834–850 A. D.) there is a similar account of his diversions to which are added hunting and fishing, and the Emperor spends much of his time away from the actual scene of government which seems to have fallen into the hands of officials. All is not smooth, however, for two attempts are made on his throne, and brigands swarm in the land. On the whole, he is put down by the old chronicle as "a good Emperor," and something is made of the discovery and present to him of a white tortoise, "a thing so extraordinary that all the functionaries went to compliment the Emperor who gave a new name period (nengo) to his reign in recognition of the happy augury."

With all this life of pleasure however we are approaching a time

critical to the history of these emperors. Montoku (851–858 A. D.) had much the taste of his predecessors. His weak health would not allow the more boisterous exercise of the chase. He confined himself much to visits among his subjects, and to excursions to see the bloom of the cherry-trees and other flowers. With such excursions were combined poetry making. There is an amusing episode attached to a charlatan priest who claimed that by divine interposition he could get along without food. For a time he had much credit as a wonder and was lodged in the Imperial Palace, but by a very natural process better imagined than described he was soon detected and expelled in disgrace from the palace. It is to be feared that the people themselves by no means led the idyllic lives of their monarchs. We hear much of famines and pestilence, both of which seemed to be almost periodical in their operation. Fuji also was at this time an active volcano, and in Seiwa's reign (859–876 A. D.) there was a very violent eruption, rocks being hurled into the sea, and many houses wrecked and people killed. The youth of this monarch is to be noted. He was nine years old when he ascended the throne, and his successor but one was but eight years old. This latter, Yōzei (877–884 A. D.) developed into a very bad lot. Ordinary libertinage degenerated into the worst cruelty, and when he summoned men and women to the palace to furnish a mark for his arrows the Regent interfered. Fujiwara Mototsune inveigled him out of his palace and quietly carried him off. On the unexpected death of his successor, Mototsune set up another child Uda (888–897 A. D.) The crafty old man soon presented himself with the wish to be relieved of his charges of office, and the inexperienced young monarch was naturally only too anxious to have him remain and carry on the government as in the past. This reducing the Emperor to a mere figurehead however makes itself felt. Rebellion, not unfrequent before, becomes almost chronic, and in Shugaku's reign (931–946 A. D.) Taira no Masa in the Kwantō and Fujiwara no Sumitomo in Iyo were only defeated and killed after serious fighting. These two names at this period are suggestive. The one as that of the coming rulers

of the empire and the other as showing that the ruling house was losing its solidarity. The throne itself for a long time seems to have been anything but a desirable goal. When not forced out, the emperors abdicated from choice. Kwasan (985–986 A. D.) soon had enough of it. He was an amorous young man with three wives, to one of which he was passionately attached. She died, however, and one evening the Emperor disappeared from the palace. All night they searched for him and the palace was in a turmoil. The next day he was found with shaven head in a neighbouring monastery. He had turned monk. This was by no means an unusual step. It was often taken by the emperors to enable themselves to play a real part in the political struggles of the time. This of course brought the religious orders into politics, and they soon became anything but a means of withdrawal from the world to lead a life of devotion. We have said little of the Church, not because they did not deserve mention but because they were bound soon to compel attention in the annals by some very strenuous deeds. Since Denkiōtaishi on Hiesan and Kōbodaishi on Kōyasan had founded, in the ninth century, their great monasteries, these priests had developed into a great military power. As yet we hear little of them, but in Go-Shuyaku's reign (1037–1045 A. D.) the monks of Hieisan raised riot in front of the Mikado's palace, a most heinous offence. From that time on they usually have a hand, on one side or the other, in all the disturbances so frequent near Kyōto as the central power weakened. There was little control over the great barons ruling the outer provinces, who fought each other for supremacy with cheerful indifference to the interests of the Empire. Fujiwara had only been too glad to depute its duties to outsiders, who building up feudal strongholds by conquest of their neighbours had become, in a number of cases, powerful chieftains. For twelve years Yoriyoshi and Sadetao fought for the supremacy of the great northern province of Dewa, with small thought of the central power, and Minamoto Yoriyoshi emerged triumphant. Meanwhile the Emperor was diverting himself with flowers and poetry and jewels.

The lack of proper timber in the house of Fujiwara finds application in Go-Sanjō's reign (1069–1072 A. D.). This Emperor renewed the practice of hearing petitions himself, and his successor, Shirakawa (1073–1086 A. D.), although he abdicated, kept the power in his own hands. He replaces the Fujiwara as actual head of the Government. And so with his successors. These make way in order to rule through their sons and grandsons. Through custom the Emperor has become a figurehead, and custom is all powerful in Japan. The times were marked by great disorder. Barons' wars in the north and west, and fighting between the great monasteries around Kyōto. In fact, without Taira and Minamoto and the monks of Hieisan, things would have been dull. In 1081 A. D. the monks of Hieisan burnt Miidera to the ground, and they repeated this operation again in 1140 A. D. Miidera is the well-known temple on the hill above Otsu on Lake Biwa, and this "peaceful" retreat for religious men fairly represents the church militant of the times. We can take a last glimpse of the other side of the picture under the reign of Shutoku (1124–1141 A. D.). He and the former Emperor went to view the spring flowers, "many ladies of the court accompanying in carriages; their cortege was very brilliant. With gentlemen on horseback, bands of musicians, and many women destined to sing before the two Emperors."

At this point when the existing régime of Court and Emperor are about to retire to make room for a very different set of actors on the political stage, let us look backward and forward to take some account of the men and means which are to supplant them. The old patriarchal household consisted, as in most other countries, of head, blood relations, and slaves. These last were regarded as goods and chattels. They were not as yet attached to the land and were a matter of sale and barter. To some extent this class was probably made up of such of the aborigines (Ainu) who chose to remain on the land with their conquerors, and of Chinese and Korean captives. Slaves were also recruited from men who through crime or debt or offences against the rulers were reduced

to that condition. In that rough time the size of a man's household had much to do with his safety and importance, and the man who collected around his dwelling a numerous band made up of sons and son's sons, brothers and their sons, together with the numerous slaves needed for the menial work of some large landed property, soon became a power to be reckoned with. These landed proprietors, known as *kumitsuko,* differ in the amount of their holdings, the tendency being for the larger to swallow the smaller. They owed no feudal service to the Emperor, although subject to his taxation. Their property belonged to them of right and descended to their heirs without any additional ceremony of investiture. Their own original investiture seems to have been, in many cases, of the informal nature of the squatter, although a more formal title was later obtained. In fact, they seem hardly to be distinguished from the men known later as *gōshi,* and which in the times we have now reached—Taira and Minamoto—begin to play the important part. In many cases these *gōshi* seem to have been officials who taking up large grants of land—free from taxation—threw them open to settlement on terms naturally much more advantageous than the taxed land of the imperial government. The peasants eagerly flocked to such cheap land; there was no power to check these powerful, almost independent lords, and the imperial revenues dwindled to almost nothing. Meanwhile the barons with their adherents waxed fat and became a power in the land. In other cases they seem simply to have been men, who, from natural abilities taking a leading position in their village community, acquired wealth, influence, and adherents, by which they were enabled to dispense protection to those who were weaker and who sacrificed independence to security. It is a distinct instance of the almost natural position that a feudal system plays in the political development of man, very much at variance with the theories of our present degeneration from a condition of ideal love and justice as found in primitive man. A love and justice, it can be added, which, like that found among the Australian aborigines of to-day, was largely dispensed with a club. Now the military

force of these early days, and almost up to Tokugawa times, was drawn from the general population. A chief led to war the strongest and best of his retainers. His sons and nephews rode by his side and the sturdiest of his slaves tramped behind with clubs and spears and short swords. There seems to have been but little modification of this system except that in time the peasantry became attached to the soil and were transferred with it, and slavery in name at all events disappeared from the land.

With the accession of Go-Shirakawa (1156–58 A. D.) civil war broke out, in which the two candidates were variously supported by the two great baronies, Taira and Minamoto. The Emperor *de facto* found at his side Taira Kiyomori and Minamoto Yoshitomo who sided against his clan. Whilst other nobles hastened to the camp of his opponent, these two great captains provided for the defence of the palace. The general breakdown in this strife is a source of trouble to the old chronicler. "Father fought against his son, relation against relation, and lords against their subjects." Ability was on the side of the Emperor and his opponents were crushed. Two such men as Yoshitomo and Kiyomori, both ambitious for power, could not long get on together. Yoshitomo soon conspired to get rid of Kiyomori, but was defeated and subsequently assassinated by his own relatives. His sons by his wife shared the same fate, except Yoritomo, then fourteen years of age, who was banished by Kiyomori to the neighbourhood of the Kwantō—a most shortsighted procedure on the part of this ordinarily astute man. The beautiful concubine of Yoshitomo, Tokiwa, saved the lives of her family and her three children by submitting herself to Kiyomori and becoming his concubine. The other scourge of the Taira family, Yoshitsune, was one of these children. From 1166–1181 A. D. Kiyomori was supreme in the Government, which was filled with his relatives and supporters. Towards the end, however, the defeated Minamoto again raised their heads. This first revolt was easily crushed, and Kiyomori, first burning Miidera as a warning to the monks to keep out of politics, sent an army against Yoritomo, who, aroused by his rela-

tives in the South, had raised an army in the Kwantō. In a battle near Lake Hakone, Yoritomo's handful of men were soon dispersed, and he himself only escaped through the faithlessness of one of his pursuers. He had taken refuge in a hollow tree and was found there by this man, who however reported that there was no sign of him, and that the opening in the tree was crossed by spiders' webs, showing no use of it as a place of concealment. Small events sometimes turn the course of Empire, and Yoritomo escaped to Awa and set himself to work to rouse the whole Kwantō. Banished at the age of fourteen, he was now thirty years old. He soon centred a powerful force at Kamakura, and the army sent by Kiyomori to break up this camp did not dare to attack him. Yoshitsune joined him with all the Minamoto forces he could raise in the South, and his cousin Yoshinaka threatened Kyōto close at hand. The priestly bands took sides with Yoritomo. Just at this critical period Kiyomori died, and the Taira, pressed on every side, abandoned Kyōto with the infant Emperor. Yoshinaka marched into the city, set up a new Emperor and incidentally himself also. This by no means was on Yoritomo's programme, and Yoshitsune's effective force soon suppressed him. He was killed by an arrow in one of the battles around Kyōto, and this friendly discussion among relatives ended with his death.

Yoshitsune's task was by no means ended with breaking up Yoshinaka's power in Kyōto. The Taira—or Heike as they are better known in Japanese history—had retreated with the young Emperor into the western provinces along the Inland Sea. Yoshitsune promptly followed them up and scattered them. The campaign was not pressed, however, and he soon returned to recruit his forces at Kyōto, and to strengthen his brother's government at that vital point. This done, the third and last campaign against the Taira was entered upon. Hemmed in by the forces of Kyūshū friendly to Yoritomo, and by Yoshitsune advancing westward with his flotilla, they made their last stand near Shimonoseki. No compromise was thought of on either side. Taira were greatly outnumbered and opposed to the greatest general Japan had as yet

produced. In their desperation, however, the battle even showed signs in their favour. Yoshitsune is said to have invoked the divine assistance of Hachiman, the God of War. More likely he invoked the divine assistance of his heavier battalions and ordered up his reserves. The enemy were totally broken. The great majority perished in the sea. Many stories are told of the end of the little Emperor, Antok. A wanderer for two years, he was now but eight years of age. His nurse led him to the side of the ship, and bidding him make his prayers to the Gods beguiled him with the pretty tale of the beautiful palace beneath the sea which they were about to visit, and where his divine ancestors were waiting to receive him. Clasping his little hands, the Emperor gravely went through the ceremonial form of prayer, with all the gravity of a child that seemed to pierce the real design of his nurse and which his dignity taught him to accept. Clasping him in her arms she then jumped overboard and so ended this strife of the Imperial houses. But few of the Taira clan escaped. Those who did so concealed themselves under other names. They disappeared from Japanese annals until Ota Nobunaga, one of Japan's great triumvirate, resuscitated the glory of his house and again ruled the country. The fate of the victor was no better. Made jealous by his brother's success, Yoritomo forbade his approach to Kamakura. Of the loyalty of Yoshitsune at this period there seems to have been not the slightest doubt. There is a good deal of the court of the second Mahmout about old Japan. Yoshitsune's safety lay in his own right arm and we soon find the two brothers in arms against each other. Fortune favoured Yoritomo and Yoshitsune's fleet was scattered by a storm. His army broken up, he fled to the north and took refuge with a retainer whom he had reason to trust. Urged by Yoritomo, however, this man surprised and surrounded him. Yoshitsune having killed his wife and children, himself committed *hara-kiri*. Yoritomo promptly turned on the traitorous retainer, and despatching a force against him punished him for his misdeed by destroying him and his family and confiscating the fief for one of his retainers.

Yoritomo was not merely a great general. He was playing for higher stakes than simply that of being the most influential of a number of vassals. The name was little—or rather was impossible—but the power was much, and he sought to govern Japan, not through the medium of the Court, but directly as by right of his position. For this purpose the Court must be eliminated. This could not be done directly, for the Emperor was a sacred figure in the eyes of the nation. Yoritomo and his successors never tried to eliminate the Emperor. Their object was to make him the merest figurehead, and this they succeeded in doing. Once permanently retired from the active government custom or precedent in Japan would quickly fasten the rôle on the Imperial puppet. With the exception of one instance to be mentioned later he now becomes a name, even as a fountainhead of honours. All honours are centred in the Emperor. They are derived from him, always are derived from him; but in their issuance he is merely the mouthpiece of the Shōgun's government. In the early days there are signs of rebellion against this rôle, but in the rough days of Hōjō and Ashikaga such recalcitrancy is met by removal and substitution of a more pliant instrument. Most of them are very young, and as soon as they reach a reasoning age are removed (abdicate) and are replaced by another child. The sacred character, be it added, is more and more enhanced. The Emperor soon disappears from the scene altogether, and it is said that in Tokugawa times he was rarely seen by anyone except his women, communication with the Court taking place with the intervention of a screen to conceal the majesty of the august Imperial countenance. The history of Japan is no longer the history of its emperors but of the ambitious men who in turn succeeded in grasping its rule. A singularly uninteresting history, for Japan had no international politics, had no development of a great political or economic system. Up to the time of Ota Nobunaga they are admirably instanced by the history of the barons' wars of Stephen's time or the War of the Roses. These have their interest in their influence on England's position toward continental Europe. No such interest attaches to the intestine feuds of Japan.

The divinity therefore which hedged about a king and so much enhanced his power in Europe had just the opposite effect in Japan. It contributed to his personal safety, it took away his personal importance and stripped from him all real power in the State. Having reduced the Emperor to the position of an hereditary Pope without any of the Pope's power, Yoritomo proceeded to consolidate his position. By his "advice," military governors were established in all provinces, side by side with the civil governor appointed from the Court. These aids "to maintain the peace" soon deprived the civil governor of any shadow of power. Their appointment lay in the Shōgunate and was used simply as a basis of the feudal system they built up, and the means through which the various fiefs with their obligations of military service were distributed. This is so exactly similar to that of Europe that details are unnecessary. A great fiefholder subdivided his fief, and so down to the retainer who held property and attended the call of his lord with his half a dozen men at arms called from their farms to fight or fetch and carry. The roughness of the times is well illustrated by the story of Sukenari and Tokimune, two brothers whose father had been killed in one of the petty barons' wars which were an incident of the time. Their father's slayer was in Yoritomo's train and they forced their way even into the prince's hunting lodge. They succeeded in their object and killed their enemy. It seems to have been almost a general attack. The whole palace was aroused, and the two desperate men almost reached Yoritomo's presence. Many attendants were killed in this nocturnal fray, and Yoritomo himself, roused by the alarm, was only restrained with difficulty from taking part in the fray. One brother was killed and the other captured. They have gone down to history as the Soga brothers, and the monument raised in commemoration of their pious act on the Hakone road near Ashinoyu is still an object of veneration. A far more significant mark of the times is the disappearance of woman. In the days of the Kyōto court she has been a prominent feature in literature. Now she sinks back into a breeding machine and disappears entirely from public life. In

fact, the arena of politics and society had no place for a woman. Yoritomo's régime lasted but a short time. He was killed by the fall from a horse, and if it was the noble beast nine feet high, said to have been presented to him, we can understand the seriousness of such an accident. Both his sons were incapable. The first Yoshiye was a debauched young man given to pleasure. He abdicated in favour of his brother and was subsequently despatched by assassins. Sanetomo, as soon as he reached the age of government, was assassinated by Yoshiye's son. The real power, however, had lain since Yoritomo's death in the hands of Hōjō Tokimasa, their uncle. No change was made in the regency but a succession of Shōguns, partly Fujiwara and partly younger members of the Imperial house, succeeded under the power of this able but unscrupulous family.

That the Hōjō ruled with the strong hand is true. That they were the first to treat the Emperor and his Court with the greatest disregard of any of the imperial wishes is also true. But in this they merely led the way, and there is nothing to distinguish their conduct toward the Imperial house from that of their immediate successors in Ashikaga times. The same problem hardly figured for the Tokugawa. In Japan, precedent soon forms a rule, and once accepted, the new position of the Imperial house passed into a formula of government. In Hōjō times this however was not the case, and efforts of the Court to restore the power of the Emperor were met by summary removal and banishment. It was only toward the end of the period, when, with that peculiar substitution or acting through an agent carried to excess in Japanese life, we not only have a Regent of the Shōgun but a Regent of the Regent, that the disorderly feudal barons began again to disturb the peace of the home provinces. It was Hōjō Tokimune, however, who met the great Tartar attempt at invasion in 1280 A. D. The Tartars had been already heard from since 1269 A. D., but their threats were disregarded and the latest embassy was put to death to the last man. This was no treatment for the representatives of the great Kublai Khan, but he certainly made a grievous tactical

error when he sent but a hundred thousand men against the island empire. If the necessity had arisen Tokimune could have matched easily this army man for man. As it was it was not necessary. Storm scattered the enemy's fleet and only thirty thousand of them ever reached Japanese soil. Both Japanese and Chinese accounts well agree as to this point. They were overwhelmed by the Japanse and were put to death with the exception of three who were sent home to tell the tale. The Italian traveller, Marco Polo, gives us the absurd tale current in China as to this invasion. According to this account these men were landed without arms on one of the outlying islands. Meanwhile the storm raged, and the Chinese general to save his fleet weighed anchor and left these unfortunates to get along as best they could. Concealing themselves on the approach of the Japanese flotilla, they waited until the enemy had disembarked and were searching the island for foes. Then these Tartars seized the unguarded ships and sailed away, turning the tables on their foes. The Japanese king, deceived by the banners, admits them to his capital, which they seize and drive out all the natives except the women. After undergoing a siege of half a year, without hope of succour, they compound with the foe and save their lives.

It is the strange and unknown even in these modern days that gives rise to wildest conjectures on which the slightest tinge of fact is magnified into detailed accounts of supposed eye witnesses. Every unknown country has figured in turn as an Eldorado, and Japan is no exception. Although the Khan's letter was couched in terms of complaint against Japan's inhospitable behaviour to the rest of the world, the real reason for his invasion may perhaps be found in the rumours as to the great wealth of the country, rumours which we know now were more than absurd. Marco Polo gives much information current at the time in China concerning the Japanese. Some of it very uncomplimentary, and some of it very marvellous. One phrase is well worth giving. In fact, his whole account as given in Klaproth's comprehensive note is most interesting, but too long for quotation. "The people are fair, fine

looking and of gentle manners. . . . They have gold in greatest abundance, hence it is here found out of measure and the king does not allow it to be carried away; but few merchants come here and rarely the ships of other nations. . . . They say, who have knowledge of this country, that there is a great palace entirely covered with plates of gold, as we cover houses and churches with lead, and all the ceilings of the reception rooms and of many chambers are of little tablets of pure gold very thick and even the windows are ornamented with gold. This palace is so costly that no one could even estimate its value. There are also in the island numberless pearls, which are red, round, and very large, and worth as much as the white, and more. And in this island some are buried when dead, and some are burnt. But of those that are buried, one of these pearls is placed in the mouth, this being their custom. There are also many precious stones." The mineral wealth of Japan to-day cuts anything but a figure in the world's assets and its present deficiencies are by no means due to exhaustion through previous working.

A house divided against itself will fall, and this seems to have had much to do with the decline of the Hōjō. In any case the times were beyond them. An exceptional man was needed to bring this disorderly period under the rule of his strong hand, and perhaps it was necessary that disintegration should advance to such an extent as to make its evils felt before such man would find the materials ripe to his hand. Meanwhile Hōjō influence had so fallen that when for the first time we find an emperor of ripe age on the throne—Go-Daigo who became the Emperor in 1319 A. D. at the age of thirty-one years—we also find the court at Kyōto beginning to raise its head. Once more the Emperor is heard of in public life. He receives petitions, relieves the distressed with his bounty, which unexpected action is the more enhanced by the severe famines which seemed to have become almost periodical. Go-Daigo sought and obtained support from the priests. His first effort in 1331 A. D. was a failure. He was badly beaten, captured, and exiled to the island of Oki. In his place, Hōjō Takatori

substituted the Emperor Go-Murakami. Go-Daigo escaped and the monks rose in his favour. Although these militant friars were beaten they gave the signal for a general uprising. The forces of Nitta Yoshisada and Ashikaga Takauji, acting for the Emperor, drove the Kamakura forces out of Kyōto. In 1333 A. D. Kamakura itself fell before the assault of Nitta's army. A great and populous city, the once capital of the Empire, is now a little fishing village set among picturesque hills by the side of the sea, and adorned with handsome temples and the most beautiful statue of Japanese art. All sadly out of proportion with its present condition. If Go-Daigo had been a very great man or even a moderately great Emperor, the Imperial house might now have recovered its pristine glory. He was neither, and failed to rise to the occasion. Bound by custom he could only think of perpetuating the existing system by the distribution of fiefs among his already too powerful supporters. In the quarrel which ensued between Nitta and Ashikaga he, perhaps justly but inadvisedly, sided with the former. Nitta was defeated; and failing any longer to protect his Emperor, cut off his own head! The Emperor was captured. He escaped, however, and took refuge in Yoshino, now famous for its cherry-blossoms. Ashikaga Takauji promptly declared the throne vacant, set up a new emperor and for some years the two courts existed in close proximity to each other. One change was made by the transfer of the Shōgunate to the Ashikaga. The real centre of the government was again at Kyōto, and the North was again abandoned to its own devices at a time when the unruly barons of that part of the country most needed a strong hand to keep them in order.

The Ashikaga Shōgunate still less than any of its predecessors was likely to produce the man fit for the times. Its history is extremely uninteresting even if instructive. The country was broken up into a number of warring barons. The origin of many of these *daimyo* was in the *gōshi* class. As has been said these men, often farmers and adventurers, made themselves a centre of influence, and by the process of swallowing their neighbours became

the masters of the surrounding territories. They had no connection with the court, whose adherents without influence or resources were in some cases almost destitute. The period of war of course had a great influence on the arts of the country. That they were kept alive is simply due to the inherent artistic taste of the Japanese people. These rough soldiers would turn from hacking off each others' heads to the contemplation of a scroll by one of the later Tosa school (strongly influenced in recent times by Chinese ideals), to the intricacies of the tea ceremony, to the high moral and martial principles of some of the *Nō* or dramatic representations which were the peculiar delight of this military class. This class had not taken that exclusiveness that they did later on. A strong man could yet make his way into it, and brains or skill in the use of his weapons was as yet a highway to fortune. They have strongly ingrained in them all the coarseness that belongs to men who have had to make their way by contact with the gross motives that rule the struggle for supremacy in this world. To the end they retain that coarseness. The whole history of the *samurai* class, which is at this period being evolved from somewhat heterogeneous elements, is that of the man who is not born to the purple; he is the soldier, not the courtier, which perhaps accounts for the incongruities of the warrior immersed in the doctrines of justice and benevolence as laid down in the pages of Confucius and Mencius, and at the same time glowers rapturously at the still gory head of his enemy—fruit of his recent vengeance.

This alternation of savage passion and study of the sages typifies the life of the period. The Ashikaga Shōguns were none of them great men; but they were great encouragers of the arts of the time, and the graver's tool and the manufacture of china and pottery became of importance under their rule. It was Yoshimitsu who built the Golden Pavilion at Kyōto. It was Yoshimasa who built the Silver Pavilion and gave the greatest encouragement to all the fine arts and æsthetics of his day. Of the people themselves it is probable that they suffered horribly. Famines and pestilence were common in the land. A village or hamlet that afforded

refuge to an enemy was burnt to the ground as punishment by the victor, although the helpless peasant was involved in no fault. However, they had not yet become beasts of burden. In fact, the general disorder of the times, the loosening of the bonds of authority, had probably much ameliorated the condition of those of the lower classes sprung from the old time serfs. When a man's strong arm was of value his individuality counted for much, and the peasant was not confined within the iron circle of his caste. It would be interesting to know the effect that these constant wars had on the ratio between men and women in Japan. Much of that influence would be offset by the practice of concubinage which has always been a feature of Japanese civilization. Woman's position is decidedly lower than under the old régime, and perhaps this is not entirely to be attributed to the growing influence of the Chinese classics, a particular object of study and admiration to the warrior class through its elevation of the dogma of loyalty. Not that other means of keeping down the surplus were not adopted, for both child murder and abortion were expedients by no means uncommon. That in these chivalric days—the days of Bushidō—but little consideration was shown to the weakness of sex is perhaps not badly instanced by a contemporary account * given by an old lady of her experiences when a young girl during the uncertain times following Hideyoshi's death in 1598. They were besieged in a castle belonging to their master, and in preference to being present at the taking of the castle and being subjected to the brutality of the rude soldiery, the women made their escape under conditions of peculiar hardship. It is to be doubted if either the honour or the weakness of woman received any more consideration in those flourishing times than it did from the adventurers found in "our armies in Flanders" when a town was taken by assault.

At the middle of the sixteenth century disintegration had reached its extreme limit. A central government could be said to be non-existent in fact. In theory, however, its shadow was

*Translated by Professor B. H. Chamberlain. Trans. Asiatic Soc. Japan, vol. vii. pt. 2.

always before men's eyes, and the man had come who conceived the idea, not of simply snatching a few square miles of territory from his neighbours but of restoring the actuality of the central government—with himself of course as the head. Ota Nobunaga started his career on very limited means. He was master of a small fief in the province of Owari. This he gradually enlarged in the usual manner until he was master of the whole province. A long, lanky, slab-sided, loose-jointed man, he was a born soldier, and as enthusiastic over his men as Frederick the Great. That he was a man of no mean political ability was shown in his ambitious ideal and the skill with which he selected his agents to carry it out. At his right hand moreover was a man who had all of Frederick's ability, political as well as martial. A peasant's son named Tōkichirō, afterwards known as Toyotomi Hideyoshi. A pretext for further extension was found in the march on Kyōto of Imagawa, lord of the provinces of Suruga, Tōtōmi, and Mikawa. Nobunaga was ridiculously overmatched, but soldiership won the day and Imawaga's host was utterly broken. Iyeyasu, an inferior *daimyō*, made terms with Nobunaga and the alliance between them was from this time never broken. Iyeyasu had Nobunaga's support in the North and protected Nobunaga's rear, no light task against any attacks from the powerful barons of the North, especially Takeda Shingen, of Kai, Uyesugi Kenshin in the Northwest, and Hōjō Ujiyasu in the Kwantō. The assassination of the Shōgun Yoshiteru by one of his retainers, and the exclusion of his brother Yoshiaki, gave Nobunaga the opportunity to widen his field. He embraced Yoshiaki's cause, marched on Kyōto, scattered the conspirators, and ruled in Yoshiaki's name as Vice-Shōgun. The period was one of continual warfare. He first turned his attention to the country immediately to the north of Kyōto and crushed resistance there. The monks who had made common cause with his enemies were the next point of attack, and Hiesisan was practically wiped out in fire and blood in 1571. In 1573 Yoshiaki tried to rebel against his subjection. Nobunaga deposed him and henceforth ruled alone. His next move was against the powerful Mori family

who were masters of practically all western Japan. Hideyoshi at the head of a large army was sent against the province. Everywhere successful he sat himself down before Takamatsu, a castle on the Inland Sea in the province of Harima. To complete his difficult task without the aid of Nobunaga would have been dangerous, and on the point of victory Hideyoshi sent for him. Nobunaga left his fine castle of Azuchi on Lake Biwa, built on European models, and sending his army ahead stopped for a short time at Kyōto. In a moment of horseplay he had grievously offended one of his retainers, Akechi Mitsuhide. This man, with his supporters, left the army on its march, hastened back to Kyōto and attacked the temple in which Nobunaga was lodged. Seeing no means of escape, Nobunaga set fire to the building and committed *hara-kiri.* In some respects he was an immense loss to Japan. A man of the noble class he commanded the respect of his rank. If he could have lived for some years, with the assistance of Hideyoshi as his minister, it is possible that the succession of a line of Shōguns trained under that able and liberal hand might have written the history of Japan in succeeding ages very differently from what was written.

The news of Akechi's act soon reached Hideyoshi. Coming to terms with Terumoto, lord of Takamatsu, he started for Kyōto to punish the assassins. He soon collected a large army, caught Akechi at a place called Yodo near Kyōto, and utterly defeated him. Akechi escaped, but wandering in the mountains was killed by the peasantry and his head brought to Kyōto. Hideyoshi assumed the regency for Nobunaga's grandson. There were, however, two sons by concubines. These found adherents and there was much severe fighting before Hideyoshi settled himself firmly in the seat of government. He adopted the policy of Henry V of England. Knowing the warlike restless habits contracted by centuries of warfare he directed this restless element on to Korea, and the bones of thousands left bleaching across the sea materially lightened the task of his successor. Hideyoshi's career has been drawn by many writers, and they are practically agreed that he, son of a peasant,

was the greatest man that has ever ruled Japan. In like manner the greatest king that ever sat on the English throne subsequent to the days of the fifth Henry was a commoner—Oliver Cromwell; and the greatest man that ever occupied the throne of France was a bourgeois—Napoleon Bonaparte.

In his latter days Hideyoshi had but little internal strife to contend with. The last recalcitrant was Hōjō Ujimasu, and with his fall the whole Kwantō came into the hands of the central government. Hideyoshi turned it over to Tokugawa Iyeyasu with instruction to move the capital from Odawara to the fishing village of Yedo at the head of Yedo Bay. He died in 1598 without full knowledge of the failure of his plans as to Korea, although it can be said that he mistrusted the ability or the pertinacity of his successors in carrying them out. His last instructions were to bring these troops back to Japan. The guardianship of his young son was left to a council of which Iyeyasu was the head. This soon split, nominally at least over the more or less good intentions of Iyeyasu as to the regency. With a vastly inferior army Iyeyasu met the enemy at a place on the Nakasendō called Seki-ga-hara. Fortune wavered for a time, but with the aid of a little treachery settled on the Tokugawa. From that time, 1600, the government of Japan rested in the hands of one family, up to the restoration of the Imperial house in 1867. For fifteen years Iyeyasu was busy in consolidating his interests which were mainly threatened by Hideyoshi's son and his partisans, but the capture of Ōsaka castle and the death of Hideyori in 1615 put an end to the last pretensions of any but the Tokugawa as to the government of the Island Empire.

Based on precedent the whole of Iyeyasu's system was directed to maintaining the "*status quo*" and the supremacy of the Tokugawa family. Any form of innovation was a source of danger. His idea was to take present customs, well understood of the people, and making an iron frame thereof to pour society into it and allow it to stiffen as in a mould. With this rigid unvarying formula, errors and weaknesses inherent in individual rulers would be reduced to a minimum. That he did his work well is shown by the

test of time, which for two hundred and fifty years maintained the working of the machine in an unbroken period of peace. That he was not only a great legist but a statesman is shown by his evolving such harmony out of the chaos of interests preceding his time. That he had a true genius of perception of the principles lying at the bottom of Japanese institutions is shown by the skill in which these heterogeneous principles were moulded into one organic whole. He found the thread running through them all—loyalty. That Hideyoshi was head and shoulders over him is also equally clear. Iyeyasu's system is purely selfish. Paramount to everything is the Tokugawa family. For that he devised the scheme of exclusion of all contact with foreign nations. It is safe to say no such idea would ever have entered Hideyoshi's brain. He had far more reliance on himself and on the Japanese people. In place of excluding the Spaniard he would have met him sword in hand on the soil of the Philippines rather than on that of Japan. Every action of Hideyoshi showed that he was for a national Japan. The aggrandizement of the individual was to be based on the aggrandizement of the nation. A succession imbued with the ideas of Hideyoshi, not cramped by petty personal aims, would have made the history of Asia very different reading from what it is to-day. This seventeenth century was a critical period in the world's history.

Iyeyasu's system, however for what he designed it, was very perfect. The great *daimyō,* Satsuma, Chōshū, Tosa, were little disturbed in their internal government, but the Tokugawa fiefs were scattered all over Japan. These subordinate Tokugawa *daimyō* were not strong enough to be dangerous and yet were a thorn in the side of their great neighbours and a constant spy on their actions. The same balance was kept in the vast fief, the personal property of the Tokugawa family. A very strict eye was kept over these more personal adherents. They were freely rewarded or punished for good government or misgovernment by translation to other fiefs better or worse as their conduct called for. They were held to strict account in Yedo for the conduct of their

fiefs. On the whole the supervision from headquarters was vigilant, and the people suffered less from arbitrary exactions under the Tokugawa than they did under the larger independent *daimiates,* where they were more subject to the caprices and necessities of a man who was purposely driven to great expenses by his jealous overlord in Yedo. Theoretically, the peasant was amerced in the Tokugawa fiefs four-tenths of the produce of his farm, although this was often raised by forced loans to the lord from the farmers. In the independent *daimiates* these figures in some cases rose to eight-tenths of the product. In addition, however, especially within a certain radius of the great post roads along which the *daimyō* travelled on their compulsory journeys to Yedo, the exactions of forced labour of men and horses were most severe. At times hundreds and even thousands of men were called on to supply transport for the great trains of these nobles. As we have said Iyeyasu's system was conservative. For this purpose local customs were touched as little as possible. On the contrary, every effort was made to crystallize them and make them still more binding by incorporating them into the code. One great source of disorder in the State had been the virile but disorderly men, who taking advantage of the times, had forced themselves to the front, and to whom changes of the times were their opportunity. This element was carefully eliminated by the formation of a caste system. The warrior class was now carefully limited in its membership. Degradation was possible. Elevation was almost impossible. Peasants, artisans, merchants were carefully limited to their own classes. Their rights and especially their duties were carefully defined. The personal equation was almost eliminated, and abstract justice had as little application to a case arising under the code as ever arose under the old Roman law of the Twelve Tables.

What strikes the observer of old Japanese systems is not underorganization but overorganization. The Tokugawa did not originate this, but simply codified it. The most striking feature is the thoroughness with which the people are set to watch each

other. The *go-nin-kumi,* or five family system, is lost in shades of antiquity. A village, for instance, was made up of these little five-house units, the members of which might be and probably were widely separated in the social scale, the system being based on contiguity alone, and were responsible for the acts of each other. One member was chosen as the local representative, these heads of *kumi* selected members for the council, and this council had its head or Mayor, often hereditary, sometimes elected, and a survival it is considered of the former bailiff of the lord's fief. The lord himself was represented by an overseer (*daikwan*) who had charge of several villages, and appeal could be made to him if disputes arose which could not be settled by the villagers themselves. Usually they reached no farther as the overseer was supposed to consult the head authorities. However, under certain conditions in the Tokugawa fiefs cases could reach Yedo itself. This seems a very efficient system with a broad basis of appeal. Let us see how it worked. The last thing intended was that the authority of the lord should be sapped by indiscriminate appeal to Yedo. The peasants in the case of gross injustice could so appeal; with the certainty of punishment more or less severe if they did so. Disputes in first instance were to be settled by arbitration. If between members of a *kumi* by the head of the *kumi;* if between the members of a village community, by the council; if between neighbouring villages, it might reach the *daikwan.* In some cases even this source of justice was polluted or too busy in enforcing the harsh exactions of the lord. In such cases the peasants assembled, marched to Yedo, and besieged the gate of their lord's *yashiki* or town residence until their petition was received. An appeal to the Shōgun's Council was even possible, although it meant certain stripes and imprisonment. Such an act as that of Sakura Sogōrō—thrusting a petition into the Shōgun's litter—meant death under the cruelest torture. In this case his whole innocent family were crucified with him. Fair as the law reads, I think we can say under these circumstances that the right of petition was somewhat limited.

That much misery was caused by extravagance of the lord and

oppression of the peasantry, to pay for the extensive competition set up in Yedo and fostered by the Tokugawa with the specific purpose of keeping the *daimyō* poor, is patient enough from the accounts that have come down to us from those still recent times. That however an effort was made to administer justice between man and man by painstaking officials is also just as patent. The fault lay not with them but with the inhumanity of the system they had to administer. Some of them exercise all their powers of casuistry to soften the harsh code. I will give one instance cited by Arai Hakuseki in his autobiography. He was acting as official of the Shōgun in 1711, and the following case was referred to him for an opinion. It is typical of the law and its general application which is based on duty and filial conduct. A woman whose husband was missing found a body floating face downward near the bank of the river. On appeal, her father and brother refused to turn the body so that she could see the face. She then appealed to the headman of the village, who turned the body which was that of her husband. Circumstances led to the arrest of the father and brother. They confessed the crime and were executed. The woman was imprisoned and sentenced to be sold as a slave, on the ground that she was guilty of unfilial conduct in informing against her father. Hakuseki stood alone in his opinion that the woman should be released. He exercises a great deal of casuistry to show that such a judgment would involve treason to a lord in favour of a father, and took the more specious ground that the woman could not have been guilty of unfilial conduct as she did not know at the time that it was her husband's body, and that the father was the murderer. A harsh code, a harsh interpretation, but at least one earnest kindly mind at work to modify its harshness. The woman was released and became a nun.

The practice of arbitration of their differences among themselves was therefore not only encouraged by the Government, but was impressed on the lower classes by the harsh if just treatment they received if they dared to trouble their superiors with their difficulties. Hence at a very early period we find the trades settling

all their difficulties in this manner, and with the seventeenth century what can properly be described as guilds governed the whole mercantile community. We have no idea in these days of unrestricted movement how terrible could be the tyranny of these organizations. He who did not submit to the decision of his guild became even worse than an outcast, for even the outcasts had their organization. He was an outlaw. One in law as well as in fact if he left his native place to seek support elsewhere, for no man could move without a passport. To spend the night outside his own house required the production of the proper papers certifying to the legitimacy of his mission. No wonder that under such a crushing tyranny the individual became an automaton merely to register, mentally and physically, the will of the men in whose hands lay his livelihood. The leaders of the guild were chosen, it is fair to say, not only for wealth but for ability, but in those uncertain times the two were almost synonymous. So strong has been the impression created by this early training that it has practically full sweep today. This paramount importance of the guild had its good points. An offence against the avowed rules of the guild, which of necessity must be based on fair play between the members, enforced in their dealings *inter se* perhaps as much integrity as would be found in any other local mercantile community system. That it, however, nourished any such ideals as are found in our western commercial systems was not the case. It was an integrity simply confined not to general principles but to the membership of the guild. The guild's rules furnished no ground for fair play in dealing with the stranger outside the guild. That in their limited scope the system worked well is shown by the great extension given to a credit system. But few transactions were carried on in cash. Ōsaka was the great wholesale port and shipped to Yedo, the great consumers' mart, tons of produce which was carried by a line of junks in almost constant movement between the two points. Yedo shipped great quantities of grain from the Kwantō southward. Districts on the Sea of Japan once or twice in the year sent their little fleet with the accumulated produce of the district to

Ōsaka as the centre of distribution. Banks and exchange offices flourished and all kinds of commercial paper were freely circulated. When time came for settlement Ōsaka or Yedo struck the balance and the gold was shipped from one to the other according to the debit side of the ledger. There was a very large trade carried on, and the men who conducted it were naturally men of no mean ability. Apart from any encouragement of the Government to settle differences out of court we can understand, although Mr. Wigmore seems to think the influence overrated, the reluctance of these men to enter those sacred precincts, where at the entrance they were required to prostrate themselves on their bellies face to the ground, and so humbly drag themselves into the judgment chamber.

The Tokuwaga Shōgunate was a government built therefore on force. As we would say in these modern times, it rested on bayonets. Let us turn for a moment to the military caste to which Iyeyasu gave much attention as the important prop of his house. The *samurai* class have no exact counterpart in European life. In Europe it was the Nobility and the Commons. The intervening class, the Bourgeois, were connected with the latter and most distinctly were not men of the sword. Europe reversed the order of its Commons and placed the man of brains above the tiller of the soil; a sequence by the way that had tremendous political results. The European *Noblesse* corresponded closely with what in Japan was known as the *kuge* class of great families attached to the court of the Emperor. No matter how wide the range between them, from a peer of France to a cadet son of an impoverished country gentleman who had nothing but his sword for patrimony, they all belonged to the same caste. This was by no means the history of the Japanese *samurai*. It did include a large number of men of noble family, but its real basis was laid during the adventurous times which ushered in the Minamoto Shōgunate near the end of the twelfth century. For nearly four hundred years it is in gradual formation as a class but its elements are anything but stable. It is a distinctly warrior class. Its connection is with the Daimyō and the Shōgun in sharp contradistinction to the *kuge* grouped around

the Emperor. Perhaps in European life the nearest counterpart to them are the free companies which in the fourteenth century begin to make their appearance in Italy, and to the vigour of whose arm and the disorders of the times more than one petty prince owed his principality or duchy, and who rewarded his followers according to the plunder he obtained by the aid of these Pretorians. This class of men Iyeyasu took and formed into a caste whose rules were made most severe as their privileges were enlarged. To prevent warfare from degenerating into savagery some form of code must exist to govern the relations between the men engaged in it. Iyeyasu devised nothing new. He simply classified the existing rules which were based on a study of the Chinese classics, whose severely simple and rational form were especially attractive to a class of men who by profession would naturally be little given to speculation. Where the adjustment of private differences must be left largely to the action of the individual, as even to this day is to some degree permitted in the West, it can be seen that if principles of justice and right conduct are to rule, and to prevent a degeneration to the right of the strongest, it is necessary to inculcate a code which is governed simply by "*esprit de corps.*" Not the punishment of the law is to visit offenders against this code but loss of honour, degradation from the caste, to which is to be preferred death. Such a code will command a respect that no written law can command. Aided by the fact that those to whom it appeals are men under an iron military discipline, where unity of thought and purpose is enforced from highest to lowest, it can be seen that each one will keep a jealous eye on its infractions. In Japan this code was given the name of *Bushidō*.

The code has had its eloquent expounders. Courage, tenderness for weakness and misfortune, courtesy, unswerving truth, a keen sense of personal honour, self-control in the moment of victory as in the moment of defeat. All these had their place in *Bushidō*. Its philosophy was of a high quality. Its whole tone was duty not pleasure. To face the trials and combats of this world, not to shirk them by retirement. Its requirement was not

to temporize or circumvent a difficulty but boldly to face and overcome it. Life was a secondary consideration entirely, the accomplishment of the knightly task was the first, the only consideration. No one can cavil at the precepts of *Bushidō*. Where it falls to the ground, the fatal weakness in its structure to western minds, lies in its ideal. *Bushidō* does not fail to take some great moral precept as its foundation. It rests on Loyalty. But loyalty to what? To one's lord. To his chief the *samurai* is to be loyal to the death, and only survive him in order to avenge him. In other words, the centre of this grand system is made the petty actions and gross motives of a man whose interests, material and political, may lead to fishing in very doubtful waters. There is no compromise here. The faithful *samurai* can remonstrate if he disapproves of his lord's course. He can commit suicide if he is forced to condone what he does not approve. But there is no alternative between suicide and giving active support to his master when called on. With this in mind we can understand the strange incongruities of noblest actions and basest crimes performed in the name of *Bushidō*.

Contrast for a moment the knightly code of Europe with the code of *Bushidō*. There is not a single attribute of that code that is not found in the western code of knightly honour and duty. Courage, benevolence, relief of the poor and distressed, courtesy, truth, honour, loyalty, were all a *sine qua non* to the European knight; but in his ideal there lay a vast difference. His war cry was " For God and the King " and he never reversed the order, and the good knight never confounded them. It is only fair to say that in this he found a valuable supporter in the Church, which no matter how it acted in politics and practice always in theory presented a very high standard to its followers. Unlike the Church in the East—Buddhism—it preached practical religion, not dreamy renunciation. Hence the militant idea of the Church, justice and mercy between men, ruled over and above the rights of kings and princes, and in the end the Church stood as arbitrator of questions of moral right and wrong. The result was a class of men who were absolutely inconceivable under the Japanese code of *Bushidō*.

The knight-errant, passing from place to place, setting up his shield with invitation to those who had woes and wrongs to be redressed to appeal to his right arm and the Judgment of God. I am not now speaking of the practice of knight-errantry. That it must fall widely short of its ideal was a foregone conclusion. But we cannot help feeling a tenderness for it as we listen to its exposition from the mouth of its last representative. Don Quixote has already laid the basis of the system in the Golden Age, but it is at the table of the Duchess that he expounded the principles and practice of knight-errantry, and we can well leave its defence to his lips. If it were not for his irregular unbridled temperament it could be said that in the Japanese *samurai* in action we find more of Cyrano de Bergerac than any other European type. Bayard the Knight, *sans peur et sans reproche,* faithful to his king heavenly and earthly, finds no place in the theory of *Bushidō.*

Much stress is laid on this element of loyalty to prince in Japanese *Bushidō,* as if it were an exceptional quality or exceptionally developed in Japanese life. To me it seems as if it was due more to narrowness of range than loftiness of ideal. Treason is an extremely rare occurrence in western annals. There is but one instance in American history—Benedict Arnold; for the actions and schemes of Aaron Burr were more those of an adventurer than of a man meditating wrong to his country. And when we take into consideration the history of the times and the divided allegiance possible under the conditions, the constancy of men and leaders is surprising. Once their stand is taken they stood by the cause through good and evil fortune. In European history we look almost in vain for the man for revenge or profit to betray his country. Count Julian's name stands practically alone in Spanish annals. There was a wide field for such operations in European politics. A man had frequent opportunities to turn his political coat, and, on the debatable ground where a man hardly knew what nationality was, often did so to save his skin if not his property; but men clung closely to the political fortunes of their leaders, and conquest by the rising States of Europe soon settled boundary lines,

and wars became national not personal. There is one feature of *Bushidō* that necessarily attracts attention. The almost savage indifference to life as exemplified in the numerous—one could say trifling—occasions from which suicide was the only exit. It seems almost impossible that men should have been able to live under a system which practically forbade one to take thought of the morrow. And yet they did so, and men do so to-day. Men in Europe go about their business and their pleasures, although the intrigues of unscrupulous ambitious men may in twenty-four hours call the lawyer from his office, the clerk from his desk, and the mechanic from his bench, to undertake the uncongenial task of cutting the throat of his vis-a-vis across the international boundary. Men dance and work and amuse themselves on the top of a mine of dynamite, which a spark may explode and make the whole of Europe a battle-ground such as has not been witnessed for fifteen hundred years.

Beauty of thought is no test of civilization. Some of the most beautiful thoughts are to be attributed to the savage tribes of the North American Indian. Let us turn for a moment to the practice of *Bushidō*. That the system is fair to look upon we will grant. That it was any better than the system that was and is in force in the West we will deny. And that in the day of its glory the application was any more vigorous East than West we will also deny. Fortunately we cannot blame *Bushidō* for the development of Japanese history any more than we can blame Chivalry for the many questionable acts done in its day. In both cases history is made up in the early days of many acts of violence, alliances and intrigues due to most questionable motives, and a disregard for the rights of the weak and oppressed, that were the very reverse of the principles inculcated by both codes. In Japan as in Europe Front de Bœuf was the usual character, not Ivanhoe. Many noble characters display themselves in the barons' wars of Japan, but violence, intrigue, treachery, assassination, was not only the common weapon among political rivals, but often found its way into a man's household. Enough has been said as to the actual condition of the theoretical heads of the State—Emperor and Shōgun—to

show that loyalty to them is very theoretical indeed. For a time as Iyeyasu tightened the hold of the Government over these men the interpretation of the code was left to a class better qualified to direct its application. As, however, the hand of the Government weakened its lack of real moral bases made itself felt, and the code of the *Samurai* as expounded by the lower members of that class during the middle of the nineteenth century was anything but edifying. What are we to think of a code which justifies murderous attacks on unarmed foreigners and in one case on a woman? The plea is entered that it was to punish violation of the custom of the country. So much the worse for a country to be guided by such a code. If these attacks, if the numerous political assassinations, had been made by roughs or by the dregs of the populace, we could understand them as due to weakness of the Government and inability to keep order in the community. The Government was weak, and the very men who took advantage of such weakness to engage in these cowardly attacks were men who swaggered about "the honour of a *Samurai*." The knight in Europe met his foe face to face, weapon in hand. Japanese history is too much a series of lying in ambush, hiding under bridges, taking every opportunity to rush upon the enemy by surprise and cut him down before he had opportunity to resist. *Bushidō* so much heard of at present is a regeneration more in the nature of the regeneration of *Shintō*. Not the actual continuance of an always existing spirit of the nation, but the revivification of a long lost unity of patriotism dulled for ages by the existence of the feudal system. And such a *Bushidō* is worth a thousand times the old loyalty to a petty chief, this transference to the nation itself through the symbol of the head of the State and Emperor. But the unbroken sequence seems to me to be historically false in the one case as in the other, more so in that of *Bushidō* than in that of *Shintō*.

There is one other point worth going into in this connection, for it is sometimes brought up against our modern western civilization. How far is it based not on high moral principle but on the maxim that "honesty is the best policy?" That altruism is a

keynote of the West it is hardly necessary to take the trouble to prove, as the history of philanthropy is a standing monument to it. But more than that, a very wide spirit of trust has prevailed through the community the very extent of which has been marked and proved by the efforts to punish breaches of such confidence in the public uprightness. Turning to the pages of a great English writer, Sir Henry Maine says, "but the very character of these frauds shows closely that, before they became possible the moral obligations of which they are the breach must have been more proportionately developed. It is the confidence reposed and deserved by the many which affords facilities for the bad faith of the few, so that, if colossal examples of dishonesty occur, there is no surer conclusion than that scrupulous honesty is displayed in the average of transactions which, in the particular case, have supplied the delinquent with his opportunity." Legal honesty among the western commercial classes cuts a very small figure in the total. The general spirit of fairness in the community is a far more important item. You can base this ultimately on utilitarianism if you wish, but it can be pointed out that you can also reduce any system of morals—even that of Confucius or Mencius, or *Bushidō* itself—to the same basis of Mill's philosophy. And advocates of the said systems of morals can equally say, one to another: "Do you bite your thumb at me, sir?"

The comprehensive mind of Iyeyasu laid down the broad outlines of the system. Iyemitsu devoted himself to filling in the chinks and crannies through which might filter influences deleterious to the family interest. Not only were foreigners excluded from Japan, but the Japanese on penalty of death were forbidden to leave Japan, and all vessels were cut down to a size only fit for the coasting trade. Ocean traffic ceased. Wrapped up in their isolation the Japanese developed a wonderfully complete civilization. During this peace of two hundred and fifty years their art reached a minuteness of detail, and a skill and certainty in execution of that detail, that is marvellous. Philosophy and letters, together with a refined but almost grotesque etiquette, filled the time of their upper

classes. What their literature seems to have lacked was breadth of view. Turned in to literally feed on itself, forbidden to engage in new fields, the virility of able minds turned itself to form. With the pomp and finish of an elaborate etiquette carried into the minutest details of life there was mingled luxury and extravagance. Men who wasted their substance in maintaining great households and rivalry in display were little to be feared, and the Shōgunate deliberately enforced a style of living beyond the means of those who might be feared as possible rivals. Only on the lower classes was sobriety and frugality enforced. The great nobles were expected to uphold their rank with small regard to their revenues. These were the days of the magnificent embroidered and brocaded robes of which the traveller sees so many specimens, some genuine and many manufactured for to-day's demands. The luxury of living reached into every crevice of the national life. It was the age of decadence, and sometimes developed into questionable paths better described in the pages of Juvenal and Suetonius than in a book of to-day. It was very picturesque these trains of *daimyō* and their retainers, the minutiæ of their tea ceremony and of their incense parties, their careful study of the æsthetics of flowers or of a garden, their absorption before some masterpiece created by comparatively few strokes on the shining silk. No wonder artists mourn over its downfall, but any civilization thus turned in on itself was bound to decay. Nations, as people, must have the sins and shortcomings of others held up before their eyes to realize their own. Shut up within themselves, as was the case with Rome and with the old *régime* of France, their system had become ripe and had to be either regenerated or amputated. We cannot of course compare the brilliant court of the Grand Monarque with the much narrower development of an aristocracy as found in Japan. The broad life and interests, the gay and malicious wit of the *Salons* seeking food for its intellect no matter at what cost to the future, the generous philosophy with mankind for its object, finds no prototype in Japan; but the old *régime* in France was too much ahead of its contemporaries. It too was turned in on itself to feed on its

own vices until, by a species of self-poisoning well understood in medical science, came first enervation and finally destruction.

All this luxury at the court of the Tokugawa had of course to be paid for and there remained but one source from which to raise the revenue—the people. If gayety and extravagant living was the rule in Yedo we hear of riots and agrarian uprisings in town and country. Professor Droppers tells us that within one hundred and fifty years there were twenty-two famines, of which eleven were very destructive. We will take some details from his translation and that of Mr. Gollier of the report made by Rakuo, Minister of Finance under the Shōgun Iyenari. It refers to the great famine of 1783. "The famine made itself felt especially in the North. A witness worthy of faith reports to me that of five hundred houses of a village thirty only had means of subsistence. The inhabitants of the rest had perished." They not only eat cats and dogs, "all eat the dead, but, as the bodies of the dead became rotten, many killed the dying, to pot the flesh in order to preserve it longer." . . . "A farmer went to his neighbour and said, 'My wife and one of my sons have already died from want of food. My remaining son is certain to die within a few days, so I wish to kill him while his flesh is still eatable, but being his father, I do not dare to raise the sword against him, so I beg you to kill the boy for me.' The neighbour agreed to do this, but stipulated that he should get a part of the flesh as reward for his service. This was agreed to and the neighbour killed the boy. As soon as the deed was done, the farmer, who stood by, struck his neighbour with a sword and killed him, saying that he 'was very glad to avenge his son and at the same time have double the quantity of food.'" . . . "The cities are to-day full of incendiaries and malefactors, for the greater part from the provinces, that misery has driven from their villages. If the provinces were not oppressed, if they preserved the old family relations, the peasants would not come into the towns but for exceptional reasons; when they did not find work, they would hasten to return to their homes. But the provinces are in distress; all rush to the towns. Driven by an

extravagant mode of luxury, the princes, the functionaries, the rich, put liveries on all these people. Their antechambers are filled with a crowd of servitors who do nothing but drink and play. The best of these lackeys are content to get drunk and to allow the house to take fire; the others steal and set fire to it to conceal their misdeeds. The true cause of these crimes is to be sought in the carelessness of the masters and their insensate luxury." These are not words from the pages of La Bruyere or of Arthur Young describing the France of pre-revolutionary days. They are describing the great famine of Temmei and the land of Japan in the heyday of the Tokugawa Shōgunate. Those "happy days" of old Japan so lamented by artists.

After all it is the republican leaven lying at the bottom of all of us in the West that has been the salvation of the people. It is our heritage from Ancient Rome and our Germanic forbears without taint of subjection to anything but the pressure of Mother Nature herself. It is this spirit at the bottom that has enabled the people to carry on their long and persistent struggle against environment. Such a struggle is never a matter of an *émeute*. The short and sharp shock that sometimes takes place at the end is really the culmination of centuries of silent effort in which the people have never lost sight of their rights. The fight over institutions in the Italian cities lasted for centuries before the Communes were triumphant. They flowered too early and the conditions of the age were not such as to permit their continuance, but the length of the struggle and the former glory of the people remained stamped on their minds. The precedent of the past was always before their eyes to guide and to justify future efforts. And they owed much to the men sprung from their own loins. Men who appealed directly to the minds of the people. When Cervantes directed his kindly ridicule against the past he not only swept the ground from under the old conditions but he brought into disrepute its living descendants. "Don Quixote" was a firebrand. It was quickly translated into French and English. Italy and Germany were closely connected with Spain. The influence of the

book was simply immense, for how could men appeal to the common sense of an age so unmercifully laughed out of existence. To tell the truth it was nothing but our ancestor worship that saved it, and of this Cervantes left nothing but the shell. We have had to get a long way off from that age, and it was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that we again dared to rear a pedestal to mediævalism and the Age of Chivalry. The writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries devote themselves almost entirely to picturing the life of their own times. And very glad are we that they have done so. Japan, unfortunately for her, had no Cervantes to point the finger of derisive praise at the unwieldy figure of her *Samurai,* their exaggerated etiquette, their questionable motives, their lack of connection with reality, the incongruity of their position in such times of absolute peace; in plain terms, no one to show how artificial and unnatural was the whole existing system. Japanese writers seem to think that in 1853 affairs were approaching a climax even in Japan. Whether a truly popular revolution was possible at that date is perhaps a matter of doubt, but that the system hurt and hurt outrageously of that there is no doubt. We cannot close this lengthy chapter better than by repeating the quotation we have placed at the head of it; "and then, believe me, pain is a great regenerator of man; and in certain cases is a comforting indication of moral vitality, for where there is not pain, there is gangrene."

V

THROUGH KŌTSUKE

" Per la sua bocca non parlerebbe il furor d'un dio presente nel tripodo ma sì bene il genio delle stirpi custode funereo d'innumerevoli destini già compiuti."

—*Romanzi del Giglio.*

We have been having a little domestic comedy to add to the gaiety of the nations assembled at one of the tutelary shrines more particularly devoted to the needs of foreigners at Nikkō. An American mother of overpowering proportions and authority, evidently much impressed by the attractions of Japanese girls and much alarmed for the virtue of her two sons—aged eighteen or twenty or thereabouts—marched on Nikkō. Well did she keep her eyes (in daytime) on those boys. When the army marched she was the rearguard and all defiled in front of her. The boys did not care to look at *Nēsan* who regarded the operations of *Madame* with wonder, not understanding her manœuvring, and seeing " men " treated like children. All this in daytime. Alas! as the shades of night fell and dinner was a thing of the past, as the evening progressed evening dress disappeared, and two youthful but manly figures disguised in flannels disappeared around the corner of the hotel—villageward. Mother sent the boys to bed in due season, but I fear they lost their way. At all events they managed to scrape up a very tolerable acquaintance with half the *geisha* in the place. The boys were really good company and took their mother's hectoring in good part, and without observance beyond the bounds of good sense.

Now this good lady doubtless had heard or read some traveller's tales which are better put down as springing from misconception rather than exaggeration. That is, they have described the facts that came under their observation without taking the trouble

to go much into their real relation to the public life. The Japanese themselves are partly to blame for the wholesale idea foreigners get as to the virtue of Japanese women. There is no doubt about it that women do not hold the position in men's minds that they do in the West. At bottom, no matter how much respect and affection a man may have for his womenkind, his ground work is the idea of woman as a breeding machine. The western idea of woman as man's companion never occurs to him, except as subsidiary to the first basic principle on which to him rests the relations of the sexes. Hence up to the establishment of the new Civil Code concubinage had a regular standing, and while not recognized by that Code it has a practical standing to-day. Now to this lowered ideal of woman is to be added the fact that in daily life less mystery is thrown about her person. Climate and life in the Japanese home do not conduce to that ultra-development of privacy so conspicuous a feature in western home life. Not that the Japanese woman is a whit less pure and modest thereby than her western sisters; but there is a difference of standard in reference to acts of necessity, particularly in conversation, and to which freedom of reference being accustomed from childhood she sees no offence in its due place. Again, the Japanese marries very early in life, and marriage to him is by no means the formality it is in the West. He is not restricted in his relations to other women as in the West, where the contract is supposed to imply chastity on the part of both man and woman in their future married life. This is only implied on the woman's part and lapses from it among Japanese married women are rare. Also, the Japanese have carried on from their ancient system the custom of licensing public women. This system, while akin to certain systems in force in Europe for the regulation of vice only, carries the resemblance on the surface. Where women were so severely guarded and had no public rights or means of support outside the family, it is not hard to see that she could not be held responsible for lapses from virtue of which there was but little opportunity. Lapses of virtue in the wife, who was the only woman with any degree of freedom, were punishable

with death, and the husband could take the law in his own hands. The girls, therefore, that filled—and fill—the brothels of the *Yoshiwara* and the pleasure quarters of the large towns were not women who had made a "mistake," or women of depraved moral character, but mainly were women whose means of support had failed them or their families, and whose only resource was to sell themselves to a life of shame. It takes courage to take the only other remedy left to them—suicide—but many did, and do to-day, take that course in preference. Where the relief of necessitous parents is concerned such course would not be open, for the first duty is to their parents, no matter at what cost, and many a romance has been woven around the *Yoshiwara* in this connection. Unfortunately the excuse of such necessity is often to keep some miserable old man in his daily allowance of "rum." The consent of the girl is supposed to be obtained before they enter on such a life, but they are sold as a rule very young, at sixteen or seventeen, and the value of the implied consent in such cases does not amount to much. Advantage is often taken of the Imperial Order allowing them to abandon all such contracts at pleasure, but the Courts have thrown safeguards around the brothel-keeper, holding the girl still liable for the money loaned. As she has no other means of paying, and the brothel-keeper can come down on her parents, the result can be imagined. There is also a police regulation that the brothel-keeper must sign the release, and although presumably he can be forced to do so, he can put obstacles in the way and gain time to bring every kind of pressure on the girl. It is hardly necessary to say that the women found in the Japanese brothels are a very different class from the tough, drunken, and obscure creature that plays the same rôle in Europe and America. The *Jōrō* naturally has no credit even in Japan, their lives being passed amid degrading influences, but the veil of charity is thrown over them by pity for the motives which lead many of them to such a life. Where her motives are respected, and where she is carefully protected against the vices of a licentious life, particularly drunkenness—for the police supervision of the brothel-keeper is severe on such points—

she can retain much of the charm of her womanhood, her grace and gentleness of manner. An exception is to be made in reference to the former treaty ports. If the prostitute of the western stamp is found anywhere in Japan it is in those ports and in places frequented by Europeans. It is a curious fact, and the reverse of "complimentary" to the advanced intelligence of the European, that as one approaches the beaten track the women servants give place to men performing the offices usually turned over to "elder sister" (*nēsan*). Local writers handle the subject rather daintily, but I think it can be said that the European Japan has been made so by the European himself. Concubinage, unfortunately so prevalent, casts a shadow over the Japanese woman, as foreigners get the impression that unchastity is the rule and not the exception, and encounters in inns and gay tea-houses fosters the idea. Vice as a rule is strictly localized by the police, but a good deal must be winked at. It is safe to say that the accommodating woman found in the less reputable inns is not one of the inn girls at all. In Japan, as elsewhere, the line is drawn hard and fast and those who do not seek the girl of easy access do not have her thrust upon them, but when they do seek her a licensed woman is readily obtained to meet the demand. Many women are so licensed or are connected with tea-houses in places too small to make worth while to maintain an official pleasure quarter. It is not safe to judge Japanese women by the *Yoshiwara* standpoint or the tea-houses of the summer and health resorts. One is quite likely to land in serious complications, or bag and baggage in the street, if such preconceived ideas are acted on elsewhere. In a respectable Japanese *Yadoya,* and at the tourist resorts to which foreign residents and their wives and children go in the summer season, any laxity on the part of *nēsan* if known—and they always hunt in couples—would mean instant dismissal. This is based on the legal licensing of prostitution. Any house or hotel in which it is illegally practised can be closed for two months on simple police order. *Nēsan* is a capital hand at a bargain. Her parents have apprenticed her

for a term of years to the hotel, and during that time she carefully regards their interests. And besides she is a good little girl.

Nikkō is a charming place to rusticate. At its social best in August and early September; its physical best in October and early November. In the summer it is very rainy, and one must acquire web feet, an absolute indifference to getting soaked through, and a stock of ancient garments. The clouds were hanging over Nantaisan on the morning when I started for Lake Chūzenji, a favourable prognostic according to the local weather sharps, as the prolonged wet spells usually come across the range which lies seaward. From preference I took the upper road as far as the *Dainichidō* garden, passing over the site of what was once one of the prettiest spots in Nikkō. There is still some beauty in it, especially when the azalea is in blossom in early July. Among the many disastrous rises of the Daiyagawa that of 1902 was one of the worst. It had been raining for days and the Lake was sending a cataract over the Kegon fall. A great landslip from Nantaisan sent a tidal wave down the valley, sweeping away everything in its path. The Dainichidō, situated on the brink of the river near Nikkō, was devastated, only one of the little temple buildings escaped; but farther down, houses were swept away and the inmates with them. The quaint little Buddhas of Gamman-ga-fuchi were terribly banged about and the sacred bridge went down under the flood of waters carrying away everything below by the impact of its heavy timbers. This lower road along the river always goes to pieces during these freshets, and is always patched up again in the same spot to have the experience repeated. Why the upper road is not developed on the fairly level ground there afforded is one of the mysteries of the local engineering corps. This part of the river valley while pretty is decidedly commonplace. It is not until the Ashio road is left behind at Futamiya and we advance up the gorge that the scenery becomes striking. Most pedestrians take to the short cuts on their way up the mountain. This I think is a mistake, for all the fine views down the valley and the towering mass of Nantaisan on the right are missed.

Just before reaching Naka-no-chaya, the view is obtained of the great cleft reaching almost from the summit of the mountain to the bed of the Daiyagawa, and is well worth the long curves of the *ricksha* road. The change to the level of the little plateau lying between Nantaisan and the head of the lake is very sudden, and all sense of being in the wilderness of the Japanese central mountain range is cut off and one could well imagine oneself taking a woodland walk on the plains below so thoroughly are the surrounding slopes screened by the trees. If one walks a hundred feet back of the Kegon tea-house a fine view is obtained down the valley we have been climbing for the past few hours. This is a magnificent splash of gold, yellow, and red, in early October when the trees of the higher elevations take on their autumn tints. A good deal of this is due, not to the trees but to a creeper very common all through these woods and which takes a fine red colour.

Modern times have sadly stripped the gods of their powers. Among the numbers of people we have passed or who have passed us on the mountain there are a goodly proportion of women. Some tramping sturdily along, for the Japanese woman is no mean pedestrian. Others carried in *kago,* the favourite means of conveyance of the native among the mountains even when *ricksha* is available. Now Nantaisan is a very holy mountain. Most mountains are holy in Japan, and this Futaara shrine one of the holiest. Up to very recent times women were forbidden to climb the mountain, and they could only view it from the level of the lake, a proceeding which most of them are very sensibly satisfied to do even at this date. There is no royal road to Nantaisan, which is regarded as a most fatiguing climb from the steepness of the path and the great number of steps making the grade still more severe. In ancient times we could believe the prohibition still more rigorous and their presence even on this lower slope of the mountain not admitted. That is, if we can believe the following veracious legend. Many, many years ago, a little nun belonging to the Futaara shrine at Nikkō made up her mind possibly that since so many men found something to see on the slopes of Nantaisan there

must be something there she would like to see too; and perhaps find out by a personal interview whether the god to whom she had devoted her services was really such a woman-hater as he had the reputation of being, or whether the prohibition laid on her sex was simply another device of selfish man to keep the key of the closet of good things to himself. A view doubtless supported by the gay life of her ecclesiastical superiors of those early days and going on under her own eyes. At all events, tucking up her *kimono* carefully out of dust's way until only the red underskirt formed her outer conspicuous garment, and with her broad pilgrim's hat and a staff she started on her long climb. Intentions doubtless count for much—faith as well as works. Our little nun was a *kagura* dancer—one of the sacred temple dances is called by that name—but while her little feet were skilled in the sacred measure they had had little practice in walking. In time, therefore, she grew very tired, and when she had climbed the mountain and reached the spot just opposite where now the bridge crosses to the Lakeside Hotel at Chūzenji she stopped to rest. Here was the god's chance to punish this outrageous intrusion on his shrine. At once she was turned to stone, and there she sits yet, a plain and palpable proof of the legend, safe from storm and rain, and ensured an eternity of fame far beyond the ephemeral existence of Lot's wife. The proof of the legend is certainly *ad hominem*. There the maiden is, and the only thing that carping critics could bring against the veracity of the tale is the fact that the village is supposed to have existed and prospered some eleven hundred years now, and even in Japan a village cannot exist and prosper for a much shorter time without the due proportion of the fair sex.

Let us try to get some idea as to what this religion is that has led our little nun to take such fearful risks involving her undoing. It is no easy matter to get at just what is the condition of the Japanese mind regarding religion. Every religionist colours his views according to the cult that he professes. If you are to believe the Buddhist, then the supremacy of the creed of Shaka Muni is unquestioned. With no little reason they point to the many

temples sprinkled over the land, and to the priests engaged in their service. To them there is no cause to bestir themselves. Their opponents on the contrary, especially Christian, say that Buddhism is a dead creed in the country; that it has remained behind with the ideals of the past; that it has not kept pace with the expanding of the Japanese mind; that it has no real life and only needs a push to send the whole structure to the ground. In the early part of the eighteenth century much was heard of *Shintō*, the original cult of the nation and which had dropped into oblivion before the effective organization of the Buddhist propaganda. There is but little argument as to *Shintō* now. Its polemics have dropped out of sight. But this mainly because *Shintō* as the national cult has triumphed. There was no contest of supremacy in the nation at large. Some commentators in studying the ancient books chose to ask the question does *Shintō* still live in the hearts of the Japanese people, and the answer was unanimous, for it was not so much a question of religion as a question of national identity and once understood the answer was a foregone conclusion. Now *Shintō* in one sense is Nature Worship. There are gods without end, enough to cover all the phenomena that has come or is likely to come to man's knowledge in the future. Whether eight hundred or eighty or eight myriads of them is a matter of little importance, for the term "myriad" is very elastic and they are always growing. But the important point is that the basis of the system is Ancestor Worship. All these gods and goddesses are directly connected with the genealogy of the Mikados. This is so much the case that one is somewhat led to doubt whether there has ever been a genuine nature worship in Japan, entirely free and independent of this Ancestor Cult. The cut-and-dried genealogies however of the *Kojiki* and *Nihongi* are so obviously a compilation made for effect that one can just as well attribute their nature to a readjustment of an old nature worship lost in the mists of time as to take the ground above that Nature Worship has sprung from Ancestor Worship. Whichever way it is we have at the dawn of history a cult which embodies both elements but of which the

Ancestor element has taken the predominant position. To the Chief of the Nation is attributed a divine ancestry, and an elaborate genealogy has been worked out which is made the basis of the body, politic and religious. But the deification by no means stops there. As the Chief of the Nation rules by right divine so the chiefs of the tribes are of divine origin, younger cadet branches of the Imperial house. The same allegiance that is owed by all to the head of the nation is owed by the tribe to its individual head. It is to the deification of these chiefs after death that most authorities attribute the origin of the local gods, the *Uji-no-kami,* and the centre of the tribal worship was the temple raised in honour of the common ancestor, and probably at the time its worship was confined entirely to the members of the tribe. In fact, at that time *habitat* was very restricted and the dwellers in a district were related by ties of blood, a condition of affairs moreover which in some places has lasted down to the present day. In course of time there was change. With the development of a feudal system in place of a family system fiefs were often changed and chiefs removed to distant parts of the country. Great care was taken to maintain the cult of the *Uji-no-kami* which had now become the local divinity, and whose worship now included many not connected in any way as members of the tribe. The last stage was when the *Uji-no-kami* became confounded with or merged into a local Nature God, always be it remembered retaining as basis his right to worship as an Ancestor and so confounding the two forms of belief—Nature and Ancestor Worship—as to prevent the development of any idea of a god as apart from the ancestral cult.

Now in ancestor worship the most important feature is the maintenance of the family line, the necessity of an heir male to continue the family worship. Woman has always been excluded from exercising the higher religious rites of the cult. Also she has been regarded practically as a chattel. When she leaves the house to go to her husband she also leaves the family to become a member of her husband's family. Only under certain circumstances does she play any part in relation to the family worship and that

is when through lack of heirs male a stranger is adopted into the family for the purpose of marriage so that her issue may continue the *blood* line in the worship of the ancestor. Every Japanese house has the *kamidana* or god shelf where the mortuary tablets of the family ancestor are placed and before which offerings are made. This in itself would be evidence that the basis of the Japanese system is *Shintō*. Many Japanese are Buddhists. All are *Shintō-ists*. It is not so much a belief in dogmas—for *Shintō* dogmas may be said to be non-existent they are so very shadowy—as a symbolic representation of the unity of the race, and it is as such that it has such strong hold to-day on *all* classes of Japanese. The intense earnestness of this religious feeling among the Japanese does not seem to have attracted the attention it really deserves, although the evidence of it is continually under one's eyes. This is to some extent due to the relationship existing between the worshipper and the God. He is the god of the race, not a universal god. There is just as much fierce pride of possession in the gods as in the old exclusive cult of Jehovah among the Israelites of old, a race by the way to which the Japanese have no little resemblance. The Japanese god, however, is not a being apart from and above all mankind. To them the universe is Japan, and they have never extended their cult to take in a wider range than it did in the times when the race first appears in history. The Japanese therefore approaches his god as in times past he approached his chief, humbly and reverentially but with a feeling of the blood tie that exists between them, and that he feels most intensely. Mr. Lowell, in his "Occult Japan," has described their "hypnotic possession" of which the race make such a practice, and the very extent of which is the best of evidence as to their intensity of feeling. As a Japanese writer has described it, they always feel the presence of the *kami*. They are as much a part of the land as the living and surround the living on every side, entering into all their pleasures and griefs. So much for the daily practice of religion; but for the future they turn to the developed Buddhistic philosophy.

Here they have something far more tangible to grasp than anything that *Shintō* can give them.

From the very earliest days the importance of worship has been emphasized by Imperial edicts. *Shintō* to-day is the State religion and thoroughly believed by the great mass of Japanese who, it is safe to say, are as confident that their ancestors were present at the Battle of Tsushima to encourage their descendants and throw confusion and terror into the hearts of the enemy, as when the Tartar horde of former days descended on the shores in the days of Hōjō Tokimune. But we ourselves worship our ancestors. We are as much concerned to-day to uphold the name they have handed down to us as if we had invested them with all the attributes of the Japanese *Kami,* and among the upper classes of the western world it is far more fear of disgrace brought on the family name than fear of religion that upholds the social code. Some old moss-covered blurred slabs have more influence than the church under whose shadow they rest. An ancestor worship, properly speaking, is pride of race. The intolerance of race is well known, and the long seclusion of the Japanese have intensified racial feeling among them to an extent that western Utopianism with its brotherhood of man—and which we sometimes hear *expressed* among Japanese—will never break down. They are a peculiar people, made so by their physical and political isolation; just as the Hebrew of old, made so by his religious isolation. There is an interesting feature in the rituals used by the *Shintō* priests. As in so many religions, they have become unintelligible with the lapse of time. Of course once they had a meaning, but much of it is lost, even to the priest who recites it much as many an ignorant monk of the middle ages mumbled his Latin prayers. The latter, however, always admitted of an interpretation elsewhere, if the Frère Gorenflot of the occasion could not master its meaning. The *Shintō* formula, however, often only admits of endless controversy, the choice of whose interpretations is a matter for the commentators. There is another form of Japanese religious feeling among the lower classes, and that is the grossest superstitions. Nothing of

importance is done without the interposition of the priest who deals in charms of all kinds, whether to catch a thief or a husband, for defence against disease or against a ghost. Charm books and almanacs govern the course of any undertaking, and unlucky days therein marked are carefully avoided. *Shintō* has built up an interesting folklore around it. It is childish and crude compared to the folklore of the West. For instance, Jason and the Golden Fleece and the beautiful myths found all through Homer. It deals much with wonderfully strong children found in unusual places, of strange transformations of spirits good and evil into human shape, and the number of ghost stories are uncomfortably large. The Japanese child gets his fill of *O Bake Mono San* (Honourable Mr. Ghost). The fox among animals especially fills an unpleasant rôle in his pranks and "possessions." They are reticent about it, and it takes some little time to find out that many of the lower classes (particularly women) avoid the Yokohama *Koyenchi* (park) on account of a fox which is supposed to haunt it at night.

Whether one leaves the Lakeside Hotel by the pretty shaded road which follows all the windings of the lake or pushes on by boat to *Shōbu no hama* near the upper end, the first striking feature to meet the eye is the scarred track of the great landslide of 1902. This stretches from just below the upper third of the mountain to the base, spreading out fan-shaped to a width of over a hundred yards. The temple buildings stood in the track of the slide and were crushed and buried beneath it. There was warning of the danger and there does not seem to have been loss of life, although the native on that point wavered somewhat between plain ignorance and the wish to adorn a tale. The uncertainty left in the mind is somewhat akin to that of the elder Mr. Weller after his upset in driving down to Eatanswill. He found the old gentleman's hat, but was uncertain whether or not the owner's head was in it. This experience with the mountain, however, has been taken as a warning, and advisedly if the palpable signs of landslip seen elsewhere are any indication of the frequency of this occurrence. The temple has been rebuilt on the opposite side of the lake and

standing on the shore under its *torii* is had one of the finest views of Nantaisan across the water that can be had anywhere on the circumference of the mountain. A Japanese temple usually implies a view. This is so much the case that the temple forms part of the *misc en scène,* and the exquisite harmony between it and its surroundings arouse the admiration of everyone who visits this eastern land. Now we can admit the genius to which its development is second nature, but after all scenery is not architecture and taking the temple out of its environment the result is disastrous. The origin of Japanese temple architecture is referred by competent authorities to the native hut or house, its main features being economy of space and beauty in the curved lines of the roof. As it was nearly fourteen hundred years ago, so it is to-day, with little change except as to the decoration with which Buddhism in some cases has loaded it. Now it is the idea that is back of the temple that influences its development, and it has been the Japanese idea of these *Kami,* of these forefathers of the race, the domesticity of their cult, that has directed its external form. Their gods are their kinsmen, the most recent of these hardly being any more removed from those of the race now walking the earth than the freshest canonization emanating from Rome. We have no record of such an influence in our Aryan mythologies. Traces there are indeed of ancestor worship in all religions and they are found in the mythologies of Greece and Rome, and in the latter influence private worship down to the latest days of the Empire. The hosts of heaven are peopled with progenitors of their kings and heroes, but such members of the celestial hierarchy play always a subordinate part. There is no bond between the great gods of the Indian, the Assyrian, the Egyptian, the Greek, and the Roman mythology, and their worshippers. They are beings apart entirely from the human race. Man to them is their sport and plaything. Hence, even if the gods were endowed with many of the malicious frailties of men, and of which men's misfortunes seemed to imply the existence, the feeling inspired was one of awe and fear, and such feeling would seek expression in the architecture and rites of the temple where

such gods were worshipped. Placing God so far beyond him and outside of him, the religious man of the West has developed a corresponding architecture, as far in advance of the East as the idea of an extra-human God is in advance of ancestor worship. And mark that it is the idea that influences here. That the nearer it approaches to unity, the greater the concentration of its architectural development. The Greeks worshipped many gods it is true, but in the grandest age of Greece—the age of Pericles—the idea at the root of all Greek philosophy was the unity of the universe as they knew it and of which they were seeking an expression.

In fact, whenever we find religion based on that idea of unity, a religion trying to seek in its esoteric expression a formula to explain that universe by a single first cause we find a great temple architecture. The great Assyrian temples of Bel and Ishtar at Nineveh and Babylon, of Isis and Osiris at Thebes and Memphis, the Parthenon at Athens, Jupiter Capitolinus at Rome, are all the expression of man's idea of the power in whose hands he felt lay his fate. The position of Christianity was peculiar. A new development of an old religion on hostile soil, it naturally rejected the architectural form of that religion. In some ways the *basilica* —a development itself of the Roman house with its *atrium*—has influenced early Christian architecture, but it soon found this unsatisfactory and broke into its own lines. These were to some extent modified by the introduction into the old Hebrew idea of Unity of the Godhead of the mystic idea of a Trinity, which, with the development of "Mary Worship" and worship of the Saints, necessitated chapels adjunct to the main church and radically influenced the architecture. Therefore Christian architecture has never reached the beauty of the Greek ideal which after all was essentially single in its basis. Temple architecture is racial just as the Church is racial, and in so far as the western mind has raised the ideal of an awful omnipotent first cause as God, and sought to express that awfulness and beauty in wood and stone, so it has gone beyond those nations who have confined their speculations within the range of their immediate environment; and as these

always lived in the past, made the past their ideal to which the present must conform, so their architecture conforms to the same primitive belief. This tyranny of the past has wrapped the Far East in swaddling clothes. After the first enthusiasm over Buddhism had worked its effect the land sank back into its numbing sleep. There was none of that fermentation of ideas, that heterogeneity to which the West owes so much. Their renaissance of faith was of the nature of scholastic disputes, rather than such as inspired Europe from the tenth to the thirteenth centuries to cover the land with magnificent cathedral churches. The practice of Christianity in requiring frequent worship of the people *en masse* necessitated the presence of the Church as near the centre of population as possible, and which can account for the fact that natural surroundings do not play the prominent part that it does in the setting of the Japanese temples. This however has not always been the case; in many western countries it is not the case to-day, and everybody knows the care and thought the architect is expected to give to the question of making the best use of environment. In ancient days this was carried to a great extreme, as the picturesque and harmonious surroundings of many an old French and English Abbey show. It would be a bold man to say that the ruins of Furness or Fountains Abbey in England were out of harmony with their surroundings. There are few finer scenes than the latter as viewed from the distance. Beauty in this pile is not dependent on its surroundings. Milan cathedral, that beautiful monument in white marble of man's devotion to an idea, would be quite as harmonious amid a setting of Nature as it is in the streets of the great city which lies around it and worships in it. Exquisite as is the decoration of the Nikkō temples, will anyone seriously rate them as equal to the Sistine Chapel or the Pope's Apartments in the Vatican. The one the work of Michael Angelo Buonarotti, the other of Raphael Sanzio? Is there any music to be found in the Japanese liturgy to compare to that poured out by the grand organs of Europe? After all architecture is a question of mathematics and mechanics. It is the work of men's hands, and one

will hardly seriously compare the Nikkō and Hongwanji temples with the Duomos of Milan and Florence, of Amiens, Cologne, Burgos, Toledo, Lincoln, or Salisbury most graceful of English temples. They are not comparable. Nikkō has the beauty of one of the jewel boxes of Cellini; Milan, Florence, and Rome, possess not only the beauty of Cellini but the grandeur of Michael Angelo. Japanese religious architecture is exactly expressive of the people themselves. For generations their ideal has been limited in its general outlines. All their force has been expended on the elaboration of detail. One turns away from Nikkō with a feeling of dissatisfaction, a feeling that it does not express the fulness of a great idea such as is found in the temple architecture of India, of the Moslem races, or the cathedrals of Europe. As a mausoleum it is exquisite. As an expression of faith, infinitely finite.

As we push a little further on into the lake a break in the mountains is seen on the left. This is the Asagatatōge, a pass which leads across to Ashio and the Akagi range of which more anon. Suffice it to say here that a very indifferent footpath leads to it and that a fifteen minutes' climb to the top gives a beautiful view, particularly on the lake side. The path on the other side leads down to Dōzan or the mining town at Ashio. Mining towns are usually what can be called "tough" and Dōzan is no exception to the rule. It is quite refreshing to find this touch of universal nature. It—and some few other things—reminds us that our Japanese hosts are part of the human race after all. The general term of address elsewhere in Japan to the foreigner is *Jinsan,* which as a term of reproach is of the mildest character. Dōzan, however, never reaches such a point of etiquette. *Jin* is as far as its higher education has gone, and the commoner term as the stranger wanders along its long and dirty street is *ijin* and *tōjin* or *ke-tōjin,* which according to the animus of the speaker can be translated "barbarian," "hairy barbarian," or "foreign pig." The plant of the copper company is a very extensive one. Concentrators, smelters, reverberatories, tunnels driven in every direction into the bare hillsides, the shriek and rattle of the mine trams, the hard,

sullen faces of the people, and the reign of absolute ugliness set Dōzan apart as a mining town. Just as other mining towns elsewhere bear their characteristic marks. Below the town of Ashio—the secular portion of the settlement—is the filter plant to filter the mine waters. These have given much trouble to the farmers below who have sought redress from the Government and Diet in Tōkyō, rather than by damage suits or injunctions from the Courts, a usual procedure in the West. Filtration has been adopted as the remedy. The agitation was carried on with the usual exaggeration, there being no particular reason to believe that affairs were worse than they had been for years, the sudden cry of danger to health of those living below on the river being rather specious. The fact that no effort had been made, however, to remedy the evident disadvantages of such a careless system as running the mine waters direct into the river seems to show that remedial legislation in such directions had made but little progress.

At Shōbu-no-hama our road leaves Lake Chūzenji to ascend some seven hundred feet to the level of the moorland of Senjō-ga-hara. Near the village it passes through a pretty piece of woodland which reminds one much of our own woodland at home. The Ryūzu-ga-take or Dragon's Head Fall is a beautiful cascade. This whole district is subject to sudden risings during the heavy rains of August, and it is at such times that these falls are at their best. In early October this place is a blaze of red and yellow. The Senjō-ga-hara is a broad valley surrounded by mountains and one of the most American pieces of scenery in Japan. There is but little sign of native life and one feels translated to a scene of our western country. In early July the *Shōbu* or Iris dots this moor in every direction. This *Shōbu* is not to be confounded with the *Shōbu* of Shōbu-no-hama. They are written with differing ideographs. And as thereby hangs a tale, perhaps it is worth telling. Many, many years ago—*mukashi, zundo noo-mukashi ne,* as the Japanese say—the God of Akagisan who had been casting longing eyes in this direction determined to try conclusions with Futarra-sama, the God of Nantaisan; and so he came striding across the

hills and kicking a dent in them at that very *Asa-gata-tōge,* which we have just left behind; and the two gods met on this Senjō-ga-hara or "Moor of the Battlefield." Terrible was the combat and few the details handed down to gaping mortals, but the result was that Akagisama fled back in confusion and distress over the hills, and Futaarasama to show his joy over the victory established games and general festivities on the piece of flat ground near the head of the Lake, whence the name Shōbu-no-hama or strand of the games. To this day once a year the priests come up from Nikkō to the Temple at Chōzenji, and early in the morning with full canonicals and ritual shoot an arrow into the Lake in the direction of Akagisan and in token of the defiance of their god. I know there is a more prosaic explanation which attributes the name of the moor to a battle fought between partisans of the North and South Empires during the Ashikaga Shōgunate, but why should men seek such a "hole and corner" place to "have to do "with each other, as old Mallory says? One can take their choice—the old legend of the battle of the gods, or the official legend of the battle of the men. The only visible sign of a battle is a long mound rising in the plain to the left. The road across the moor is very willingly left behind. In ordinary bad weather it is a mudhole, and in wet weather it is under water. At such times *nolens volens* one must abandon "Shank's mare" for a more suitable conveyance. On the other side of the moor by a short détour from the Yumoto road we reach the prettiest cascade in this Nikkō district. The Yu-no-taki is, properly speaking, that rather rare feature a waterslide. Something such as little Jan Ridd staggered up and down in his excursions to reach the Doone valley, and which by the way only existed in Jan's vivid imagination. It is the direct outlet of Lake Yumoto, and set in exquisite green plunges most abruptly from the sky, so to speak. One gets a better idea of its height—200 feet—as they struggle up the steep path beside it to rejoin the road a few minutes along which brings one into Yumoto. The road winds under the trees along the picturesque little lake and soon opens up on the left the Konseitōge leading

across to Higashi Ogawa and the valley of the Katashinagawa, to Numata and Ikao. Yumoto is a very isolated primitive little place. Purely and simply an *Onsen,* or bathing resort. Many foreigners resort to it not only for its baths but for the beautiful surroundings, and the elevation of nearly five thousand feet ensures coolness in summer. But it is very much out of the world.

In spite of its walled-in appearance there are several ways of getting out of Yumoto, although only two are what can be called popular. One road we have just come over, but it is possible to return to Nikkō by the trail between Ōmanago and Nantaisan and come down near the Jikwan waterfall. Again, surmounting the little ridge just behind the village to the north a pretty walk of three miles through the woods brings one to a little mountain tarn absolutely deserted except for a wood-cutter's hut, an enterprising native who has established a rough tea-shed in addition to his normal occupation. Climbing up and across a great landslide the summit of the Tōyōtoge pass is reached 1300 feet above Yumoto. There is a fine view here over the forest-clad country to the north. If maps are to be relied on this trail can be followed to the Kinugawa, bringing one ultimately at Kawaji, which lies on the road between Wakamatsu and Nikkō. For those whose object is the hot springs of Kusatsu the way out is over the Konseitōge and a few minutes before seven in the morning saw me on my way along the rather rough trail, which, rising gradually through the forest, wins much ground before the final pull up the zigzags of the saddle, there being a last steep climb of 600 feet to the top of the pass 1825 feet above Yumoto. There is a fine view of Nantaisan on the Yumoto side, but the rest of the day's walk was down through forest and over a bad trail which required constant attention to footing, so soft and full of roots is it. The country seems absolutely uninhabited, no side trails running off until nearly down to the valley of the Ogawa. Just below the saddle is a little mountain lakelet which gives a glimpse of the open. I had noted horse droppings near the top of the pass, and just beyond this lake was not surprised to meet a train of horses

being driven up in the direction of Yumoto. Now it is well understood that horses are not taken across Konseitōge. There are one or two places where it would be more than advisable to lead the animal but otherwise the trail is feasible for them, but a negative answer is usually given. People who do not wish to walk can take *kago,* the native litter, otherwise there is no recourse but to one's legs. The horses I saw mounting the trail were all fine well-groomed animals and looked like cavalry mounts. They were the only incident in the nine miles to the peasant's hut at the head of the Ogawa Valley. Here the scenery improves. There are remnants of mining operations, and just before reaching Higashi-Ogawa an abandoned copper mine is passed to the left. A little after noon I came into the pretty mountain hamlet, having come down some 3600 feet from the top of the pass. It can be added that the *yadoya* along this route have the reputation of furnishing a minimum of foreign convenience with a maximum of European prices, a deal table or a chair being supposed to warrant a considerable advance in the usual charges.

The next morning at half-past six I started down the valley on "Shank's mare" for Numata, twenty-three miles away. Horses are supposed to be available at Higashi-Ogawa, but in the Japanese mountains everywhere one must be prepared to fall back on one's legs as the last resort, for they are quite likely to be called on. A few miles below Higashi-Ogawa the Ogawa is crossed and we enter the valley of the Katashinagawa. There is a beautiful view up and down from the top of the hill just beyond the schoolhouse, even in this out of the way place that substantial institution being a prominent feature. All down the valley is a succession of pretty landscapes and at Okkai is a fine gorge picturesquely seen from the bridge. This road is good all the way. At Ōhara the inn had gone out of business, an event that often happens in the country. A farmhouse, however, offered the temporary shelter necessary for tiffin. If one could judge by external appearance there was a good deal of substantial wealth all through this district. The farm buildings were large and elaborate, mainly half

timber and plaster work and with far less of the flimsy wooden work that is a common feature of the towns. There was a great deal of silk spinning going on everywhere. There is a peculiar feature which can be referred to in connection with Japanese cleanliness in other directions, and that is the habit of spreading grain and fruit on mats and exposing them to dry in the sunshine. In town and in country this is carried on by the side of the public highway, and such products are exposed to all the contamination that the dust and dirt of such a place furnishes, and uncovered cesspools placed in close proximity to the public highway for convenience of passersby add to the danger. The latter, as has been said, are a very necessary feature of Japanese farm life, for night soil is the universal fertilizer. They are often elaborately prepared cisterns dug at the foot of a hillside in the soft sandstone or clay so widely distributed through the land. Here the compost is allowed to concentrate and ripen for weeks before using, and protected from the weather by the overhanging rock wall, or when built in the open, by the thatched shed erected around it. The Kazusakatōge had temporarily gone out of business owing to a landslide which removed a section of the road, so I turned sharply to the right and began the ascent of a little pass just behind Ōhara. A sunny but not very steep climb of eight hundred feet took me to the top, from which there was a beautiful view over toward the Haruna ranges at Ikao. A long and pretty woodland walk down leads to the orchards around Takahira. In the season when the fruit is ripening the Japanese orchards are a funny sight. Instead of, as the poets sing, the beautiful fruit "turning its blushes to the sun," every peach, or pear, or apple, is carefully wrapped up in a paper bag to protect it from the attacks of insects. This is no particular advantage to the fruit which needs the sun to ripen properly, but the native fruit-grower is "between the devil and the deep sea" on this question. They take this trouble with the *nashi*. The name usually given this in English is "pear." The fruit itself can be described as a coarse, watery, woody, slightly sweet turnip, without the tail usually attached to that estimable

and far more useful vegetable. An experience with the *nashi* is of that fibrous nature that one experiences in chewing sugar-cane—with the sugar left out. Some people may say that this is horrible. So it is, but the Japanese are very fond of the *nashi*. Perhaps a development in another field of their fondness for the grotesque. Most Europeans will prefer the fragrant and beautiful Bartlett or Catherine pear, just as they prefer Apollo Belvedere or Donatello's Faun to the frowning countenance of Emma Ō or the twisting and scaly dragons. Fortunately for the walker the distances given in the guide-book are certainly liberal, as I came into Numata but ten minutes over the hour from Takahira. *Ricksha* are supposed to be available at the latter place but are not to be relied on unless returning to Numata. After eight hours of walking, half-past three in the afternoon brought me to the large and excellent commercial house which is the main inn of the place. Emphasis is to be laid on the fact that Konseitōge is to be taken in this direction. By the time Yumoto is reached from Nikkō much of the ascent has already been accomplished, and after climbing Konseitōge it is substantially all down-hill with the exception of the short pass beyond Ōhara. Numata itself lies at 1500 feet elevation or 5200 feet below the top of Konseitōge. It is a large, busy Japanese town and a distributing centre for the silk produced in the district, and lies on the plateau which here forms a series of bluffs along the Tonegawa, giving the town the appearance of being hoisted in the air. It is like most Japanese towns, and would never be mistaken for the hanging gardens of Babylon.

The shortest way to Nakanojō on the Kusatsu road is straight across the hills on one's legs or on horseback. The gorge of the Tonegawa just below Numata is, however, well worth the détour, and half-past six saw me bowling down the broad road which makes a straight plunge down to the river bed, a piece of roadway often seen in America or Europe but seldom seen in Japan, where a narrow cart track zigzagging up the face of a hillside is the more frequent means of negotiating a grade. At the foot of the hill the river is crossed, and we followed a fine piece of macadam running

between towering cliffs with the broad green river boiling along below them. At the mouth of the gorge my men turned off cross country for a mile to strike into the Nakanojō road, another fine piece of metalling and with an easy grade following up the wide valley of the Agatsumagawa; Ikao and the Haruna Mountains line the opposite side of the river, and we are running along the foot of the Nakayama range. Ahead is the mountain district of Kusatsu, which includes the big fellows lying to the east of the Nagano plain. The ride is a very picturesque one but is not shaded, and when about noon I reached the comfortable inn I was glad to rest for a couple of hours. Nakanojō is quite a large village, and when one has to traverse its interminable length on a hot summer day before the shelter of the Nabaya is reached, a very graphic impression is obtained as to its proportions. The town was getting ready for the great midsummer festival of the Japanese (and Chinese), the *Bon Matsuri,* or " Feast of the Dead," at which time for three days the spirits are supposed to return to their former haunts on earth. Lanterns therefore must be prepared to light the way for them. These lanterns are usually plain white without even the decoration of a few Chinese ideographs. It is the great time for visiting temples and graves, and the priests are kept busy reciting memorial services. Flowers and offerings of food are placed on the graves, the latter with no idea that the spirits partake of it except in so far as the odour is agreeable to them. The stoppage of business while not so complete as at Shogetsu (New Year's) makes a very respectable second to that great festival. New clothes are prepared and the Bon *kimono* and *obi* (dress and sash) are quite as important to the women as its midwinter predecessor. Bon Matsuri is a beautiful festival and the idea behind it a beautiful idea; for if one omits the lanterns from the scene it is plainly and simply the " All Saints' Day " of our western world, when, especially in Roman Catholic countries the visit to the graves of beloved dead, and the placing of flowers thereon is carried out in very much the same way as is going on at this midsummer date in Japan. Religions do not differ much

in the general trend of these celebrations. The Japanese *Matsuri's* are on the whole rather sober in their tone, the only element of excitement being offered when at times the " God Car " is carried in procession through the street and the worshippers get wrought up to a point beyond their own control. There is, however, no such outbreak of general license as is seen in Carnival season in some cities of southern Europe, no such painful sights as the processions of Holy Week. It is hardly in the Japanese to mutilate and maul his person for religious purposes. His gods are closely connected to him by blood. He is in practice if not in theory a good deal of a materialist, and attributes the same utilitarian habits of thought to his ancestor in the spirit that he does to the living generation. Juggernaut could develop in the South, but not on Japanese soil. The hair shirt and the scourge have as little place in this family intercourse with the gods. Meditation and introspection, however, quite suits their oriental habit. The fate of the Bodai Daruma, who sat in meditation for nine years until his legs dropped off, is far more likely to overtake the Japanese " religious " than that of the Stylites of old or the modern Indian *fakir*.

Bon Matsuri is a landmark in other ways, as one takes it in city or country. In the country it is celebrated according to the old calendar and comes in the middle of August. In the Tōkyō district " Bon " is celebrated by the new calendar in the middle of July and hence comes before the Dōyō or hot wet season. It is the signal for a scamper to the hills by everyone who can get away from the plain cities. Previous to that period cool weather has been the average and while sprinkled with intensely hot days the *Nyūbai* or cold rainy season, lasting up to the first ten days of July, often gives some chilly rainy days, even towards its end. For a couple of weeks the hot dry season follows on and then comes the trying period of the year Dōyō, the heat of which breaks rather sharply towards the middle of September, although the rains continue for another six weeks. Then follows the cold dry season up to the nasty sleety weather of the end of February ushering in the spring

rains. As therefore one takes *Bon* in country or city he is resigned to the discomforts of an approaching steam bath or he is looking forward to relief within measurable distance. The Tōkyō summer, however, is by no means as bad as the latitude would give reason to suspect, for the climate being insular there is usually a lowering of temperature after midnight and a cool breeze from the sea. It is infinitely better than that found for instance in the eastern United States, and which in its turn is celestial compared to the Mississippi Valley, which resembles a climate the exact reverse of celestial. The road divides at Nakanojō, both branches going to Kusatsu, and both having their vigorous partisans. I took the road to Sawatari. Beyond Nakanojō it is much inferior to the fine highway up the river valley. The rise is not very heavy but the two men have plenty to do when they get a short distance away from Nakanojō. It is a very pretty ride, soon entering and twisting among the intricacies of the hills. Two hours after the start one man dropped behind, and I found myself being carefully lowered down a steep village street, which, with the overhanging eaves and general *châlet* appearance of the houses was so startlingly like a bit of Switzerland that I was involuntarily carried back a score of years at a jump. This was Sawatari. The impression remained for some time even after the familiar open structure of the Japanese house had regained its ascendency in the physical picture, but the mental picture long remained. Sawatari is situated at the bottom of a bowl and should be intolerably hot, but was not on this occasion. Perhaps the elevation (1900 feet) had something to do with it. It is a resort for the victims who have been taking the acid baths of Kusatsu, its waters alleviating the terrible sores and eruptions often caused thereby. They fill the inns, of which with a few large farmhouses the place consists. *O Kami San* killed the fatted calf (or chicken) for the foreigner, and as the plucking took place before the killing she did not add thereby to his appetite. Unfortunately in Japan as elsewhere the exigencies of the occasion, or the ignorance of the native, allows but little time between "grace" and "meat," and does not teach them that

freshly killed meat boils into tough strings fit for a fiddle rather than a *filet*. However, they meant very well, and having a whole upper floor available threw it all open to whatever breeze there was on this hot August day.

There are three methods of progress beyond Sawatari: horseback, one's legs, and the native *kago*. I now swear by the first two. In a moment of confidence and a rubbed foot I selected *kago* and four sturdy bearers, and at six-thirty in the morning started on the day's ride which was to land me at Kusatsu, and once more amid foreign surroundings. Now for the first fifteen minutes as one lies curled up in the litter its easy swinging is the poetry of motion. One feels they could ride for days—with bearers at forty-five cents a day. In half an hour one has misgivings, and in an hour full conviction that he has found the original model of Cardinal Balue's cage. An ache and a cramp develops in every limb. If one stretches their legs outside the vehicle then they are brought into contact with the natural cushions of the forward bearer, which much impedes his efforts and is likely to ruffle his temper. The frame excoriates the backbone, or soon raises an artificial hump as uneasily one shifts from shoulder to shoulder. The position, in fact, is that utterly impossible one assumed by those aborigines who figure so tragically behind the glass cases of the Government Museum in Washington, having long since done with this world. This doubling of the body is also a favourite method of preparing the *cadaver* among the Japanese, and perhaps the *kago* was invented as a sort of vicarious preparation for their future condition. The idea of riding for days in this conveyance is quickly dispelled. I had nine hours of it, and postpone the rest for the next world. The *kago* has its irritations moreover entirely apart from its own defects of construction. Every hundred yards the forward man's pole goes out in signal to change. With a jerk you are swinging between the two staves while the bearers change places and shoulders. A hundred yards is not much in twenty odd miles and one soon gets nervously anxious to measure the distance and watch for that signal, and contracts a personal

enmity against the leader and his staff which that patient creature hardly deserves. The road to Kusatsu from Sawatari winds among beautiful hills and finally ascends a pretty ravine, crossing a not very high pass from which a view is had across to the high plateau of Kusatsu now close at hand. The bare bald cone of Shiranesan marks the site of the village which lies at the base of the mountain. Between us, however, there is a great gulf fixed. Down the bearers go. There are green hills, rushing mountain streams, choice bits of woodland, and glimpses of some real pasture land, and always looming up ahead the dim purple outline of the roughly carved mountain mass in front of us. The scene quickly changes as we drop down through the picturesque mountain hamlet of Namasu, clinging to the side of the steep hill above the Kusatsugawa. The view up and down the gorge here is beautiful and the mountain masses tower up all around us. It is now twenty-eight hundred feet dead pull up to the plateau on which Kusatsu lies, and the stops of the *kago* men become frequent on the steep zigzags. However, everything must come to an end, and at last we emerge on the breezy upland. The grade across this rises easily. If it were not for its somewhat hospital-like surroundings Kusatsu would be one of the pleasantest resorts in Japan, but the place is a great resort for the lame, the halt, and the blind, of this part of the world. Far back in the sixteenth century it was known as a health resort. Perhaps longer. The Japanese have for a long time made medicinal use of the abundant hot water with which Nature has supplied them. They, too, have their legend of Bath and Prince Bladud, so to speak, for the somewhat legendary and dissipated Prince Karu was exiled by his brother to the hot springs of Dōgō in Iyo which interesting event took place in that still dubious period of Japanese history, 457 A. D.

I was soon riding—not in state, for nine hours of "the cage" had left very little dignity—through the streets of the town. It is mainly a collection of inns together with the supply stores necessary for the large number of people who yearly flock here. The inns and the European hotels supply private baths, a very necessary

condition considering a class of patients which resort to the cure. Having deposited my goods and chattels, I wandered through the town which one notices at once is most efficiently policed. In the back ways and by places there is a most unpleasant display of cotton wadding going through its daily washing and drying in the sun. Looking under the surface of its Japanese exterior one could see that Kusatsu was a resort of the first rank in importance. The inns were large and on elaborate scale, but Kusatsu was essentially a place where the earnest business of people is to get well, and there were a very large number of them engaged in that pressing occupation. There was of course plenty of tinkle of the *samisen* and the gay laugh of the *geisha,* but the real stern business was health and everything was subordinated to that end. There was none of that *dolce far niente* air shrouding it and so conspicuous in places more frequented as summer resorts, such as Ikao and Miyanoshita and Shūzenji. There is far too large a proportion of real suffering in Kusatsu to make it agreeable as a pleasure resort. In the lower part of the town is the leper settlement separate from the rest of the community. There were no really bad cases exposed to view, although there may have been many within the houses. Swollen glistening faces, shapeless noses and lips, puffed eyes, and the little purple black dots from the moxa marking the skin, were everywhere to be seen, walking the streets and pursuing their ordinary avocations. It is said that while leprosy is not cured at Kusatsu, it is held in check, and those resorting to the baths at stated intervals can so maintain their present condition. I took my way back to the centre of the town thoroughly disgruntled with the shadow the place throws over one. The business of disease is so palpably marked. The hot steam from the springs was rising in a great cloud in the centre of the square and from a public bath-house on the right came a great shout every now and then and a continual clatter. This was the *Jikan Yu* or time bath. They say that this carries a temperature of 60° C. (140° F.), but I was assured by an habitué that it was not often above 50° C. (122° F.). The bathers work away at it

for nearly an hour, beating it with long boards to cool it, and then slowly immerse themselves in squads. The bath lasts five minutes and in the tender condition of their cotton-swathed bodies the contact of the hot acid water must be very painful. One man took three and a half minutes of his five minutes before he was fully immersed. Clenched jaws and strained faces showed what many of them were undergoing. The foreign hotel at Kusatsu is a primitive little place, but nicely kept and situated at the farther end of the village, within easy access and yet removed from its more unpleasant features. One cannot help contrasting the development between this great Japanese watering place and similar developments in the West. It is a fair comparison between what the Japanese in their isolation have managed to evolve from their social habits and what the westerner has evolved from his social habits. When one considers the great gay life of Carlsbad, of Homburg, of Aix-les-Bains, of Biarritz; centres of music, art, literature, of every device by which poor humanity has tried to get away from the burden of its flesh and the realities of things; and contrasts it with the narrow little round of this Japanese hot springs one cannot help feeling how far the Japanese have been left behind in the development of their social life. The pretty little *geisha* with her artistic posturing and her *samisen* is a very poor substitute for the music of the great European masters interpreted daily by expert hands in the hundreds of Casinos sprinkled through the *Bäds* of Europe. The former rouses the race enthusiasm of her hearers, and it is no mean thing to say that they are capable of being so aroused, but the latter rouse the soul enthusiasm of their hearers, between which there is all the difference of things material and things eternal. The Japanese seems always the species "Japonicus." He never rises mentally to the genus "homo."

Apart from, or rather in connection with the hot springs, the active volcano of Shiranesan is the most interesting object in the neighborhood of Kusatsu. Eruptions are quite frequent, the last having taken place in 1897. The present crater lies a short dis-

tance off the Shibu trail and an early start from Kusatsu gives time for a glance and still to be able to reach Shibu in good time before night. If it is proposed, however, to push on to the top of the mountain this would hardly be possible. Although Kusatsu lies on the lower slopes of the mountain the summit is not visible from the village owing to some big grassy spurs which shut off all view just behind the place. An excellent horse trail runs as far as the peasant's house near Shirane, and there are beautiful views across the cut up country to the Shimotsuke ranges of which Nantaisan and the Yumoto Shiranesan are conspicuous objects. Incidentally it can be added that one should know something of the Japanese *kana* alphabet, at least to the extent of the word *doku,* for some of the streams in this neighbourhood are arsenical. Notices are posted, of course in the native script, and in the absence of further advice it is safer to avoid drinking from any of these streams. On the higher slopes we pass into the district devastated by the last eruption of the mountain. This apparently was mainly steam, for the trees have been killed outright but not overwhelmed by any débris from the volcano. Steam had not been given the credit due to it in this class of natural phenomena previous to the terrible experience with Mont Pelée in Martinique, when it showed how effectually it could kill without destroying its victims, whether animal or vegetable. The peasant hut is reached 2300 feet above Kusatsu. At this point a rough path leads off the main trail to the bald bare cone on the slope of the mountain which contains the present crater now occupied by a lake. This cone is a disintegrated pile of shingle without a trace of any lava flow from the lip. We follow the cone around to the former sulphur refining works in the southwest corner, a distance of something less than a mile from where we left the main trail. The refining works consisted of four or five small buildings, the framework only standing. A few marks of fire were visible but they have gone to decay more from neglect than any effect of the eruption. There was no evidence of an eruption of mud or cinder in this direction. The tramway running into the crater had decayed much from the

same cause—neglect—and was partly covered up by the washings of the soil from the cone above. They ascend the sharp crater slope obliquely at an easy angle and enter the crater by a cutting about twenty feet in depth. It does not furnish a good entrance now to the crater which is best reached by a path just behind the huts, and which leads to the edge of the crater and down into it by an easily graded path. *Waraji,* or straw sandals, are very useful. To the east, northeast, and southeast of the volcano the forest has been killed but not buried, the tree roots being plainly visible. The crater walls vary in height from fifty to a hundred feet or more. To the northwest beyond the present crater, which is situated on the slope of the mountain, the real summit of Shirane rises to 7500 feet according to geological survey figures. Standing twenty feet above the lake the barometer reading was 2700 feet above Kusatsu or 6500 feet, the same as the elevation of the refining works outside the rim. The lake is in the northeast corner of the crater, roughly round in shape, although somewhat irregular. It washes the steep crater walls on all sides but the southwest. The floor of the crater on this side has a very gentle slope from wall to lake. A few drainage streams have cut down to the surface and are the only means of approaching the water. At this date (August, 1904), no steam was visible and in but few places was the water disturbed by any sign of rising gas. It was very turbid with washings from the sides of the crater. The width of the crater looks not more than 1500 feet of which the lake occupies about one-half. The southwest end of the crater narrows to a second basin containing a shallow lakelet. The level of this is purely due to rainfall. A barrier separates it from the central lake and it has cut a channel through the soft material, a stream at times connecting it by a small cascade ten or twelve feet in height with the central lake. There was no sign of outflow of fresh lava. The volcanic detritus was mainly a highly silicious tufa, sometimes very finely divided and forming a mud which on drying caked into dusty friable masses. A few fragments picked up were more basic, being highly ferruginous. The steam, evi-

dently emitted freely at times by the volcano, carried sulphurous gases—hydrogen sulphide mainly from the odour—and pieces of pure sulphur were found on the crater floor. Much of the tufa was sulphur coated, and where the rock had solidified into a natural cement sulphur was normally a constituent as such. From absence of lava flows, Shiranesan apparently is to be classed at present with the explosive type of volcanoes. As with Bandaisan further north. The last eruption of Bandaisan (1888) was on a much larger scale than at Shirane. The general character, cinder and mud, is the same.

There is no particular reason why a horse should not eat rice, and yet it was interesting to see my nag's appreciation of the cooked article. A good deal of my tiffin box was left untouched, and he ate it up to that last grain in one sniff. I spent some time on Shirane as I had no wish to "rush through" the volcano, and then returned to Kusatsu. For my onward journey the next day I substituted the foreign *kago* which differs from the native in providing room for the foreigners' legs. It can be granted that it is an improvement on the native article, but pretty much anything is that. By slow degrees we again reached the peasant's hut at Shirane. The horse trail here strikes right up and across the ridge and is said to be very bad on the Shibu side. The *kago* trail, however, follows almost on a level along the ridge to a lower pass on the mountain, soon rejoining the horse trail in the descent. There is but little scenery, for the path mainly runs on the level through the forest, but on the Shibu side when a little way down there is a glorious view down the valley to the Negano plain nearly 6000 feet below. This is not seen as a flat plain spread out below the eye, but is framed in at the outlet of a wild gorge hemmed in by lofty mountains. The dark gloom of the natural setting and the valley below smiling in the sunlight were a picture long to remember. The Shibutōge is one of Japan's finest mountain passes. The long steep descent was very interesting in spite of the exasperating *kago,* and not the least so the sharp drop down into the picturesque plateau or mountain valley in which Shibu

lies. Shibu is deservedly much esteemed by those taking the after-cure of the Kusatsu baths. It has good inns, charming surroundings, and itself is a clean pretty little mountain village. There is some down grade from Shibu, through a pretty country, but my *kurumaya* soon brought me down to the level of the Nagano plain, and crossing the broad Chickumagawa a hot and dusty ride brought me to the railway station at Toyono. In spite of its limitations as a town its *yadoya* was a very pretentious affair for a station house. and did a rushing business. It is only an hour into Nagano, whose great Zenkōji temple soon appeared, the conspicuous mark in the landscape. The streets were full of pilgrims in their white *kimonos* and broad mushroom hats. The inns and shops were jammed with them, and the venders of charms and rosaries lining the approach to the temple were doing a roaring trade. Bunches of these holy men were hanging around the shop front much like flies around sugar. Zenkōji is a very holy place. If native report could be believed it was founded at the beginning of the seventh century, and although elsewhere this part of Japan seemed still to be debatable ground with the *Ebisu* sullenly drawing off to the north, the monks of Zenkōji seemed to hold their own in this remote corner. It is the original resting place of the image of Shaka Muni, the Buddha presented to the Emperor by a Korean king in 552 A. D. An image over which there was no end of trouble as the new religion had to fight its way before "the powers that were" agreed to smile upon it and tolerate the worship. "The powers that were" were badly split on the question, and it was only settled by considerable blood letting during which the issue was very uncertain. However, here they are supposed to rest now. The present buildings have no connection with such antiquity. They are comparatively old, however, for Japanese temples, dating from the fifteenth century and later. One finds this frequently to be the case. New buildings on an old foundation, the temples at Nara giving some of the few instances of real age in parts of the Horyūji temple and the pagoda of Yakushi, and which really do belong to the seventh century. By the next after-

noon I was being shoved through the grimy tunnels of the Usui pass, with exasperating glimpses of the roadway following the curves of the hills and giving beautiful views all the way from Karuizawa to Yokokawa. If this section is walked or ridden one would gain much in scenery and lose but little in time, for the cog-road is intolerably slow. Nightfall saw me settled in my inn at the foot of the fantastic rocks of Myōgisan. It has been remarked by someone that Japanese scenery must be visited to really appreciate the great Japanese landscape painters. There is no better place than Myōgisan to have an object lesson as to those fantastic shadow landscapes so common in Japanese pictorial art. When one sees the erratic peaks with their jutting crags and impossibly placed trees, hanging in a cloudland, so to speak, which shrouds their base from view, the inspiration of the Japanese artist is seen to lie not so much in his imagination as in his experience. And an early morning at Myōgi, when the mist still lies along the low-lands, will furnish many such a view so familiar to us in Japanese *kakemono*.

VI

SHINANO WAY

> "Sufficiently hast thou demonstrated this proposition. considerable or otherwise: That the mythus of the Christian Religion looks not in the eighteenth century as it did in the eighth. . . . . But what next? Wilt thou help us to embody the divine spirit of that Religion in a new mythus? What! thou hast no faculty in that kind? Only a torch for burning, no hammer for building? Take our thanks then, and —— thyself away."
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> —*Sartor Resartus.*

That common feature of a Japanese landscape at the beginning of May—strings of paper-fish ranging from three to a dozen feet in length and tugging away in the breeze like the living carp they represent—is the sign manual that boys are a feature of the household effects in the home over or before which they are flying. When the boys' festival comes around, the next following the newcomer's birthday, he gets a number of presents consisting of these paper-fish or of little groups of dolls representing the heroes of old Japan—Jimmu Tennō, Hideyoshi and his great general, Katō Kiyomasa, or the demon-haunted Shoki. The fish are hung out to the breeze which swells their paper bodies, and gives them a singularly life-like motion as they plunge and wriggle and undulate as if hooked in their natural medium. There may be one such fish and there may be a dozen. Every year they are so suspended from a pole towering above the housetop, and as years and weather do their work they gradually diminish in numbers, so that by the time the boy has reached manhood all the paper-fish have probably disappeared into the atmosphere, gently by a piecemeal process or forcibly by an exceptionally strong breeze and weak tackling. A cheap one can be bought for twenty-five *sen* and a large handsome one for a *yen* and a half. They are strongly put together and elaborately decorated and last far longer than their frail material would

give any reason to expect. Girls are somewhat at a discount in a Japanese house, and this is due simply to the different position which the Japanese family occupies in relation to the State. In outward form the Japanese in this respect do not differ in any way from the western nations. They are at a different stage of development. Their usage differs from the present not the past usage of western nations. In these present days when we speak of our family in distinction from household in America, and to nearly the same extent in Europe, we refer to a bond which is confined to blood relationship, and which has very little connection left with the law except in so far as intestate succession is concerned. The family as far as we are concerned is a bond of social fellowship far more intimate than with the rest of the community; a public opinion which is likely to judge our failings far more leniently than the said community. Their support, however, in these days, is purely a matter of good will, and entirely apart from any legal compulsion to stand and fall together. This is due to the development of individualism among us, the placing on the man just as few restraints as are compatible with the public peace and security of others. This condition is the result, however, of a long and gradual evolution from a very different state. Even in these days a man cannot stand entirely alone. This is recognized in every country no matter how free the individual has been left to make the best use of his powers that he can to his own advantage. Every man owes certain duties to the State in the form of personal service or taxes; and the man without a country, while protected by a legal code far more far reaching than in olden days, is, at the last appeal, more helpless to-day than at any time in the world's history.

In the early days when true history dawns in a nation we find that man's first refuge, his first call for aid, is to the family. It is the origin of the State. Under the old Roman law the father was supreme head, chief and priest. Not only the fortunes but the lives of the family were under his control and subject to his will. Children or wife were as completely in his power as any slave in

the household. The law was not likely to be invoked except in case of some informality in procedure. The old law of the Twelve Tables was a formulated code. Provided procedure was according to the code from a legal point of view the justice of the cause was not involved. A judge could not enter into motives influencing action. Custom and the establishment of the Censorship were the only limitations on the father's power. In the Roman household as so constituted, where the father was supreme over the life and property of those constituting it, two questions were inevitable: that of succession, and that of the woman. The question of succession was settled by giving preference to agnate heirs. That is, although a woman inherited equally with her brothers in her father's estate her control over such property, or rather the control of her husband, was limited to her dower rights and even over this she had power of testament so that she could return it to her family. By the time of the Empire the family had been very thoroughly disintegrated by the State, which had usurped most of the paternal police powers. Whereas the State had assumed the authority of the father in most particulars relating to property and the body politic, it kept woman still under thorough tutelage in reference to her property. This she could enjoy for her own uses but could not use it for the benefit of others. She could assume obligations for herself, but not for others. As Professor Villari tersely puts it, she could " hold property, increase her fortune, make her will, lose her virtue; but her dowry, guaranteed and kept intact by law, remains hers to the end of her life." Of course in modern times both man and woman have been practically freed from the family control here described. In Europe, especially in France, what is known as the Family Council, can intervene in affairs of its members, but only under the supervision of the Court by whom its decision must be endorsed. Or, as in Anglo Saxon countries, when relations usually call on the intervention of the Court in cases of incapacity requiring guardianship. This, however, is but the merest shadow left of the former power of the family council. It is to be noted that the family council had nothing but a moral

power over the Roman *pater*. Legally his position held good. This was markedly different from the system prevailing in the German tribes, and of which the power of the French family council still gives a remaining hint. With the same position as priest and chief the father's power was limited by the power of the family council made up of the able-bodied males, whose subordination to him was limited much as the subordination of the chiefs to the king. A strong tie in times of peril and a weak one as soon as the danger is passed. Here also the woman was under tutelage, but it was the tutelage now of the far less oppressive will of the council. Here, too, she had rights of inheritance, and her dower was protected against her husband. As she took it with her, so she took it away with her when the connection was dissolved by death or otherwise, and barring her own issue the law maintained the interest of her own family. In both the Roman and Germanic family it may be noted that while the family hearth is essentially religious in these early times all their regulations as to the power granted to the father and the family are directed towards property rights. The property of the family is not to be diverted if possible into other channels. In Anglo-Saxon countries, where man has reached his greatest centrifugal power, the predominant right of the agnate line of succession has died away completely, and descendants of the same degree inherit equally whether on father's or mother's side. The law of "entail," which under certain circumstances can be broken in England, but which in some continental countries is very rigorous, is about the only modern instance of the ancient supremacy of the family.

In comparing the Japanese family with these two forms which have so strongly influenced western development, a difference of such development can be noticed at once. Whereas all originated on a religious basis, the Roman and German family law quickly developed on the political side, the religious element soon disappearing from view. On the political side there has always been a struggle between Roman and German. The centripetal force of the former, which resulted in the gradual transfer of the family,

powers of the State, was brought into final concussion with the centrifugal tendency of the German tribes when the barbarians finally overwhelmed the western Empire in the fifth century. The State having gone to pieces, the Italian people had to fall back on the old family law based on the "patria potestas." In its centralizing power this was so much better an instrument than the looser family council of the Germanic tribes that in time it not only gained the supremacy but carried with it a great mass of the later Roman legislation still maintained in force among the conquered people; although the code the Germans introduced with them found place for a time side by side with it and more or less modified it. Hence in the ripened legislature of the Italian communes in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries such legislation is all directed to strengthening the family influence, although the "patria potestas" is much curbed. Very much curbed, the object being the unity of the family even to the extent of making them responsible for each other. To still further effect and maintain this unity property succession was made very rigid, and while the dower right of the woman was still in force, it was limited in value and still more limited—this being the real reason—in so far as such dower rights passed into the control of outsiders or members of another commune. Now in this supremacy of the family council here checked and strengthened by the Commune, together with the rigidity of the family bond itself, the Japanese family has much more in common than with either Roman or German family taken separately. In origin the reason is radically different. In the Italian communes it is purely political, the object being to make the family responsible for its members and hold the family under the immediate control of the Commune; the old religious basis as found in Rome and Germany has been eliminated. In Japan also it was the family that was to be held responsible for its members, it was the family with which the State dealt; but its origin and its usages are purely religious. On its political side, however, the law took the family as the convenient unit, just as it would have taken the individual

as unit, or will take the individual as unit in the future if Japanese development continues on western lines. Even in the old days, while the father's power in Japan extended over the lives of his family he was subject to the family council, which, under the Japanese system, practically governed the family. There is no reason to believe that the system is not original with them. With the earliest records it is already found crystallized into shape, although the formula is probably adopted from China.

Religion being Ancestor Worship, the most essential feature is the headship and the maintenance of the family. There must always be a representative to keep up the family worship and the law is all directed to effecting this object. Head succession goes according to a *Lex Salique,* failing which the course is adoption from cadet branches of the house or even of outsiders by marriage, that is the marriage of a daughter of the house and adoption of the son-in-law. The privileges of the headship are great. No member of the family can marry, divorce, or adopt without his consent; no member can change his residence or refuse to reside in the place appointed by the head; he is the preferred heir to the property, receiving one-half if a lineal descendant and one-third if not a lineal descendant of the deceased predecessor; and he is heir at law to all the family property not covered by the laws of succession. The diasdvantages are great. The whole public duty of the family rests on his shoulders, and the support failing nearer kindred; he is not allowed to take action imperilling the family interests; or to resign his headship unless he has reached the age of sixty, or has obtained the consent of his successor to so abdicate. That his duties are no light task is evidenced plainly enough by the number who do abdicate when they get the opportunity. In fact, it is not hard to see that the somewhat narrow field of the individual is, in his case, still more rigidly confined, and he can hardly take any action without considering the effect it may have on the wider interests of which he is the guardian. To some extent he is aided by the family council, who at times deal with marriage, divorce, adoption, or family disputes. These matters were and are settled

within the family. In cases involving the interests of minors and orphans the family council is obliged to act. Appeal can be made from their decisions to the Courts, which on grounds of public policy will uphold the council if it is possible to do so. As in western life, property although a subsidiary interest, is an important one. Hence marriage is one of the most important functions of the headship. Woman who cuts a subsidiary figure in the West here cuts none at all. Only under one condition does woman figure, and that is when owing to failure of heirs male she becomes the head of the house. Under all other conditions her exit from the family is a radical one. Her connection with it ceases with her marriage and she becomes part and parcel of her husband's family, and the ceremony of purification following her departure to her husband's house is akin to that following the removal of a corpse. Legally speaking, her name is erased from the register of her family and entered on that of her husband's family. Marriage therefore means the entrance or the loss of a member of the family, and hence comes under the power of the head of the family, and if marriage takes place without his consent he can expel the offending member and forbid his or her re-entrance into the family. A species of excommunication from the household gods. In relation to illegitimates the Japanese family law is more akin to the German law than to the Roman or Communal code. Under the Roman code an illegitimate child could only be recognized by adoption, having in that privilege equality with a stranger. Under the Japanese law an illegitimate child recognized by the father becomes a co-heir with the legitimate children, although his share of the parents' estate is less than that taken by a legitimate child. Under the German code the illegitimate child also shared in the parents' estate, and in much the same proportion as under the present Japanese law—two-thirds to one-third—although the ratio depended within certain limits on the number of legitimate children. These are of course all measures to maintain the family in the blood line. But as in old Rome it was necessary to maintain the family in its relation to the State, so in Japan it has always

been held to be necessary to maintain the family in relation to worship of ancestors, and a means had to be found when lack of heirs in male line threatened its extinction. The remedy in both cases was found in adoption, limited according to the Roman law, and up to recent times unlimited by the Japanese law. Under the Roman law the adopted had to be so far removed in age from the adopter—fifteen years—as to be properly the adopter's child, and right to adopt was limited to those who had passed fifty years. Under the old Japanese code no natural relation in age was taken into consideration. A minor, even a child, could adopt an adult, the object in this case not being the succession to the property of the family but the proper maintenance of the family worship. Under the present code, however, the person adopted must be younger than the adopter, and the latter cannot be a minor. Japanese family law undoubtedly lays far greater stress on the importance of adoption than is found among western peoples, and in so far as the German law has modified the Roman law the breach here between East and West is widened. The peculiarity of Japanese law in this particular is due to the religious bias—worship of ancestors carried on by male descendants only. This has relegated woman to a position that had had no parallel in the western world. In the Roman world the woman was sacred as mother. In the barbarian world woman was sacred as wife. If man did not regard the dignity of her position as the mother of the race he regarded her weakness, and on that ground this rough society threw over her its protection. In the Middle Ages she was a valuable prize, and according to who obtained possession of her often went the government of provinces. In all cases she was under strict tutelage. In the East she has always been regarded merely as a breeding machine. That she is respected as parent is true. In spite of her motherhood is also true. As daughter she is subject to her father; as wife to her husband; as mother to her son; and this for ages past not for any necessity of protection but simply for reasons of sex. For this reason she never has and never can take her position with man until she is made his companion. How the

Japanese man reconciles his mother's womanhood to his undoubted affection for her is probably an example of mental acrobatics only possible to eastern casuistry. But after all the world is ruled at bottom by brute force. With all our knowledge of the germ theory of life, that we are as much our mother as our father, woman holds her position of inferiority. Must hold it as long as men's muscles maintain their supremacy. The world is a long way from beating its swords into ploughshares, and fortunately or unfortunately woman's brains do not march *pari passu* with her privileges.

The most tedious perhaps of railway journeys in Japan is the ride around Tōkyō on the connecting railway between Shinagawa and Akabane. Not that the distance is great, for it is somewhat less than fourteen miles, or that the speed is abnormally low for the amount of jolting and shaking that one gets creates at least the impression that one is travelling with some degree of progress; but it takes an hour and longer to cover this wretched distance and at times the whole system seems suspended, the platform bare and deserted even by the pedlars of tobacco, newspapers, and *kwashi*. Anywhere else such periods of waiting are broken by the arrival of the train from the opposite direction. But not on this line. Apparently without any reason, or as if it had become tired on its own account, the engine wakes up with a snort to make a lazy plunge for the next station and probably to repeat the operation. I was using this road early one May on my way to Kōfu and it was during one of these stops that a little plot of the *ayame* or early Iris caught my eye jammed in between the squares of the paddy fields. Now, on a preceding fourth of May at a country inn, I had come in contact with " Things Japanese." On entering the bath-room I found the tub decorated with Iris leaves, and after a little finessing managed to draw out the following explanation which can be taken as one form in which traditional ideas and superstitions still hang on in spite of the limelight of

science, newspapers, and the general tendency to materialistic explanation.

In Japan as in most other countries the woman works in the fields, her occupation taking her into the hills and the woods and other such places which from time immemorial have been supposed to be the favourite haunts of various supernatural beings. Japanese gods are quite as frail as the gods of the ancient Greeks, and in Japanese folklore the story of Danæ, of Lida, and of Europa has been often repeated and reproduced, although with but little of the charm that the old Greek fancy could weave about its legends. The evidence of such unexpectedly inconvenient honour was shown in the offspring, and the children carried some mark of their supernatural origin, such as excessive hairiness, great size, peculiarity of facial resemblance fancied or otherwise, to some animal whose form the god had assumed when he courted his victim. In this way the country people explained the many pranks that Nature often plays on man in his offspring. There was a remedy, however, for such unsuspected violations. If the bath was decorated with the leaves of the *shōbu* at this date those using it could afterward go about their occupations on the hillside without fear of such accidents and hedged against any attempts of their divinityships. Tacked onto this superstition is the idea that the *shōbu* leaf relieves headache and by binding it around the brows this undesirable adjunct to bad nerves or bad stomach can be driven away.

A jerk of the train and all ideas as to Japanese traditions were quickly dispelled. None of the Japanese railroads are particularly distinguished by smoothness of roadbed and the Tōkyō beltline is no exception, although not so bad as the Northern Railway. Incidentally I will add that the roughest piece of roadway I have experienced, akin to a milk shake apparatus, has been in a country noted for the expense and solidity of its railway construction; but the branch line running from Stratford on Avon across country and passing through Towcester can, or could, equal any piece of temporary construction work put together even in the States. At the time I speak of, this Kōfu railway was only in operation as far

as Saruhashi. Although the line was a continuous one at Hachiōji we passed off the rails of the government road and on to those of a private corporation. The idea of a traffic arrangement for passengers did not seem to have entered the official brain, and it is pretty safe to say that it was not likely to do so spontaneously. At all events, after a pretty ride over the Tōkyō plain which is always picturesque with its clumps of woodland and the distant mountains, we were turned out for another long wait before continuing our onward progress. The mountains are now close at hand, the range encircling Fuji to the north, and soon after leaving Hachiōji we plunge into a valley gradually narrowing as the road progresses. The scenery now becomes very fine. The railway climbs along the slopes high above the river and a good deal of tunnelling is necessary to negotiate the abrupter section of the gorge. Although I had made an early start it was late afternoon before I reached Saruhashi, a picturesquely situated mountain village. One hears much of fleas in Japan, but my experiences with that sprightly animal have been few and far between. Saruhashi tried to make up the deficiency, and here he swarmed, and the picturesque situation of the inn close to the "monkey bridge" does not make up for this drawback. One's attention is withdrawn from the scenery to go flea hunting, a too absorbing and immediate occupation to admit of any delay. The view from the bridge is very pretty. The narrow river is here confined between perpendicular walls relieved by much green vegetation. The name probably is derived from one of those crazy structures of bamboo still to be found in the mountain districts of Japan and which properly seem made for monkeys not men. I was kept too busy to thoroughly enjoy the hospitality of my Boniface and was glad to get on my way next morning. It was ten miles to the Sasaotōge, accomplished by *basha,* or native omnibus, and over a most atrocious road which can hardly be classed as passable for *ricksha,* being mainly a conglomerate of deep ruts, stones, and gulleys. The rougher *basha* can fight its way through this stuff, but we had a wretched agent of locomotion in a poor, starved, overdriven, tottering horse that was

just able to maintain its footing. One does not have to go far afield to get illustrations of Japanese brutality towards animals. And the curious side of the question is that the more useful the animal, the less care seems to be taken of it. The dog has teeth and some disposition to use them, and anyhow has a strong family resemblance to his still wild relatives. The cat is a rather non-obtrusive animal that calls for no particular attention beyond some daily food. The dog gets more attention from children, although not to the extent that is lavished on him in the western world. His acuteness does not seem to have attracted notice if one can judge by the fables in which he plays a far less conspicuous and benevolent part than birds. Cats are strictly unpopular, perhaps due to Buddhist prejudice against them, the cat being the only animal that did not mourn the Buddha's death. Their useful side, however, is recognized and they are at least let alone if not petted. The horse, however, is a co-worker with the coolie, who seems to have gotten on a very superficial understanding with him. They do not recognize that the animal's efficiency and duration—in general terms, his usefulness—is enhanced by good treatment; that it is a question of economy to take care of him. The scenes witnessed on the Yokohama hills, when the unfortunate brutes zigzag up the slopes hidden under their staggering loads, are due strictly to a native inherent indifference to animal suffering. They will not eat meat on religious grounds, and will drive the animal until it drops of exhaustion. My particular Bucephalus was a mass of sores wherever his Joseph's coat of harness touched him, for it was made up of everything from iron wire, through scraps of leather, up or down to pack thread doubled and twisted many times to make it hang together. If the driver or *bettō* had but little idea of the economical usage of his animal he had a keen knowledge of its tender points. After a few miles the poor brute stopped of exhaustion. He was then assisted along for another hundred yards by inserting a strap under his fetlock and giving it a sharp tug much like hitting a man sharply on the crazy bone. This ingenious device was the suggestion of a passing farmer. Another effective

spur was beating him at his sore points. It was all done in perfect good temper. There was no display of anger or ill temper. The horse instead of being a mass of palpitating feeling flesh might have been a mechanical contrivance of which the problem was to find the spring that moved it. Protests merely occasioned a transfer to some other form of abuse, the acme being when the driver and some enthusiastic assistants among the wayfarers gleefully fell on him with a railway tie as persuader. We walked into Kuronota thoroughly disgusted and inwardly vowed to take any means of getting out of the district than *basha*. A society for the prevention of cruelty to animals is badly needed in Japan, but its work would have an unusually discouraging basis to start on, for the only hope of success would be by appealing to the argument of future economy and this has but little weight with the Japanese who lives essentially in the present. It is a steep but not long climb over a bad road to the top of the pass. The view from the summit is not at all striking. A few miles down brings one into more picturesque surroundings and hence out on the Kōfu plain. All this ride, however, is now obviated by the extension of the railway to Kōfu.

The Bōsenkaku at Kōfu was a delightful stopping place and one of the best examples of the better class Japanese inns. Placed at the entrance of a public park it has a pretty garden of its own, the inn running around it on three sides. They have a European scale of prices, perhaps because Kōfu is much frequented by tourist foreigners who make it their starting point for the trip down the Fujikawa. While stopping here I had an opportunity to try some of the local vintage. Kōfu is a noted place in Japan for grapes, although it hardly would attract attention elsewhere. The sample brought savoured decidedly of the unfermented juice and a conspicuously earthy taste found in the lower grades of California and Australia wines. There was more trouble with getting transportation onward, and the local worthies profited to the full extent of the necessities of their prize. I referred to this afterward on my return and I was told by Japanese that the Kai-Shinano dis-

trict was rather notorious for that sort of thing. From ancient times the lower classes have been noted for their roughness, and the floating element of "tough" hanging just on and outside the pale of the law has given more trouble here than elsewhere. In old days the kidnapping of country girls and forwarding them to the Yoshiwara of Yedo and to other cities was a profitable business to the men of Kai. It was good that I got off early the next day, for my men were the very reverse of energetic. We had a long day before us and they practically walked the sixteen *ri* (forty miles) to Kami-no-Suwa. There are no passes on the way and the road is fairly level and good. The scenery is pretty but decidedly commonplace. It is a great silk district and every house had its women hard at work. It is those skilful little fingers of the women that are the backbone of this great industry and of many other industries, and without them Japan would be in a very bad way economically. The full share of the manual labour falls on them. There is a good deal of factory life through the district and mills are a feature both of Kami-no-Suwa and Shimo-no-Suwa. In the old days *all* this work used to be carried on in the household, the product being taken to the middleman's agent, but modern exigencies have wrought this great and unpleasant difference, for it is only very recently that the Japanese seem to have worked up to the fact that legislation was needed to protect the employees. Long hours, few breaks in the monotony of their work, for the Japanese observation of a weekly rest day does not filter down to these establishments, and wages which even from the standpoint of Japanese living are trifling. A Japanese coolie at thirty *sen* a day is from his standard of living—by no means a bad one in food and clothing—getting a dollar and quarter a day. The carpenter and roofer at sixty *sen* a day are far more than doubling the rate for the list of superfluities that become necessities as we rise in the scale is but little extended in Japan. The old influence of a certain standard for each separate class still makes itself felt. A woman in the mills of Ōsaka gets ten cents a day. They are housed by their employers and the recent legislation has been

directed to regulating the abuse of this feature of their work and enforcing decent regard to sanitary conditions. Men's labour is better protected through their guilds. In fact, the guild is to-day such an important feature of Japanese commercial life that it is quite as necessary to take it in consideration as the Government itself. In the West, with its individualizing tendency, the guild has gradually been eliminated, although the latest socialistic doctrines have been retrograding to the form in fact if not in theory. The East has carried this segregation of crafts to an extreme, even to the extent of appropriating parts of town and city to the exercise of particular forms of labour. As the political system eliminates the individual and deals with the family, so the economical system eliminates the individual and deals with the guild. There is no life outside of the guild, hence the individual must bow to its orders on penalty of starvation. The Japanese guilds run through the whole gamut of society from the religious formalities of the ancient and honourable swordmakers lost in the mists of time up to the most complete and modern Labour or Capital Trust. Labour has always worked through the guilds and has known no other way, simply because the political and religious systems have prevented any development of individualism. In the face of modern institutions this has given rise to a curious condition of affairs. As disputes between individuals are settled by the guilds, so disputes between the guilds are settled by arbitration, and although the courts are in full operation bold is the man who in either case appeals to them without the sanction of the guild. Cases are notorious where foreigners in dealing with Japanese have carried their case successfully through the devious and irritating channel of Japanese litigation to be met with the dictum of the guild, "Accept an arrangement, thus and so, or close business with the guild," which of course means cease business in Japan. There are plenty of examples in western commercial life where pressure of a kind is put on the smaller fry by the great corporations; where a man is driven out of business by ruthless competition or by the more underhand method of threatening his customers' business if

they continue to deal with him. These we recognize and try to reach in every way possible to the lawmaker and against the lawbreaker. I doubt very much, however, if there is any corporation in America so great that it would dare to send notice to a successful litigant that he must settle the case as decided by them, without reference to the court's decision, or cease dealing with them. Such contempt of court would receive drastic punishment. They might try and frame a way to avoid the court's decision or wriggle out of it as best they could, but on the face their submission would be absolute, and they would pay for any rash misinterpretation they put on such decision. In the guilds we meet also with another feature which accents the radical difference between East and West. In the West while their basis was communistic, their action was mainly political. Under the western trade guilds the plebs make their appearance in the political life of Rome. Although under the crushing power of the emperors the *collegia* and *sodalitia* have but little power, still the main object is protection against outside encroachment on the rights of their members. Their object is not purely social. On the fall of the western empire they were probably the only means of protection to the lower classes in the frightful confusion that followed that fall, and the disintegration of any organized opposition to the floods of barbarians pouring over Italy. And it is these organizations that in a political sense first raise their head against the oppression of the feudal system. Their object always is trade and its advancement, but this they are always seeking to grasp by means of the political power, so that in the thirteenth century we find the most powerful of the powers dividing Italy to be a Commune of Guilds—Florence. The inherent right of a man to guide his own destiny, the democratic germ of modern Europe, has always lain within the wrappings of these guilds from the earliest times of western life. To be sure, in recent times the formation of the great labour and capital trusts have modified this sentiment, and the tendency of the leaders of both has been to split our western communities into a congeries of interests where the

circles touch each other but are not concentric. The labour leaders have abandoned the old struggle for freedom, which has been carried on through centuries and at the cost of so much effort and bloodshed. The right of a man to earn his daily bread in the way he finds best suited to him is to be transposed into the right of a man to work if the labour leader chooses to let him work. No new features are introduced into the scheme. Limitation of the number of apprentices admitted to the guild, and limitation of the output of work and hence the creation of an artificial demand. We seem to be returning to the old days when the guilds ruled the corporation of London with this difference, that the guilds of those days made the good quality of their products a great object and punished severely bad work, whereas the present guilds are directed to protecting the bad work at the expense of good work. The western world seems to hesitate at present as to whether the individualization has been carried too far; as to whether the weaker guilds (the labour unions) are not to be supported against the stronger guilds (the capitalists). The people are likely in time, however, to find the balance, as they have often done before. Evolution does not work backward. Even if Nature staggers around a little trying to get its footing and producing some freaks in the process. It is much easier to be controlled by many with their various distracting interests, than to be under the guiding will of a single despot always at hand and with his whole attention concentrated on a limited space to crush out any individualism that might arise. Individualism is too ground into the western mind and this return to the guild system carries the seeds of its death within it. The Capitalist Trust, the most vulnerable of the two, is always subject to the will of the majority. The Labour Trust by its very victory over Capital would dissolve. Its cause for existence would be cut away from under it. The Japanese guild does not bother—as yet—about the political side of the question. Individualism with its free man and free mind has no place in Japanese Absolutism. The guild has no relations with external or internal politics, but it has a very drastic control over its members,

and in this it has the Government support, which finds it easier to deal with and hold responsible the heads of the guilds than to deal with and hold responsible the individual units. Just how far they are laying up for themselves trouble in the future by nourishing this *imperium in imperio* will only appear when the guilds make their step forward into politics. The control of the guilds is a very important matter, and the men who gain that control direct the lives of many of their fellow citizens as a living is not possible outside of them.

It was dark before I started down the hill above Kami-no-Suwa. This is the nearest approach to a pass on the whole stretch from Kōfu north to the Nakasendō. The inn at Kami-no-Suwa was a big commercial house with a beautiful garden, and from my room aloft I had a full sweep over the country toward the lake beyond, and just below my eyes the ground plan of the aforesaid garden as seen from above. We were nearly " full up," and the evening was well advanced before the police book and supper came around. The inn people were invaluable in the ensuing struggle with the *ricksha* men. It was not advisable to press matters too far with them for they could refuse to go beyond the mountain village of Wada, where it was undetermined whether other *ricksha* were to be found or not. I found out, however, from the inn people that I could get out of the district without troubling myself about *ricksha* men farther than a little town called Shiojiri, and in fact, if it had been convenient, *basha* was available all the way from Kami-no-Suwa. To Shiojiri therefore I departed the next morning, a pretty ride around the head of the lake and over a good road. I say a good road for the *ricksha* men chose to take a short cut over a very bad one. After giving them ample opportunity to earn their "peculium" I clambered up the last hundred yards of the hill, leaving them to shoulder the *ricksha* for progress on wheels was impossible. The inn at Shiojiri was a pretty little place, a matter of some importance, for it lies on the Nakasendō road, which is one of the show routes for scenery in Japan. On foot is a charming way to go through the country, but it must be

understood that there are limitations to putting it into practice. For a party of young foreigners to go through the country in this way, as so many do through Switzerland and the Black Forest, for instance, would arouse the wildest suspicion in the eyes of the native, and they would quickly find themselves being held up and questioned by the police to their no small annoyance. Where the use of a camera even in the streets of Shimonoseki gives no end of trouble, and involves at least the forfeiture of the instrument, it can be imagined that sketching and photographing through the mountains even in permitted districts is sure to arouse the suspicions of the local Cerberus, who has large ideas as to his responsibilities and the full inclination to confiscate first and determine the legal bearing of the question afterward. The foreign traveller desired in Japan is he who is accompanied by a native guide to carefully take him over the frequented routes, and where no new responsibilities are dumped on some official who finds himself presented with a case not covered by that part of the rules which are familiar to him and relieve him of the trouble of thinking. The foreign resident also gives but little trouble. He usually speaks more or less of the language, and has business connections which quickly establish him as a responsible person and within reach at all times and seasons. In such a fortified camp as Europe the military authorities only trouble themselves about fortified neighbourhoods, and what the native is allowed to sketch or photograph, the same privilege is extended to the stranger; in Japan such zones are extremely liberal, and—to make a sort of bull which fits the situation however—where it is allowed it is safer first to get permission, even if it be the photographing of some harmless and battered Buddha surrounded by dirt and children and in the confined lanes of a crowded city where there are certainly no strategic features except to the eye of the official. In Japanese eyes everybody is a spy. In this they imply no discredit. It is their own general practice, and what they do themselves they naturally expect other people to do. There is none of that instinctive repugnance which the practice arouses in the western mind and which only the neces-

sity of occasion sanctions. With us the personality of the individual is his own concern, and we hesitate to intrude on it except in so far as is agreeable to him. Hence but little attention is paid to a man's actions in so far as there is no special reason. To the Japanese there is no such thing as privacy. They live in public, their individuality is crushed out by every custom that can be brought to bear on it, they have never gotten beyond the communal stage even in their home life. For a Japanese girl or boy, or even for a man or woman, to have a room to retire to as their own, sacred against the intrusion of others, is unknown. There are no doors, no locks, paper screens only through which a whisper can be heard from one room to another. Where, after the *futons* are rolled up and stowed away for the day, the whole establishment is thrown into one big common room for the whole household, where one's most private life is carried on therefore "*coram publico*" from their first appearance, any such feeling of individualism as the West feels toward spying is not blunted but simply is undeveloped. There is one feature of this trait that soon attracts the attention of the westerner. That is the intensely personal questions that are asked by his casual eastern acquaintance, and which are usually set down to the "custom of the country," the interest that is supposed to be polite by taking in the well-being of the stranger. In part, it may be formula or has become formula, but at bottom these questions have little to do with politeness. They are part of the general system of being able to answer as far as possible as to everything that can be gleaned from the stranger. This is in part due to the nature of the relation between the governing powers and the governed, the method employed being that of holding a man responsible for his neighbour. The system of local government is better considered elsewhere, but one feature of such responsibility has been the development of just this form of underhand inquisition. It is analogous to the position of the teacher who encourages tale-bearing among his pupils. It has indeed grown second nature with this people who are held in a kind of tutelage by their officials. In this sense it is often relieved from

that form of impertinence of which the shining example in western literature is "Paul Pry." But not seldom your kind inquiring acquaintance will march off to the police box adjacent, with his information, retailing it with a directness and gesture in your direction which at least shows a sense of amusing guilelessness. Politeness certainly has little to do with many instances. Apart from the little irritation it arouses in the western mind, the practice does not work to the injury of any foreigner with legitimate purposes, and, as I have said before, it adds perceptibly to the safety of journeying through unfrequented by-roads and through isolated districts. But enough has been said as to the "politeness of the habit."

It is worth going into this question of Japanese politeness, for it is an excellent instance as to the effect of an iron code on a people, which, originally purely disciplinary, has effected a change in the intimate nature of the people themselves. Let it be understood that the old code of etiquette in Japan was in no way intended as a school for politeness. It was to mark off caste from caste, the low man from his superior. It was not enough to mark the separation by occupation and increased privileges in the community, but the distinction must always be employed wherever the two castes come in contact. When the greater lord and his train met the lesser, the latter must draw to the side of the road and respectfully wait for him to pass. When the clown met his superior on his travels, he must crouch in the ditch with his face to the ground so as to avoid even the pollution of his glance to meet the cortège. One caste was not allowed to ignore the presence of the other caste. The formulas were to be obeyed. No *samurai* was to be censured for cutting down a peasant who had failed in respect to him. Now this respect was based in first instance not on any moral code but on authority, and as consideration for those below by no means increases as we go down the scale, the lower classes would receive but little relief from pressure of those more immediately in authority over them. The kick that is handed down from the top is always passed on with a little

interest, and the last man probably kicks the dog. Another feature is that there is absolutely nothing democratic in the constitution of the Japanese people. Their organizations have been purely for trade. Politics were not only foreign to their purpose but were absolutely forbidden them. Hence the lower class Japanese got a full dose of authority, and such authority took care not to let them forget by ceaselessly putting before their eyes the practice of it on the peril of the most severe punishment—at times even death—if they failed in any particular. Under such training it was that the Japanese nation learned to be polite. Polite to all above him, polite to his equals, for as his government lay in the hands of his superiors so it was an offence to trouble that superior with their petty quarrels. Woe to the man who gave rise to some such disturbance on frivolous grounds. It was not only the law of the land that was offended but the magistrate himself, and it was "the rule of the Cadi," round measure did one or sometimes both of the litigants receive. Now this submission was not so difficult to force on the people inasmuch as the ground had already been broken for it by the existing religious code which made obedience to superiors a cardinal feature of such code. The Japanese peasant is ordinarily very religious, and in no way wishes to do anything that would offend or arouse the anger of the gods. And he carries this out in the very practical way of prayers and contributions. Anyone who spends a little time in the grounds of some temple will note the large number of worshippers that come in this private manner to make their petitions to the divine power. They are of all grades of society, poor and rich, cotton and silk, men and women, and many young girls, and to pray for much the same things as they do in far-off Europe. The safe return of a son, for a male child in an approaching delivery, or for an *obi* or sash. Seated beside some little rural temple it is noticeable, the large proportion of the passersby who stop for a few minutes to offer up a prayer. Submissive to authority as a right, reinforced by submission to authority as a duty, has made attention to the little details of human intercourse a second nature to a class of people

whose daily life in close contact to and struggle with the soil would give but little occasion for such niceties, and which in other ways, in indifference to human suffering, or in cruel treatment of animals, and in practice of the grossest superstitions, shows its rougher nature and the usual effects of such contact. This harsh and exacting treatment has indeed made the mass of the Japanese a polite people. There is an instinctive feeling when brought in contact with it that it is not sincere, a feeling that the person practising it is using a code and is not speaking from the heart. It is not, however, the superficial politeness of the French, all smiles and bows while the wind sits in the right corner. Let conditions change and the Gallic storm is let loose with a range and *bouleversement* that staggers the onlooker from the colder and more self-contained North. The Japanese rarely lose control of themselves. They can be as cold, harsh, malicious, and unforgiving toward each other as any race that has ever been planted on that trifling little planet *Terra*. I have chanced upon but one physical encounter in public and that turned out to be between Chinamen, who, far from being a pacific race individually, have the reputation of fighting "at the drop of a hat." *Yakamashii* (noisy) is a term of reproach among the Japanese. When their quarrels do reach the point of violence they too often end in the Quarter Sessions Court, not the magistrate's office. Feuds will go on in this way smouldering until the community is startled some day with the wholesale slaughter of a whole household, the original difference having started over some trifling matter that English or Americans would have settled with a few stiff punches. There is another feature in connection with Japanese politeness and that is the translation of their honorifics. The honorific O is translated "honourable," this being its proper meaning and often so used in our sense of the term; but one feels, living among the Japanese, that as used in common life—anything from *O Ichi San,* "Honourable Miss First," to *O Neko San,* "Honourable Mr. Cat,"—it is purely conventional. It is in no sense a title, as when we speak of the Honourable Mr. X, member of Congress or of Parliament. Every

gesture and tone of the voice show that it has become a customary expression, and *Oide* and *Goran nasai* are simply used in the sense of "come here, please" and "look, please." The honorific absolutely disappears in Ohayo, "honourably early," which is "good morning," and nothing else.

A foreign style *basha*—that is, with seats—took me the few miles that still remained between Shiojiri and the terminus of the railway at Matsumoto. This is a large ugly Japanese town beautifully situated at the head of the picturesque valley which practically runs south all the way to Kōfu. The mountain wall of Hida rises to the westward and it is cut off on the east from the valley of Nagano and the Chikumagawa by another lofty range. The railway was still very new to Matsumoto and the station had quite a crowd of townspeople and countrymen around it engaged in watching the shifting of the cars and other operations novel to many of them. After leaving Matsumoto the railway soon entered the hills, winding around among the valleys here not presenting the trim rice-fields and other features of farm life so common in Japanese scenery, but that of a sparsely settled district and a good deal of wild nature such as you see winding among the foothills of the coast range in California. These hills grew higher and more rugged, and after some fine gorge scenery we plunged into a tunnel to find on the other side one of the striking views of Japan. The whole broad Nagano valley lay far below at our feet, with the mountains of Kōtsuke towering up in front on the other side. It was a beautiful scene of exquisite cultivation and rugged nature grandly harmonized; of brilliant light with shadows cast by cloud and mountain; and the Japanese rice-fields are always pleasing, broken here and there by graceful clumps of trees shrouding some shrine or giving shade to some farmhouse. We were in such close quarters here on the mountain that a curve was out of the question, so reversing the train by a V turn we were backed down and gradually were brought to the valley level into the midst of this rich land which had been stretched under our eyes during the descent. As everywhere else, it is the land and those that live on

it that are the backbone of the Japanese nation, and, as if recognizing that the people who own the soil are those having the greatest stake in it, the Government in so far as it allows any voice in public affairs has always favoured the agriculturist. These farms sprinkled over Japan therefore answer the question as to what are these country people? How have they lived and how do they live? How is their property regulated and distributed? We all know what interest a stout old farmhouse presents in our own home landscape. A house which has weathered generations of change, not as in cities accompanied by the rise and fall of men's fortunes in the ephemeral forms of created wealth changing not only with men's needs but with men's habits, but in that solid permanency attached to the soil and which is an inherent quality of "landed property." The farmer in Japan always has been a person of some consideration. Even in recent feudal days he was ranked next to the *samurai,* although far below him, being the first in rank of the *people,* followed by the artisan class, and lowest of all the merchant class. Below the latter were the outcasts and the *etas,* who were officially without standing as men at all being known as *hinin* or "not men." The position of the peasant in the early days has already been mentioned. The form in which property was held followed much the history of the class. The number of the true yeoman class who owned their property in their own right, "freehold," so to speak, diminished almost to a vanishing quantity, and for the same reasons as in Europe at a much earlier period, namely, the necessity of seeking protection of the strong against the outrages of the times when there was no public law and no government to whom to appeal. Landed property therefore passed into a few hands in exchange for the protection afforded to its original owners, and the lord's castle represented the same idea in Japan in 1868 as it had in France or in fact in Europe (except England) up to the outbreak of the French Revolution and the triumph and spread of its principles. A purely feudal tenure in Europe lapsed with the death of the holder and had to be renewed. Convenience, and in some cases necessity,

brought it about that in time custom made such tenures hereditary in the family of the tenant. That is, the title to property so passed practically returned to the original holder subject to certain duties thereto attached. These duties were paid either in personal service or in taxes of money or kind. Subject to restrictions—more or less severe according to the helplessness of the underling or tyranny of the overlord—a man's heirs inherited his property subject to the same duties. The overlord being the State, he occupied the position it does to-day with some added drastic provisions, for he became the heir in cases where heirs were lacking, or were foreigners, or where defects had vitiated the holder's use. This last was the most irritating feature of such land held under feudal tenure even where so modified by custom as to imply heirship, for such regulations were often vexatiously minute and of course all in favour of the overlord, who in addition to being a party to any dispute that would arise was judge of his own case. When therefore times became more settled, it is seen that the land has practically become divided between the Church and the barons, and original freeholders were few and far between and in such few cases strictly affiliated with the noble class. In Europe the great free cities or corporations arose, but these latter find no representation in Japan. Land was now largely held and worked by the people at large under the form of ground rent or of simple lease. The first was strictly hereditable and the holder in those days was protected in his rights against every one but his lord, and the peasantry would occupy from generation to generation the same farmstead. The duties had mainly been converted into taxes of money and kind but labour in the form of the *corvée* or its equivalent was still required from the peasantry. Since the French Revolution even the form of forced labour has been removed, although permission is given to the rural holder in some countries to work out his road taxes instead of paying money. The State having now assumed the position of the feudal baron, all relations between the owner of the land and the user of it have now entirely disappeared, and the relation between them has assumed a purely

commercial aspect. Some remnants recently did exist in English legislation enforcing the old reversionary rights of the landlord as in the case of copyhold for one or more lives.

The land in Japan went through the same cycle of evolution. There were, however, in the old times of these villages, and entirely apart from any harshness or exactions of the lord of the soil, obligations and restraints fastened on the inhabitants that have made their effects felt to this day in their habits and business relations. Some of the original forms still survive in out of the way places, as in public notices that frugality is to be practised in the village for the coming year. And perhaps the lax idea of contract found in so many phases all through everyday Japanese life can be attributed to these former customs. The life was strictly a life of the community. Nothing could be done without the knowledge and consent of the community. A lease or sale of house or ground required the consent of family and neighbours as attested by their seals to the document. In many villages sale of land was absolutely forbidden under any condition. In other cases this prohibition existed but was evaded by a sort of perpetual lease clause by which the vendor or his heirs could always step in and repurchase after a certain number of years. Particularly in towns there was often a proviso that the lease of a house must first be submitted to neighbours, and then, if they consented to the presence of the newcomer, the lease became valid. And beyond all was the uncomfortable position of the bankrupt debtor; the man who failed to fulfil his obligations. We can understand something of the tenderness shown by Japanese courts to the debtor when we appreciate the latter's condition. In fact, the professional money-lender —on interest—found small favour. The orders for a private settlement of money disputes, payment on instalment extending over long terms of years, the ready acceptance of excuse for non-payment provided it was shown that an honest endeavour had been made to meet the debt, the issuance from time to time of private settlement orders which were really statutes of limitation abolishing all debts previous to the proclamation, emphasize this position of the

debtor. The bankrupt was a marked man. He lost caste. He was in most places deprived of all voice in village or town affairs, sometimes for life. His descendants could not hold certain offices for several generations. He was forbidden to use an *haori,* or outside coat, on any occasion, or to use a rain hat. In some extreme cases he was driven from the place and a hut erected on waste land nearby in which he must dwell. There were entire settlements of such broken-down men, on the outskirts of large villages. At best he either entered the family of a relative as a subordinate, or his family took care of wife and children while he was exiled or lived this degraded separate life. Bankruptcy therefore involved not only loss of goods but grave social and political penalties, and the Court properly took great care in forcing matters to an extremity. The whole system must have reacted very strongly on the body politic in cramping enterprise, for the capitalist would be timid in advancing money for new enterprises, or he would cover losses by high interest rates, and this seems to have been the case as the many laws against usury show. Responsibility, however, was wide and the endorsing seal of the village authorities in many cases made them, or even the village, responsible for the debt contracted.

When the central government replaced the *daimyō* government, the yeoman farmer or *gōshi* had practically disappeared. He was *rara avis* or rather, as great landholder, amalgamated with the noble classes. The land was held by the peasants under ground-rent or lease. It passed by regular law of succession with the same reversionary rules in case of failure on the part of the leaseholder, and the same defect that the lord became judge in any cause of dispute which arose between him and his peasantry. One can understand therefore that the revolution and the transfer to the central government was by no means the shock to the whole economic system that at first sight appears. The central government took the place of the *daimyō* just as in France, Republic displaced Empire, or *vice versa.* Not a peasant was ousted from his holding. He paid his rent to the government tax office instead of to the lord's steward, and he gained infinitely by the change inas-

much as the landlord was now the community, and he knew that the taxes were levied for actual purposes of government, and not to support the extravagances of some *fainéant* in Yedo. While theoretically the Government is the real owner of all the land, the title rests in the registered holder of the land who has all the power now of using it and devising it found in western legislation of the most recent date, and subject only to the general impost and taxation and to the laws of succession. In the same way these many country villages that the traveller passes in his journeys have changed their basis of government with as little friction as the change of ownership of the land. The ancient system has practically been continued in its outer form to the present day, the changes being superficial and in the direction of centralization. The responsibility of the family for its members has largely disappeared, and in so far a movement has been made in the direction of individuality. Division of small groups of houses with a responsible chief, further groupings into wards, into districts, and into still larger divisions for representation in a general council. The basis of all these councils is wealth, not manhood suffrage. A man must have reached a certain age—twenty-five years—must pay a certain proportion of national tax, must fulfil certain personal qualifications as to character, and must not be of the official class. A person disqualified by conviction under the penal code or a bankrupt cannot be an elector. Great attention is paid to form, and the various systems of registrations fixing a man's status are very complete. They are practically a police provision, and, accounting for every individual in a household, much simplify police work. Property qualification to be an elector do not stop simply at the statement of tax paid. The list of electors is divided according to tax paid by them. The wealthier interests representing one-half the tax assessment of the place elect half the council members, the balance of the electors choose the other half of the council. The elections are arranged so that half the council is renewed at each election, thereby constituting a permanent body. The body so formed possesses functions not very different from

those found in western communities. They regulate their village affairs, and it falls on them to distribute the taxes assessed against the commune. Their decisions, however, are subject to appeal to the sub-prefect and prefect of the *arrondissement* or province, who can also check them up on his own initiative. Hence they are brought into direct contact with the central government which has constant watch over their actions. Their head, the mayor, holds a double relation in this respect, for while he is the executive of the council to carry out their regulations and is elected by them, he is also the representative of the Government which transmits its will through him not as mayor but as its local representative, whether in relation to acts of the council or to general acts which are to be promulgated. It can be seen that the only change in village political life here lies in this limited suffrage for the election of the council, and which although much restricted in its operation, carries a germ of individualism in its recognition of interest as separate from the family.

Politics therefore are not such as to create a furor on such ground as this and the village life passes as tranquilly and much as in our own country villages. Work in the field all day and at nightfall the home-coming. The women, when they do not work side by side with the men, are employed in household duties, spinning silk, drying grain, washing vegetables for market, and other such duties to add to the exchequer. The hours of work over, there is a good deal of mutual "dropping in" to each other's houses, general gossip in which the local scandal is pretty thoroughly thrashed out in a country where nothing can be kept secret, and story-telling for which the Japanese have a great attraction and a deserved reputation, practice in this and in making little poems having reached much farther down into the social strata than in the busier West. In public their main amusements are the temple fairs or *matsuri*. Here there is a marked difference from western life. They have indeed in Japan days of public holiday, such as the accession and death of Jimmu Tennō, the first Emperor and the birthday of the present Emperor; generally observed but without those public

meetings, reviews, and display customary in the West on the great national holidays. They have no place set aside for sports. The Japanese boy and young man tramps the country, has a name for every flower and insect, but knows nothing of base-ball leagues and cricket clubs. The village green is absolutely lacking as a feature of Japanese village life. The Japanese are still back in the Middle Ages, where every amusement had its being in the church life, and where the feast days and saints' days marked the fairs and the miracle plays. So their life is centred in the temple to which every Japanese has the peculiar relation of *uji ko* or adopted child, having been placed under the guardian care of the divinity in his babyhood, and these temple celebrations are entered into with a zest enhanced by its peculiar relation to the worshippers. These celebrations take many forms, from the monthly fair which is mainly important to a host of small pedlars who spread their wares out to the public gaze, to elaborate ceremonials which have their representatives in the harvest festivals still practised in many parts of Europe, and of which some remnants remain in England and America, where, however, they have lost all religious signification. These brown thatched roofs have much of interest under them, and perhaps some day a Japanese Balzac or Scott or Dickens will arise to tell their story to the world. A short run across the plain brought the big city of Nagano into view, and soon I was enjoying the well-meant if somewhat unkempt hospitality of the local "hotel."

Once more I paid a visit to the great Zenkōji temple. This time the grounds were not crowded with the pilgrims and their dirty white robes. The rosary and charm shops seemed more open for form's sake and *Ojisan* was gossiping with his neighbour or his newspaper with apparently any thought in his mind but his spiritually valuable wares. Then I took my way through the long street of inns and shops to the railway station. It was noon before we were moving down the beautiful Chickumagawa valley, and evening by the time the slopes of Asamayama were reached and the sacred portals of the Chautauqua of Japan. We remember how

Daudet describes his return to Tarascon and the shock of fear that made him shiver when its spires and white walls came suddenly in sight. Now for some reason foreigners in Japan seem to be divided into the ringstreaked and spotted and the unspotted, the sheep and the goats. The missionaries on the one hand and "the rest" on the other hand. There is of course a radical difference between the two flocks as to who are the sheep and who are the goats, a point on which no compromise seems possible. Hence it is that the stranger wanders into the fold of either very much as in days of old he approached some baron's castle, somewhat uncertain as to whether he was to be consigned to the oblivion of the wine cup or of the *oubliette*. At Karuizawa, however, the stranger has no such experiences and has excellent hotels. There is no "committee" on hand to inspect credentials and to cast the unworthy into outer darkness again. No Excourbaniès with his "*Feu de Brut*—let's make a noise." The rightful owners had not emigrated however. It is the season of the locust at Karuizawa and the locust had not yet arrived. This little town, with its spruce new and ugly little houses set out on the scrub-covered plain, represents a question of the East—not so much of Japan, for in this sturdy little nation it is a mere exotic. For one of the mooted questions of profit and loss to these nations in their contact with western civilization is the missionary. The charges brought against the missionary propaganda in the East, and by men who certainly should be qualified to know more about the question than those living on the other side of the globe, ranges from its usefulness in an economic point of view to simple diatribes against the character and methods of the men who carry it on. There are about two hundred thousand Christians in Japan and it is charged with much show of truth that the amount of money spent is utterly out of proportion to such meagre results; that the suffering and distress that is found at home calls for relief, and it is a strange bias to give religion to overlook the misery at one's doors and to relieve it under such distant conditions. The usual answer made seems to be grounded somewhat on the indisputable fact that large

numbers of people at home do neglect their plain duty, which, if they carried it out, would much diminish such suffering, and that those who feel it their call to work in foreign lands are not to be held responsible for such dereliction of others or to be called on to take their places. The suffering and helpless at home seem, we might conclude, to be caught between the upper and nether millstone in this case. Those who contribute to foreign missions certainly have a right to say in what direction they shall turn their charity. They claim it is their concern. Criticism and answer seem both to be firmly grounded in their opposite camps. A more serious charge, however made, is that of insincerity. The statement that men on the ground know the real condition of affairs, know that the net returns do not warrant the money that is poured into these eastern countries, and could much better be spent at home. Now it seems to me that in this case the professional enthusiasm is not sufficiently taken into account. The outsider can far more accurately gauge the progress of the battle than the man who is engaged in it. The missionary in the thick of a fight, in which, to his honour be it said, in the vast majority of cases he is engaged heart and soul, is very likely to look at his triumphs through a microscope. He is struggling against great odds, not only inherent in the situation itself, but without the assistance or against the implied ill will of those he feels should be among his supporters. For it is a curious fact how universally they apply the saying, "he who is not for me is against me."

Now the heat of controversy is likely to make every weapon at hand useful, and only on this ground can be explained some of the statements we hear made by missionaries from western pulpits. We hear much of benighted heathen, worship of frightful gods, and ignorance. At this very day the western papers are full of sermons and letters of this character, and of which Japan is the subject and in which the picture is drawn from such statements of men who know the exaggeration of the portrait. Men who live in the East know that the priesthood of the eastern religions contains men as learned as any we have in the West; they know that the dis-

torted countenance of Emma Ō and of the Nyō before the temples is an artistic conception as familiar to these eastern peoples as any statue of the saints to a western man; and they know that ignorance and superstition are quite as rife in Italy, in Spain, in Russia, as in Japan. You never hear from the western pulpit of the learned priest or the accomplished gentleman. You do hear a lot of stone idols, and of worship of dogs and cows, as if these were the essentials of the eastern religions; and as if Lourdes and Loretto, and the worship of images and of old Roman gods under the thin disguise of harvest festivals, were never heard of in western theology. This is plain misrepresentation and not overscrupulous at that.

Another charge of misrepresentation brought against the missionaries is their exaggeration of the conditions under which they live, and which are at least as pleasant as any they would be entitled to at home. That can hardly be called exile which men voluntarily seek. Many people living in the East return home, but many of them find "exile" so agreeable that they soon drop back again. People living in China usually speak well of it, and people living in Japan are living under conditions that are so pleasant that to many they counterbalance the charms of western life, the music, the beautiful art of the West, the gay complex outdoor life of Continental Europe. The average of chances must be taken, and such average, for instance, in the United States would land a man in some small inland town where amusements are slight and interest very circumscribed. It is certainly not a bad exchange for such a man to find himself in a country town in Japan, where the people in their daily life present a perfect kaleidoscope of physical and mental colour strange to his eyes. Add to this the fact that one dollar in America is worth three dollars in a Japanese country town. I have in mind a case where the minister of a little parish received the munificent salary of two hundred and ninety dollars a year together with an occasional barrel of apples and a bag of flour from his wealthier parishioners. On this he and his family were supposed to get along for the year, and it can be added

that his receipts in kind were fairly balanced by the calls made on his little store by his more needy parishioners. Such a man certainly would not find himself badly off in Japan. Statements so often made as to eastern learning and living could well stand much qualification. With charges of ignorance of the language of the people they come to teach, and general overbearing manners in their relations to the community, I think few will agree. Fresh timber sent out from home is of course ignorant of the language, and often displays an overconfidence in abilities and anything but humility toward the task of raising the naked savages to whose regeneration they propose to devote themselves. This, however, is quite as often found among other than missionary recruits. As a matter of fact the missionaries are better qualified to speak on this question of language than the large majority of secular foreigners living in Japan, many of whom content themselves with learning enough for daily use and leave the rest to a *bantō*. The missionary, however, must learn the language for a widely extended sphere. It is his means of usefulness. As to rudeness, there are black sheep in every flock, but I think most travellers will endorse the statement that they have always received kindness and courtesy from the missionary section whenever they have had occasion to apply for their assistance.

It is an undoubted fact, however, that the general feeling of resident foreigners in the East is hostile to the missionary establishment. The preceding grounds are very general. Perhaps stronger reasons can be found in the opposition of the missionaries themselves to foreign traders. They openly denounce their influence on their flock and try by every means—presumably legitimate—to reserve the field for themselves. Instances of this elsewhere are familiar enough, in Hawaii and at present in Samoa. The Mission Boards are very powerful bodies, and making their influence felt in this way it is no wonder that they arouse hostility in powerful commercial interests whose object is to carry trade everywhere with small reference to the good or evil of the native. In addition there is among the western Germanic nations a distinctly

hostile feeling to priest government or influence. They have freed themselves from it at home with great cost of blood, and would stamp it out everywhere if they had the power. One of the most valuable means of influence that the missionary possesses is his personal influence over his parishioners in their homes. It is noticeable that the nationals of countries in which the Protestant creeds are predominant show their hostility more than those from countries in which the Roman Church is the predominant form of worship. The latter rarely offer open criticism to their own missions, no matter how openly they may express themselves as to mission work in general. It seems to me that there is another influence, or rather a lack of it, also at work. A man naturally pays deference to his surroundings no matter whether he agrees or not with the majority. In the East the free thinker or indifferentist has no such surroundings that would arouse sympathy even in the absence of belief. The church around which a man's life has centred, and beneath whose shadow his parents perhaps lie buried, always stands as a landmark in his life's journey. In the East it is the pagoda not the spire that points heavenward. It is his material present not the shadowy past that he has under his eyes.

The relations between missionaries and other resident foreigners are, however, of but little moment as compared with the really important question of the relation between the missionaries and the native. In the past ages of the world's history, religion and politics have gone close hand in hand. There have been more wars based on religious pretexts than on any other grounds, and it is only since the French Revolution and the era of colonial expansion that wars on purely political grounds have had their being. Guelph and Ghibelline, Catholic and Huguenot, England, Holland and the Protestant princes of Germany against Spain, all have made religion a pretext of their alliances with or their encroachments on each other. Now the religious spirit is just as much alive to-day as it ever was, only it has widened its range of toleration. The great bulk of mankind have not yet reached a point where broad general ethical rules can satisfy them. They must have something very concrete on

which to hold. Hence toleration is only found within the confines of a religious creed. The Jesuits in China when they found themselves confronted with a cult so strikingly like that left at home in precept and ritual did not attribute the likeness to certain qualities of thought inherent in the human mind and seeking the same external form of expression, but could only attribute the likeness to the machination of the devil for the deceiving of mankind. Religion could spring from but one source, hence all outside forms must be heretical. By the free use of kicks and cuffs the nations of Europe have to some extent convinced each other that "God," "Gott," "Dios," "Dieu," are fair equivalents for the same idea. Whether the "εθος" of the Russian Church implies the same is somewhat to be doubted if their attitude toward other Christian sects is any indication. When, however, we come to Mahomet and the sons of Mahomet, or to the gentle religion of Buddha, or the lofty ideals of esoteric Brahmanism, the only terms of peace are extinction. No convertible terms, no international exchange exists. Difference in language symbols implies difference in ideas. The Protestant may find a cloak of charity to cover the hosts of Saints, national, international, and local, of his Catholic brother. At least they can be held to be holy men and women deserving of praise, if not of worship. The saintly followers of Buddha, however, are *per se* representative of the fiend himself, snares to entrap men, and their holy lives but one of the devil's lures to entice men into them.

The statesmen of the western world were not long in finding out the use of the missionary spirit inherent in every religion. For ages the flag of commerce has followed the Cross. Not that this has ever pleased the ecclesiastical authorities engaged in the propaganda of the faith. The Jesuits of the fifteenth and sixteenth century saw with just as little pleasure the descent of mercantile Europe on China and Japan as the Hawaiian missionaries did the influx of the *haole* or European in the nineteenth, and as the missionaries in Samoa oppose the extension of European contact with the native in this twentieth century. But the ecclesiastics of

the West were never willing to forego the support of their home power, to become a part of the population. The religion they wished to implant was the religion of the West, and they had no intention of leaving its interpretation to inexperienced neophytes. Now our western religions are not a Napoleonic code laid down on certain strict principles. They are a growth and a compromise with much that has preceded them. The missionary in the East, however, was, and is, confronted with a situation which in his eyes admits of no compromise. It would not have been an insuperable matter to replace the coarse nature worship by a more idealized conception of divinity. Nature worship, however, is only a part and not the most important part of religion as it has developed in China and Japan. The main basis on which all religious feeling exists is ancestor worship. A tie, be it observed, that affects the family not the individual, and on which the whole economic structure involving property has been built. Of course time had built around this family altar a number of rites and observances, and it has always been a nice point as to how far the convert could join in such acts without peril to his soul. The early Jesuits, who had a very considerable knowledge of the workings of the mind of the native and his methods of thought, approached this subject in what seems the most rational manner. Seeking the essentials and leaving to time the elimination of the last traces of any religious meaning attached to the ancestral tablets. This course has not been followed, however, even by their own co-religionists, and all the Christian bodies are agreed that no compromise is possible on that point, that the native is not to be trusted to excise the religious element in his observance before the *ihai*. Now as all the members of the family owe certain religious duties to these ancestral tablets and contribution to the support of the family worship, and as these duties form part of the legal code, it can be seen that the missionary is soon brought into contact with the law of the land. He has reduced not only the whole family to disorder but has introduced disorder into the wider circle of the governing power. To this of course he has no objection. He falls back on the authority that

Christianity brought "not peace into the world, but a sword." The greater the disturbance the more likely he is to profit, and the connection between gunboats and missionaries has been by no means an exceptional feature in China where he is a person outside the law of the land, qualified to interfere in it but not subject to it. In Japan, where gunboats and collisions with the Government are not possible, it is fair to presume that the radical stand in regard to the ancestral tablets has had great effect. Certainly if the headship of a family fell by the law of succession to a Christian he would be in a dilemma. Besides, his christianity in itself carries a dilemma with it. The Japanese are a very tolerant people—as yet, They care very little as to whether their neighbour has consorted with strange gods or not. But the gratuitous insult to all their best and most sacred feelings such as is involved in the destruction of the *ihai* is more than they can stand, and involves to the individual the most savage ostracism. To them it is as if one insulted "the Host" in a Catholic country.

The Japanese, if sincere, should make splendid ground to work upon. As has been said, he is not irreligious but on the contrary his realism as to divinity is carried to the extreme. By the beliefs of his childhood the gods and the dead are constant companions, sharing the good things of this earth with the living and haunting its favoured spots. You rarely see carelessness of pose and manner during the act of devotion. As man, woman, or child, clap their hands before the temple the previously careless manner becomes one of great absorption. There is often a touch of feeling where its presence would not be suspected. It is not uncommon to see a workman at his bench, a coolie walking beside the road, break into an impassioned soliloquy or into some old song, absolutely losing himself in impersonation. Recitation is a favourite form of entertainment with them and few are those who have not a whole store of old legends and folklore tales at their tongues' end. But if he has deep feeling he has also deep craft, and often very little scruple. Many of the English-speaking girls found in the brothels of the open ports have been sent to the missionary school

with the specific object of thus enhancing their value by this accomplishment. The native church gives no end of anxiety. A thinking, earnest people, they naturally object to being held in leading strings, and as naturally the foreign boards are disinclined to turn over to them large funds left for a specific purpose by the donors, and which in the hands of the native race are just as likely in the end to be devoted to supporting dogmas trying to reconcile belief east and west, as to maintaining to the last gasp the damnation of infants and such other mortals who did not happen to agree with the Geneva Sage. It is hardly necessary to say that historical christianity would appeal but little to the Japanese. There can be none of the appeals to the glorious part the Church has played in the past, and the vicarious association by such connection with such a past. The only appeal to the Japanese can be to his mind or to his interest. In the days of old when the Jesuits first came to Japan they were in the midst of the feudal ages when the people body and soul were pretty much the property of the prince. These astute practitioners quickly grasped that point familiar to them in other fields, and hence their first efforts were directed to making converts among the ruling classes. Such dragooning while not very edifying had a great effect on the census but also a great effect on their future. The great triumvirate—Nobunaga, Hideyoshi, Iyeyasu—plainly looked on Christianity in a purely political light. Buddhism had already given great trouble in the land. In a religious sense Christianity could be a very convenient makeweight against the pretensions of the older religion. But as soon as Christianity threatened to become a question of politics through its relation with the *daimyō*—which connection seems more to have been anticipated from its known history which had reached the ears of Hideyoshi and Iyeyasu, rather than any real attempt to play a part in the politics of the country—they stamped it out relentlessly and thoroughly, not to reappear until Perry's fleet again opened the land to the West. Modern missionary effort has no dragooning methods at its back, and its present efforts seem to the outsiders rather to have been hampered in the nature of a shock to

the prejudices of what at bottom is a highly emotional people.

That the propaganda of modern christianity carries with it germs of great advantage to the future of Japan I think will be admitted by most of those who have seen the present application of foreign civilization on their new ground. It has, and will materially alter the status of the Japanese woman from that of a breeding machine to become the helpmate and the complement of man. It has, and will greatly influence the organization of charity toward assisting the needy classes. The Japanese under their old system never developed relief work as it has developed strictly under the brotherhood idea fostered essentially by Christianity. The needy members of a family fell to the care of the better situated of their kin, but in many cases it is evident that there would here occur examples of general misfortune that were not reached. This limiting the sense of responsibility within the family narrowed its development materially. Only in cases of general peril, where the bread-winners were away fighting for the common weal, would the community's feeling of brotherhood be aroused in the sense that makes it in the West the duty of the State to look after its needy members. There is a change in Japanese thought in this respect, and, it can be claimed, due to missionary influence. Orphanages, asylums for lepers and incurables, generally speaking, are more and more occupying the upper classes. Again, under the Christian propaganda the man not the family is the important feature. Man is made the valuable unit, and as you increase his personal sense of responsibility to a God, you will undoubtedly increase his value as a man. This to me seems the most valuable feature, to the Japanese, of Christianity to their country. This developing the sense of individuality, the lack of which cannot help striking the most casual pilgrim through the land. Apart entirely from any question of religion, Christianity on the purely ethical side has shown features in which the systems in force were lacking. It has presented its credentials and their value appears in the results.

Religion as a question of economics seems necessarily polemical. It seems impossible not to be drawn into the whirlpool of

dogmatic controversy. If anything has nothing to do with religion, is bound down strictly to the examination of fact, it is science. Science has nothing to do with speculative processes incapable of proof. Even her own hypotheses and theories are simply means to enlarge her viewpoint of fact. Means that are to be rejected at once as soon as they fail in their effect. And yet the greatest of all controversies is called that between Science and Religion. It is only fair to say that science is but little to blame for such controversy. Dogmatic religion has chosen to plunge into a contest over facts and usually with most disastrous results to itself. The fact that Galileo was right when he said that the earth moved around the sun and not vice versa, and that the geologists were right when they said that changes of level still going on were the cause of sea shells being found on the mountain slopes and were no evidence of a universal flood, had much to do with lowering the confidence of men in religious dogma. It was a very important fact to catch religion palpably in the wrong. Wrong in one thing it could well be wrong in many things. Now many things have been laid down in religious dogma and many constructions of the old Hebrew books have been given the force of religious law. Strictly speaking, in religion—the only instance in western civilization—a standard akin to that of the Chinese system has been developed. The classical period of The Church is right and deviation from the tenets then laid down is in itself evidence of wrong. This of course has led in these days of free investigation to some frightful collapses of old authority. The Fathers of the Church wrote with anything but a knowledge of the material world, but managed to weave the material so into the theological that it is hard to separate them without pulling the whole structure to the ground. One great religious body has recognized this, and relying on its compact and dictatorial organization has placed a limit on such investigation. The Pope's encyclical letter in July, 1870, on infallibility, seemed to be a Bull of the Middle Ages in this Age of Iron. And yet the Roman Hierarchy knew their ground. The Bull would drive a certain group of men out of the Church—

its best and strongest element—but their continuance in it under the existing conditions meant a disruption of the Church's organization. In the first instance the Church was an organization and rested on the authority of the past. That authority could not be made a subject of investigation.

The land as yet lies open to the Philistine but I take my leave of Karuizawa at a fair hand-gallop, remembering the excellent practice of Panurge, who under circumstances of danger "ran away as fast as he could, for fear of blows, whereof he was naturally fearful."

VII

FROM BUNGO TO HISEN

> "Il mondo è la rappresentazione della sensibilità e del pensiero di pochi uomini superiori, i quali lo hanno creato e quindi ampliato e ornato nel corso del tempo e andramo sempre più ampliandolo nel futuro."
>
> *Romanzi del Giglio.*

Of the many delightful Japanese inns—particularly so in the pleasant spring and summer season—that of Miyajima, the Momijiya (Maple Inn) holds first rank. It is, literally speaking, distributed along the sides of a little ravine. The detached cottages of which it consists are hidden away among the hundreds of maples, and picturesque little waterfalls, *kiosks,* bridges, and *tōrō* or stone lanterns, make up a most charming picture. Miyajima is always delightful, so much so that one could wish it transported to some other part of the island empire, where it could be enjoyed in peace and freedom. Individually speaking, it has about as much strategic value as the thousand islands of the Saint Lawrence, but unfortunately it is in the Inland Sea. The Japanese military man in his sphere of action must have something on which to scribble a report. If there is no opportunity he will create the opportunity. He who thinks he is going to ramble unchecked through the classic shades of Miyajima will soon find himself pulled up; so carefully do they follow every foreigner through this district that it is matter of surprise that the railway carriages do not carry a guard. It is only fair to say that they wrap a good deal of velvet around the strangers' chains so that they do not gall. The out-and-out military man is infinitely preferable to the civilian official who in places has to act for him. Miyajima is mainly famous, however, not for its inn but for its *Shintō* temple and particularly for the great *torii* standing far out in the inlet at the head of which the temple has been erected. This stands on piles, and when the tide and moon

are full, as viewed from the head of the little bay the picture is exquisitely beautiful. Nevertheless there is something lacking in the scene. After all it is simply and solely the work of men's hands, not the inspiration of a great idea. Strip it of its surroundings and all the defects of the somewhat squat outline, the irregularity of arrangement of the component buildings force themselves on the eye. It has been said that to judge the beauty of the Japanese temple properly one should see it under just such conditions of light and shadow. This is most certainly true, but even then we would not compare it seriously to the splendid Duomo of Milan, a lacework in stone with its hundreds of minaret-like spires, its white marble shining like silver in the moonlight. The one is the beauty of the jewel box in which is preserved things earthly, the other the beauty of a great shrine in which is embodied man's ideal of things heavenly. One could as readily compare the bijou palaces of the Parc Monceaux with the Louvre. The temple at Miyajima of course has the usual misty history of Things Japanese, but its real history seems to date from the days of Taira Kiyomori and that was a bare eight hundred years ago. The island itself is in the middle of one of those great red splotches on the map of the Imperial Geological Survey, and which represents that extremely durable material, granite. It is a very rotten rock here, mainly made up of feldspar, and wherever exposed is so badly disintegrated as to readily crumble under the pressure of the fingers.

It was nearly noon when I tore myself away from the local attractions, and, once more crossing by the tiny steam ferry that runs to the mainland, found room on the southbound train. The Japanese have imported, as we know, many western traits, some of which could very well be dispensed with. The "train hog" is well known in all parts of the world. He is an animal that flourishes even under adverse circumstances. He is by no means unknown in Japan and a large part of the *genus* are of the native species. There is the same indisposition to make any movement of their goods and chattels so carefully disposed as to afford them a

maximum of room and comfort even in the face of a crowded train. The trio on which Mr. Pickwick was "chummed"—the Leg, the Butcher, and the hirsute Mr. Smangle—are accommodation itself compared to many of these worthies. All Japanese carry a huge rug in travelling, and the first thing these gentry do is to dispose the rug over three or four seats, curl up on it and incontinently go to sleep. One would suppose they never got a chance anywhere else. There is no difficulty about adjusting such matters at the railway station where the station master and his subordinates look after the seating of the passengers. *En route* the guard is not seen and rarely takes the initiative anyhow. I much prefer the autocratic American "conductor." He is always passing up and down the train, the company's rules are strict, and a woman or child rarely has to appeal to him. His business is to know his train and his eagle eye soon catches up the trail of "the hog." He acts on his own initiative. "God helps those who help themselves," but the train conductor often swings the saying over into its proper application. There are two excellent Japanese inns at Bakan, one of them the Daikichi, being charmingly situated at the edge of the water. The view from here across the straits, by day or night, is beautiful. Unfortunately I landed in the middle of a festival combined with the advent of some notable, and the town was jammed. Under the able guidance of my *kurumaya* we "did" the place as far as inns were concerned but without effect. Moji, on the other side of the strait, is not attractive looking. It is the port for shipping coal and is as dirty as such a business would warrant. The hotel is by no means bad, and would be much better if they abandoned foreign style and confined their guests to Japanese apartments. The food was excellent but the European rooms were intolerable even for Japan. The service was the haphazard service of a boy who was usually occupied elsewhere. People must be very careful in their movements in this district. All sketching, photographing, or anything in which pen or pencil is concerned, is absolutely forbidden and certain to bring down unpleasant consequences. Attendant circumstances never figure in the case. The

Japanese official is strictly bound down to formula and drives it even to the limits of absurdity. To him the rôle of Dogberry is perfectly legitimate.

It was raining miserably when I got away from Moji the next morning. Black puddles, grimy awnings, dirty faces were the main features stamped on my mind. Even the rain drops carried their little burden of coal dust to deposit its stain wherever it fell, and badly did the foreigner's sun hat need pipeclaying after Moji's *sayonara*. A sun hat, by the way, is very convenient in Kyūshū at a much earlier season than at Kyōto or Tōkyō. The *kusoshiwo* or Asiatic gulf stream, makes the climate of the South island much warmer. To some degree this enhances the beauty of this part of the Empire. The green certainly seems richer and more luxuriant than in other parts of Japan, and adds an interest to scenery otherwise much like that found elsewhere in the islands. I stopped off at Nakatsu to make a side trip to the Habakei valley some ten miles distant, a course which cannot, however, be recommended. The scenery was pretty but can be matched in a score of places in northern and central Japan. The Shōfūken at Nakatsu can be spoken of more enthusiastically. It was a pretty little inn and the tiny Japanese garden was a grand rest to the eye after my late somewhat crude entertainment. Japanese love of Nature is singularly complete. They are equally at home on the countryside and in their gardens on which a whole system of æsthetics has been built. Every stone, the emplacement of every object, is related to the whole which must be read aright to grasp its meaning. The Japanese will find in his garden something that will mimic perhaps some far distant scene, and will promptly scribble off a poem from the mental vision aroused in his mind's eye. The appeal is to the contemplative side of man's nature, hence the avoidance of violent contrasts and equally of the maddening regularity which sets all one's mathematical faculties, always troublesome as far as they exist, to trying to detect some break in their faultless lines and curves.

The jumping off place of this particular branch line of rail-

way is—or was—Usa. Here I landed toward evening to find myself in the midst of a number of Japanese inns and tea-houses clustered around the terminus. My destination was the Wakaya, of which I knew nothing beyond the fact that it did not even rise to the dignity of a star in the guide-book. My *ricksha* man seemed a little startled, but we were loaded into his vehicle, making with the bag a fair armful, and started off through the dirtiest town I have seen in Japan. The streets were broken with great holes and gullies, which traffic and the previous rain had filled with a soft and unctuous mud in places a foot deep. This, however, was struggled through and off we started into the country. There seemed to be something palpably wrong here, so I held argument with my steed, which fortunately in this case could talk as much to the point as Balaam's ass. "The Wakaya of Usa?" He knew it well, and without further parley started off again for parts unknown. It was plain there was some dreadful mystery involved here, but as the place might be on the other side of the island and it was growing late, and as the idea of a second encounter with the mud was equally out of the question, I let him go on to accept what the gods should send me. And the gods were kind. After a ride of nearly three miles from the railway station we came to a beautiful little hamlet, shaded in the midst of a grove of cryptomeria and in front of which ran a pretty river. There was not a sign of the more vulgar occupations by which man puts bread in his mouth. No long approach of shops marred the way to the sanctuary of the gods. A large red lacquered bridge crossed the stream. This is barred and only for use of the emperor's envoy. Leaving the *ricksha* on the further side my man shouldered the bag and we descended to the river and crossed by a little foot-bridge nestled under the shadow of the more imposing structure. A few steps took me to the inn which I shall always regard as the gem of Japanese inns. It may be that the surprise of the place had something to do with it. After expecting so little and after the uninviting fishing town of Usa, the contrast was certainly very great. It was the off season, there were no guests but myself.

Nominally I had the room of a dozen mats to myself. Really I had the whole inn which was thrown wide open to the summer breeze. The beautiful screens, the embossed finger recesses, the natural scroll work between the rooms, the beautiful polish given to beams and flooring, were all delights to the eye. And when *nēsan* brought and served the tea the human equipment was in keeping with the other surroundings. The tea was served in delicate little cups with just a suggestion of decoration on their surface, and no *geisha* could have done the pouring out more gracefully than the maid of the inn. The shrines themselves, the cause of being of the hamlet, stand among the green trees in all their blaze of red. They are dedicated to that strenuous Emperor Ōjin, of whom tradition gives the hint that he had his way to make good before he could write his title clear to the throne. *Chuai,* his father, who refused to obey the mandate of the gods to conquer Korea, probably because he was pretty busy in that line at home, has a shrine; as also that extraordinary but far more historical character Jingō, wife of Chuai, the reputed conqueror of the hermit kingdom. These shrines of Usa do indeed represent the ancient of days in Kyūshū, that peculiar period of temporary transfer of power from Yamato to the South island which is a puzzle to Japanese historians.

It is called twelve *ri* (thirty miles) to Beppu and it is at least ten *ri* (twenty-five miles). In the morning I started early with two men through a beautiful mountain country, and over a road that can be compared to the great Swiss roads. Japanese roads as a rule are a great lottery, mainly I think because they are most of them of local importance and their maintenance is looked after by the local authorities. They may be in good condition one year and barely passable the next. Even when good they are rarely more than a cart track. There are other roads, however, which palpably show the hand of the central government, their use is national, and this Beppu road is one of them. Stone retaining walls, stone and iron bridges, broad and sweeping easy lines. There was no sacrifice of efficiency to expense. Hills were climbed

at easy grades and not with the reckless disregard of the perpendicular so often the case with Japanese roads. The drainage was also well looked after. Five and a half hours brought me into Beppu. I put up at the Hinagoya, one of the better class of Japanese inns. Beppu is a watering place, and at this particular time the season was " on " and the place full of people taking the baths. The inn baths were beautifully arranged with separate bathing for the sexes. The baths were large pools with cemented or stone sides and flooring around the bath. Everything was exquisitely clean. The most exacting foreigner could not complain of the food. They literally filled one to the neck, and then brought a most delicious concoction of turtle—dressed not unlike our terrapin—for which the place is somewhat noted. A most dangerous lure to repletion. There are large public baths both at Beppu and at its suburb on the hill, Kannawa some three miles distant. The sexes all bathe here together, and the Garden of Eden state of affairs, this sort of undress assembly of *Ojisan* and *Obasan,* so to speak, has its amusing features. Kannawa has a collection of hot water phenomena as interesting as Unzen. One sometimes gets startled out of their nonchalance when on thoroughly native soil. The Japanese peasant is often as much a product of Nature as any old cow being driven along the roadway. There are some things for which royalty itself can find no substitute. Discussion under circumstances of natural stress is embarrassing especially when the question of sex is a matter of indifference, not a mitigating factor.

I had a long ride in front of me the next day to Takeda so took advantage of the electric tram line that runs beyond Ōita to cover that much of my journey. It was a change from the more elegant establishment at Beppu, where there were several Japanese who spoke excellent English, to the quiet country inn at Ōita. Everything, however, was very nice and clean, and my room at the back of the inn overlooked the river and a piece of flat country, which carried me back to some of the Dutch flats. A windmill would have made the illusion complete. For some reason the Japanese

have made no use of that valuable motor power offered so freely to them by Nature. From Ōita I made my start across the island, the first stage being through beautiful valley and mountain scenery. At times it was nature very much unadorned, and again through parklike scenery, or as near that type as Japan can get in spite of the paddy fields. Takeda is set in the centre of a tangle of hills, picturesquely wooded with charming little gorges, yet without the savagery attached to such scenery. We finally reached it by plunging through a tunnel, the usual method, for it is so forgotten in its hollow that the inhabitants have literally had to dig themselves out into public notice. There are many beautiful waterfalls around the neighbourhood which well repays some little time being spent on it. Mine host kept a very small establishment, and incidentally ran a sort of grocery business in connection and probably more important to him than his inn. One evening I was here honoured by a visit of a delegation of students from the local school. It was not the first opportunity of thus coming in contact with the sprouting ideas of "Youngest Japan" in process of formation. These boys came to compare notes as to our various and varying views from our widely separated poles. The Japanese boy is distinctly a product of his training. All boys necessarily are so; but they, to me, lack so much of the spontaneity that we find in our western boys and which is not lacking in themselves in childhood that it can fairly be classed apart from race habit. For some time I had my house just above a large Japanese school, and in which the whole process went on daily under my eyes. To a western teacher such classes would seem ideal. Never a sign or word. Every boy as far as the rest of his companions were concerned was deaf, blind, and dumb. His attention apparently was concentrated on his book, and let us hope it was, for vacuity and such stillness would portend a disastrous outcome. Afterwards one could see them in the playground. The same primness. The only sign of schoolboy openness and spontaneity has been when two or three were seen walking together with arms thrown over each other's shoulders. The elder boys seemed to take no interest or

leadership in the games going on around them. They acted like undergrown men. Their relations with their schoolmates seemed very formal, almost businesslike you might call it. They have, it can be judged, a fixed code among themselves, and it should go hard with the boy who offended against that code. For thus early is every sign of individualism among them marked for extinction. It extinguishes every particle of generosity in their boy souls, by taking the adjustment of their difficulties out of their hands, and putting it into the charge of the general body of the students who like any other corporation or commonweal cannot sacrifice the principle to any emotional feeling. I cannot say I have ever been impressed by exhibition of that lively originality of thought that is not uncommon among American schoolboys. Almost *bizarre* ways of looking at their studies. The Japanese boys I have met—few enough to be sure—gave me the impression of "book crammed," and on their books, or rather the conclusions they drew from them, they had absolute reliance at an age where the questioning mind would be expected. Their ideas on European politics were certainly fearfully and wonderfully made, and it was plain enough that they had not been urged to make use of originals. One feature was the almost erratic personal view they took of any subject of conversation. Necessarily in their minds it must apply to their country, and if, in their opinion, the deductions were unfavourable thereto, their disbelief of the facts, while politely put, was sometimes uncomfortably direct. Even such a harmless and apparently safe subject as the water power available at Niagara Falls and its application met with this polite expression of doubt. I believe that I lost all credit entirely by the statement that the civilization around the Mediterranean dated back at least five thousand years. This was such a plain inference as to the brand-newness of the legendary Jimmu that the delegation shortly gave me up in disgust as a most unreliable sponge from which to squeeze any useful information. I think these interviews were rather a strain on all of us, especially the spokesman and myself. His English and my Japanese, dove-tailed together, hardly made a very

lucid medium for our lofty themes, and they were probably roughly handled in the translation. But they were very nice boys, and the Takeda delegation were no exception. Quiet and well behaved. Among Japanese schoolboys I have never seen the fights and quarrels that we regard as part of a boy's education to learn "to rough it" in the world and not to grow up a "milk-sop." They are settled in committee. It is a matter of choice and frankly I prefer the way our boys settle their quarrels. The grown world is not overly just in judging motives, and the undergrown world is hardly better equipped for that purpose. Boys' quarrels are as trivial as their interests and being personal are better settled "*vi et armis*" than in any other way. The public school sentiment among us will always see fair play and suppress the bully. Japanese boys are differently trained, at home and in school. Their school sentiment seems to follow more the established laws of authority among them, and according as that is interpreted will the school sentiment swing. There is too much room for wire pulling here. It is safer to trust to boys' hearts than their politics. The latter—politics, discontent with or dislike of a teacher—often sends these young self-appointed judges on strike, on which they refuse attendance until their wishes are complied with and the cause of offence remedied. We can imagine an American boy returning to his parents and informing them that he had struck. It can be opined the parent would strike too, and the boy elevated to his toes by the paternal clasp on his ear would march gingerly back to his duties, there to re-seat himself no matter how painful that operation might be to his soul—and body.

It is a relief to get down to the younger members of this school community, and especially to the girls. The young seekers after knowledge of which we have been speaking are swelled with all manner of learning from heaven's high spheres to the dissection of the minutest bug. Like Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" they are almost too loaded up to jump. Our children, however, are limited to three R's, which is dealt out to them in songs and folklore. Every fine day these little people from six to twelve years

old, and girls up to sixteen years of age, are brought out to the school playground and there they go through a series of dances and drills, partly play and partly serious, a sort of "going to Jerusalem game," which it is a pleasure to watch so thoroughly do they enjoy it. They are carried out to the accompaniment of the songs, pleasant to the hearer, but when these songs rise from playground and classroom we can well doubt if the music does not mechanically carry the idea away with it, in one ear and out the other. There may be but little more result here in making children think, than in our rhymes arranged so as to give some sticking power to our history dates. The music to which these songs are set becomes very attractive and the voices are young, and fresh, and vigorous. They carry a moral tale—obedience to parents, loyalty to the Emperor, some tale of folklore embodying one of these two qualities. I give the English of a few of them without any effort to give them the rhythmical measure of the original but merely to give an idea of the contents.

1. As the tiniest grains of sand when piled together form a mountain as great as Fuji, so if we do not relax our efforts at last we can climb to the top of such a mountain.

As the drops of water that overflow from the spring become a mighty river, so we, by adding every day a little to our progress, can advance as does the mighty Fujikawa.

As the running of the mountain brook seeks to lose itself in the broad ocean, so by study our hopes will at last reach a sea as broad as that of Suruga.

2. It is the sparrow that early in the morning, as the sun rises, remembers your kindness and rewards it with his bright clear voice—chū-chū-chū.

3. To the dove, with its pō-pō-pō, crying, "Come, come down from the temple roof and eat of the feast of beans spread out. Eating, not to return at once, but crying pō-pō-pō, there to play.

There is one very valuable feature of these Japanese schools which will well bear transplanting to America and to England where the idea of conscription is so particularly obnox-

ious. Every boy (and girl) in these schools gets a thorough elementary military drill. It interferes in no way with their studies. There is no reason why our boys should spend their whole recess hour in playing tag and other such games. The drill is excellent exercise in a physical sense. Many boys who take no exercise would get it under such conditions. The Japanese go still further, and the older boys are taken on country marches, and to the rifle ranges with real muskets for target practice. The result is that at the end of seven years the boy is ready for his real military training, with all the elementary work of the " goose step " at his finger tips. Our average American schoolboys if put through the drill and told to " front face " would present a head and tail arrangement, with the constituent elements interesting from a tailor's point of view as giving a wide range of the human figure but sadly at variance as to their goal. The curriculum of the Japanese upper schools, as said, is very wide. To work up to the existing standard must have been enormously expensive, as there was as great a lack of collections of scientific objects and instruments as in America there was lack of objects of art. In both cases the deficiency could not be made good by any gradual process of accretion, but only by the purchase of existing collections in bulk.

" I have heard affirmed," says Herr Teufelsdröckh, " by not unphilanthropic persons, that it were a real increase in human happiness could all young men from the age of nineteen be covered under barrels, or rendered otherwise invisible; and there left to follow their lawful studies and callings, till they emerged, sadder and wiser, at the age of twenty-five." Let us leave our young men thus metaphorically and comfortably bestowed and pass on until we meet him again in the Japanese official. We leave him a gawky, conceited, ill-conditioned youth. We find a very different product at the end when we raise the barrel. The course of his education has been peculiar and effective. The Government has had its eye on him from the start. It has been weighing all his capabilities, and his training is directed to fitting him for that particular notch in the service in which he is to be placed. The

result is a specialist. The business that comes before him he will do and do well, but he is chained to formula, a creature of reports. There is one very simple reason why the system does not go astray. The report—the point of view of the responsible head—is the basis. Facts must fit the report not vice versa. They have all the emphasis of dogmatic theology. There is no going behind them as to things human; as to things physical—"*shigata ga nai*" —it cannot be helped. Like all men of real responsibility, the upper Japanese official is always pleasant to deal with in a personal sense. He is polite, considerate, will give the official view of the matter, and you will get just about as little real satisfaction out of him as out of a stone image. This is due to a very simple circumstance. He represents a government which can make no mistake, and the government is represented by the reports of which he has a little pile under his hands. It never occurs to him to question them and he does not understand your attitude in so doing. If a lost piece of baggage is directly under the eyes perhaps such proof of dereliction may shatter his confidence in the pile of slips which should record its presence. The American official, I think, would put more personality into his work. Naturally his lading bills would also be his first resort, but there would also be a thorough search of all the strays to see if any of them corresponded physically to the inquiry sent out from headquarters. A Japanese official's business is confined strictly to his own office. If a matter does not fall under his supervision he has no hint to give as to the proper place to take it. He is unwilling in the slightest way to involve himself in anything outside of his narrow line. The American official has usually a wider range of his subject. He is usually ready to hazard a direction or suggestion as to the proper course. He is not afraid to hazard his prestige by a possible wrong direction in such an outside matter. He is only infallible on his own ground. The Japanese official on the contrary seems afraid of some possible mistake on his part. Outside his immediate charge he shrugs his shoulders and is silent, and you go out into a wilderness of offices with no

guide but chance, for unless you happen on the right department the answer is always confined to "not here." Beyond that they will not hazard themselves. They have a large idea of themselves as "officials." The idea that they are public servants never enters their brain.

I have spoken of the official as being specifically the creature of the Government. To this alone he is bound. With the people as such or in their Parliament assembled he has nothing whatever to do. While he is an official he has no connection with them. His only duty is to the Government and every official, from the judge on the highest bench to the youngest clerk in an office, owes his official existence to the Government. It is worth while then to see what is the relation between this Government and the fifty millions of Japanese living and toiling under it. We usually hear the Revolution of 1867 spoken of as a very smooth affair, a great patriotic manifestation of the people, which on the face of threatened foreign invasion sanctioned a complete change in their form of administration and made great sacrifices. This contains just about as little truth as any sweeping statement could contain. As in every other country every concession to the *plebs,* to popular representation, has been forced most unwillingly from the ruling class. The decline of the Tokugawa Shōguns, as that of their predecessors, was due to the inherent vices of the system. Lacking the necessity they lacked strong men, and the real government practically passed into a regency just as it had done with the Minamoto and Ashikaga. With the exception of the last of the line, a really able man who accepted the position to close out the bankrupt affairs of the family, the later Tokugawa were polished well meaning men, as little qualified, as far as outward manifestation went, to sit on the throne as any peaceful burgher in the kingdom. Japanese writers usually attribute their fall to three main causes, one of which was the fostering of Confucian ethics which laid particular stress on the duty of the subject to his lord. Where there was a divided allegiance, naturally when discontent arose there would be a tendency to determine toward which the allegiance was really due. As we have

seen the miserable condition of the country was already pushing the Shogunate to its fall. It was reaping all the results of bad and selfish government. It is just at this time when the clans were making head at Kyōto that Admiral Perry came a second time to Yedo Bay with his fleet. The Shōgunate was literally between the devil and the deep sea. They knew the helplessness of the country even if some of the old fossilized *daimyō* did not; but they were unable to take the drastic measures of former days. The calling the *daimyō* to council on affairs of State was an admittance of their right to be heard of which they had been most carefully stripped by the earlier Tokugawa, and finally the submission of the Treaties to the Emperor for sanction admitted his right to the supreme voice in the affairs of the country. When Prince Tokugawa Keiki, however, handed over the government to the Emperor he naturally had no intention of handing it over to the chiefs of the *Satsuma* and *Chōshū* clans who, together with Tosa, constituted the backbone of the opposition to the Shōgunate. It was too late, however, to save the situation and his adherents were too disorganized against this powerful and united opposition who in short order triumphed over their opponents and seated themselves in the former stronghold of their enemy—Yedo, now Tōkyō. Even in the very hour of their triumph, however, the clans found themselves confronted by a new opposition in the persons of those who formed the progressive element and wished to organize the government on western lines. The opposition was in the very ranks of the clans themselves and in part consisted of these Liberals and Progressists. The situation was complicated by the presence of a body of reactionaries who sought to minimize the foreignization of the country as far as possible, retaining the old form of government with "Sat-chō" substituted for Tokugawa and a modern remodelling of the army and navy.

In addition to the *Satsuma* war which this latter forced on the Government they were confronted by the continual agitation of the Progressives for the constituting of a national assembly which had been dimly shadowed in the Mikado's speech from the throne

of 1868. In 1874 the Government's hand was so far forced as to cause the assembly of the prefects or higher officials of the provinces. The spread of western political ideas among the young element was making great strides all through this period (1870–80) and in 1881 a regular party, the Jiyu, was formed to protest against the Government's policy of delay and repression. In 1881 matters came to a climax. Let me turn to a Japanese writer, Mr. Hitōmi, to speak on the extremely practical points of politics at issue. "The Government of the Clans wished to sell to certain of its partisans some buildings belonging to the State. The whole nation was indignant. A thunder of objections, cries of hate and wrath broke out. Everywhere it was said 'this injustice is committed because we have no chamber of deputies.' The public clamour reached even to the throne. The Mikado, whose heart beat in unison with that of his people, ordered the opening of the Diet for 1890 and the sale of the State property was abandoned." At this date the Mikado was twenty-eight years old. The clan leaders, however, had one great advantage in the thorough disunion of their opponents who had so exhausted themselves with their agitations and quarrels that by 1885, Mr. Hitōmi tells us, they were able to carry through such reforms as were necessary to bring the Government more into line with the western civilization which it was now introducing. In this year, with Itō Hirobumi as Minister, the question of revision of the Treaties, involving the right of the Japanese to regulate their own tariff and the jurisdiction of the foreign Consuls over their nationals enforcing foreign laws on Japanese soil, started a new storm. On both these subjects the Japanese were extremely sensitive. The presence of foreign judges was to them an insult to the national good faith and their own tribunals; the revision of the tariff was absolutely necessary to enable the country to meet the expense of the new *régime*. What the nation dreaded was concessions to the foreigners on these vital points, and on these points they were determined to have all or none. The whole country was in an uproar. The Government now tried repressive measures. There were riots,

armed collision and bloodshed. The leaders of the opposition were imprisoned or banished from the Capital. Every right of petition was refused, and the Council was protected from outside pressure. Even the strongest men hardly dare face a nation in wrath, and at last in 1890 a Diet was convoked, selected on very limited grounds of suffrage. Practically the greater part of it was appointed and the veto power on its proceedings was carefully left in the hands of the Government.

In outward appearance the Japanese Constitution in its independence of executive and legislative has some resemblance to the American Constitution. The resemblance, however, is entirely superficial, and they are based on very different grounds. When the leaders of the clans were forced finally into calling a Diet, the object was to render that body just as helpless as possible, to strip it of all real power, while at the same time to be able to "report progress" to the nation at large and keep the governing power in their own hands, to maintain in fact, if not appearance, the old government by a council of leaders and heads of departments. Under the Constitution the Diet must meet every year, but that provision was nullified by the power of proroguing it or dissolving it, vested in the Throne at will. The sanctioning of the Budget was granted to the Diet, but this important power was nullified by giving the Government the right to use the Budget of the preceding year in case of failure to pass the new Budget. If a minister got through a favourable Budget, by this and the power of proroguing and dissolving the Diet, he could still carry on the government, although new legislation was to some extent blocked. Even this could be provided for by Imperial Ordinance, good law until there was opportunity to submit such ordinance for the approval of the Diet. The inviolability of the members of the Diet was not left untrammelled. As Mr. Gollier points out in his "Institutions Politiques du Japon," the clause "except in case of flagrant crime or an offence connected with disorder internal or external" admits of a wide interpretation and practically covers political offences. The membership of the Diet was also given

due consideration. The regulations fixing the electorate were most carefully drawn to exclude all the commercial and industrial interests of the country, and an electorate based practically on tax paid on land limited still further the power of national expression. At that date the city of Tōkyō, with a population of a million and a quarter, had less than three thousand qualified voters. Stripped of all offensive power, the Japanese Diet was, and is, the merest farce of a representative body. The Ministers remained responsible to the throne only, the Diet merely being a convenient form of ascertaining the opinions of certain interests in the land. No legislative body is going to submit to such a condition and war was on from the start. Every government proposition was thrown out. This was met by defiance on the part of the clan leaders. In 1892 the election was accompanied by riot and bloodshed due, it was charged, to the interference of the Government in their efforts to return their nominees. Diet after Diet only met to be prorogued. One Diet is said to have lasted thirty seconds. Only foreign war has mitigated this condition of affairs, during which periods the nation of course presented a united front. Men who live under a representative government can sympathize with this struggle of the Japanese Diet; to force responsibility to the Japanese people on their irresponsible ministers; to take out of the hands of a little group of men the governing power and vest it where it really belongs, in the hands of the people through their freely chosen representatives. They have not gained much as yet. A wider extension of the electorate making it somewhat more representative is about all there is to show for fifteen years of struggle. The property qualification has been lowered to a payment of national tax amounting to ten *yen* yearly. This is the wages of a coolie for a month. To pay income tax to that amount would, in the peace time, have meant an income of two thousand *yen* a year. It will be interesting to see what effect the expanding industrialism is going to have on this question. Under modern conditions this must have means of making itself heard, and its prosperity is too much bound up in the prosperity of the people at

large not to make themselves heard. Industrialism will make itself felt not only on the side of the great interests, but the guilds, those ancient representatives of the Japanese *plebs* will demand a voice in the national assembly. It is at some such point that the Japanese people are going to enter on their heritage of government. When the people make up their minds to that change the present bureaucracy are going to have just as little power of resistance as the old feudal system. No question enters here of loyalty to the reigning sovereign. They are enshrined in the hearts of the Japanese people, inviolable, deep-rooted in the religious sentiment of the race. But this feeling of loyalty does not extend to the ministers. "The king reigns but does not govern," and the Japanese hold the ministers strictly responsible for all the acts of government. This can now only find its expression in protest, even at times in assassination.

The Government, fortunately, are taking what to an outsider seems the very best means to ride to their own downfall and a change in the present system. They have undertaken the education of the land and in every school *their* ideal of loyalty is taught. The speeches of visiting officials to the schools, the formalities, the general throwing up of hats whenever the Government is mentioned, reminds one of similar scenes in the England of the early nineteenth century when the muttering and rumbling was already heard of those revolutionary bodies advocating the Repeal of the Corn Laws and the Reform Bill. But they are also teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic in these Japanese schools. Newspapers are widespread and political interest very great. One is impressed by this as he wanders over the Empire, from city to country town and merest hamlet. The Japanese swallows his newspaper statements on general subjects rather credulously, but he takes his politics intelligently and knows what he wants. Of course to a foreigner, especially American, they sometimes have an inverted way of looking at things that might be more familiar to a German or other Continental European, who is willing to put up with much for unity's sake in face of pressing danger on all

sides of him. The Japanese, however, is differently situated. He has no such pressing dangers. His position is very much isolated from all effective interference in his home affairs. His one real enemy has never been able to get near enough to effectively threaten him. A possible enemy—a great sluggish hulk—will first have to shake off the habits and enervation of centuries before it presents any points of danger. Even at this early date there are many protests raised against the Bismarckian policy of the governing powers. The old excuse is of course made that the people are not educated for a fuller system of representation. In the eyes of rulers monopolising the government the people never are, and yet they have managed very well elsewhere. There are some pretty wild scenes enacted at times in the American Congress, in the British Parliament, and in the French Chamber of Deputies, but it would be hard to point to a single occasion where the national assembly has gone wrong. In America we have had a manhood suffrage from the time of the nation's birth. Whatever has gone wrong has been due to idleness and neglect on the part of the people and not to inherent rottenness, and the remedy has lain in their own hands and it has been used unsparingly. A nation wants none of a bureaucracy whose *"esprit de corps"* will protect its members simply in self-preservation. And, incidentally, a nation is much less likely to weaken before a cleaning of the Augean stables. When the great national crisis came in 1861 in the United States it was the people who defeated compromise on the question, and it was the people in the North who, in face of discouragement and sacrifices, fought the war through. A bureaucracy would have sought and easily found such compromise in 1862. The large body of the Japanese people give the stranger the impression that they are just as well fitted as any other people to look after their national interests; and the Japanese Diet, given responsibility, would be no more likely to run amuck than any other national assembly. Where no responsibility attaches there always is more or less wild talk, as much to get the other fellow "in a hole" as anything else. The clansmen tried it in the 60's when

they were egging on the agitation against the Shōgunate, not because the leaders really believed in expulsion of the foreigners, for once in power they made a square *volte face*. The wild talk in the Diet would end, as it ends everywhere else, in the committee room. As their Government distrusts them, so the Japanese apparently distrust their Government in the expression of the national wishes. They did not trust them in the Revision of the Treaties, or in the treaty made after the China war; and the anything but dignified discussion over the Russian treaty would have been obviated, if the people felt that it must come before their representatives who are responsible to them for the way in which they guard the national interests.

This combination of western individualistic training on the unindividualistic Japanese—a training that to-day is distinctly anti-communistic—has produced a unique result. The most narrow-minded man in the world has placed in his hands that most beautiful weapon of modern thought, the Inductive Logic, painfully polished by years of trial and mistakes, and which is the basis on which our whole modern structure scientific and social rests, and the method on which it depends for its future progress. For the inductive reasoning has the advantage that its ultimate basis must rest on fact, and the facts lying at the basis of a law of Nature so determined must have a very wide range, as wide as Nature herself. Where the law does not conform to all the facts it gives way, to go to that lumber pile of human effort which has in these latter days reached such monumental proportions. To use such a process requires such a separation of self that the only factors of error left are those physical properties of sense perceptions by which we have to detect and measure the phenomena under examination, and this as far as possible is eliminated by widening the field of observation and the number of observers. Many are called and few chosen in this field. Many are the theories elaborated to help the onward march of science, to enable us to coordinate phenomena and look at them under a different viewpoint. Many are the theories so rejected but many of them have had

most fruitful results. No one seriously believes in the atom and the molecule of our chemical philosophy as anything but a convenient mental picture which enables us to grasp new relations among the elements. Most fruitful it has been and is now, as is shown by the co-ordination of such widely separated forms of matter as solid liquid and gas, enabling us to express in a common mathematical formula widely separated and yet related phenomena. Never has science stood such a test as to the real soundness of its groundwork as in the past few years. We simply read ionization into our chemical formula, and substitute Thompson's "corpuscles" for the atom. The mental picture of the atom is not affected. It still remains the last factor which our balances and measuring tubes are able to take into account. We have simply obtained further insight into that mysterious body called indefinitely for so many years the luminiferous ether. Deductive Logic can never reach this point. It is always and must always be a thing of the brain. Indeed, were it not for our unconscious inductive habits of thought in these modern days, it would be as misleading to-day as it has been in the past. It is far more dangerous than useful. For the human mind rarely forms a complete picture and hence when we start out to prove a law deductively we are likely to miss details fatal to the theory but passed over as non-essential or even unrelated. The field of the mind is far too limited compared to any range of natural phenomena, and it is only later—perhaps after much mischief has been done and the whole pack has been led far astray—that the real range of the subject is detected and with it incongruities in the law. Inductive Logic taking in *all* the relations of an object to other objects, after comparing and collating these relations, avoids this danger.

Now the easterner, the Japanese, is essentially deductive in his habits of thought. Facts have been the last thing to bother him and he has been spinning the world out of his inner consciousness. Such consciousness it is hardly necessary to say is a very national consciousness, and the result of it has been a universe of which he himself has been the hub; what in politeness we will call an

ultra development of "patriotism" but which really savours more of blind prejudice. It is hardly to be expected that they can break away from it in a few generations, but, as it is, we have the strange sight of a man with about as badly a warped judgment as living at the bottom of a well for centuries can give him, and at the same time as to acquired knowledge inside the range of this inrooted idea of himself as the centre, armed with all the resources of modern western thought. In everything that touches material progress he is wide enough awake. He can see the advantage of a battleship or of a sewing machine, for these are points that are to be adjusted to his self-centred system, not have been so adjusted. Doubtless in time this will be so thoroughly done that we will hear that both these products of human ingenuity originated about the end of May, 1905, just as we learn nowadays that the *jinricksha* was of native invention. But the frieze of the Parthenon or the Venus de Milo is no more to him than a sawdust doll. All classed under the generic *Ningyō*. Raphael, Titian, Murillo, Rembrandt, or Van Dyke, fall into line with the illustrations of the newspaper. As for western thought, it has all been thought before (in China), and he swallows the posthumous dates of the Chinese commentaries without winking, although you would find him wise in all the higher criticism as to the origin of the Homeric legends. The Drama, a mass of incongruities and impossibilities sprinkled with a few beautiful passages, are vastly to be preferred to the beautiful lines of the Antigone or the Œdipus Coloneus, or the passion of the Hecuba or the Medea, and of course Shakespeare went to school to a Chinaman and concealed the fact. You hear much of the agnosticism that is widespread among the Japanese upper classes which is perfectly true as to all matters applicable to Things not Japanese, but not to the reverse. You can run over a considerable gamut of subjects with Japanese, not only educated and able talkers on their own ground, but with full experience of other lands. Everything from the scepticism of Hume to the positivism of Comte, from the cold-blooded critical method of Gibbon in history to the equally cold-blooded deductions of Malthus in

economics, meet with their high approval. The higher criticism as a method applied to the study of western religions is an instrument of greatest use. In the next breath the same man will assure you that he regards the fables of the *Kōjiki* as sane history, and that he thoroughly believes the origin of his nation to start from the descent of the gods into Kyūshū. When the leaders of the victorious troops attributed their success to the divine virtue of their Emperor and the approval of the spirits of the Imperial Line, they were not talking for effect. "By the grace of God" may have some meaning to the crowned head that uses it in Europe, but to the upper classes of Europe it is the thinnest pretence of a formula, the rallying cry of their class against democracy. We know that in our secret souls, individuals or nations, we all have a very considerable opinion of ourselves. It is a very poor man and a very poor nation that has not this healthy egoistic impression. Bill Smith criticises Bill Shakespeare, and what is more, Bill Smith goes to the gallery and gives his opinion just as vigorously and just as confidently as Bill Jones the critic does the next day in the theatrical column of the newspaper. Whatever he has of this spirit of self-conceit is reinforced in the Japanese by his habit of thought, that habit which makes the community the centre of interest and the centre of his world. A man might distrust himself as individual, but not as body politic. In the West, isolated in our individualism, the more we know the more timid we grow. Pessimism is a true child of the modern West. We are growing more suggestive in our thinking than positive in our action. The reverse is the case in Japan, for they are filling, not the illimitable space with their acquired knowledge but a very finite section of it. Their system of deductive generalization makes them admirable government servants. The Government lays down the ground plan, fills in the minutiæ, and puts each man in his place. It is a system built of carefully selected material, not a system to cover all material. Just at present the machine is new. So was the Tokugawa machine in its day. Government by the Diet will at least drive a wedge into the clan system. Widening of the elec-

torate will throw hereditary prestige still further into the background, and everything that so acts strikes for individualism and means a wider range of universe for man and nation.

What then is the relation of the foreigner to the man trained in this nationally egoistic school with its extremely limited outlook. The usual and most important point of contact is with the civil and criminal code of the land as administered in its Courts. Previous to the revision of the treaties Japan adopted a code mainly based on the French and German codes, due regard being paid to modifying in such a way as to provide for national habits, political and social, with special reference to their own family system. Previous to the adoption of this code, the law of the land while to some extent codified, was based on local custom and was pretty much a "law of the Cadi," so to speak. The Judiciary, therefore, had to be trained in entirely new habits of thought and of method, and from the criticisms made the result has been much what was to be expected—a rigid adherence to the letter of the law with a good deal of timidity in applying its spirit. If a purely Japanese code had been built from the ground up—and it was more the spirit of its application than a lack of basic moral and legal material that needed change—it is fair to presume that great jurists thoroughly imbued with the spirit of such a code would have risen up in the land. There seems, however, a general consensus of foreign opinion that no Lord Mansfield or John Marshall has as yet arisen to infuse spirit into the dry bones of the present borrowed code. Foreigners and natives avoid as far as possible all appeal to its tedious processes as the very shadow of the Evil One, and for the amount of business done there is perhaps a larger resort to arbitration in Yokohama than any other place of its size, and that in despite of the excellent reputation of the local Bench. There is nothing extraordinary in this. As in Pickwick's case, "people who go to law or are dragged into it are naturally nervous over the outcome," and in these latter days the resort to it enjoys anything but good odour as a means of settling disputes; the best of lawyers avowedly trying to keep their clients out of court, and not

get them into it. In the land cases reported from time to time, action is confessedly very conservative and leans to side of the native or original holder. This, too, is no peculiarity of the Japanese Bench. The transfer of land is very much a matter of formalities, and in their strict observance depends the legality of such transfer. In Japan as elsewhere the strictest regard is paid to the regularity of such transfer, but the peculiar position of the foreigner in reference to land lays many traps for his feet. He cannot own land, he can only lease the land with the right to erect buildings on it. Some of these leases amount practically to a sale of the land being for very long terms of years, but it is always necessary to get the consent of all the parties having a contingent interest, and in the complicated family system of the Japanese this is by no means always a simple matter. The Japanese as yet seem to have no such system as Title Insurance, great central plants covering pretty much the whole system of the real estate of a district, and which at small cost enable a purchaser through one of the Title Insurance companies to judge at a glance just what he is buying. Their system is much as it is in our small towns and some country districts, where search must be made in the records of several county offices to get all the necessary data as to previous transfer, mortgages, and other encumbrances. Another complication lies in leases made outside the settlements, many of them in Japanese names. Duly registered at the Consulates, these leases were held to be legally correct as to the rights so transferred. On the lapse of the consular jurisdiction, registration of these virtual transfers was required to make the title hold good. This undoubtedly was a retroactive law to which the Anglo-Saxon anyhow is unfamiliar, and would rest blissfully ignorant that their previous title had been vitiated by its passage. This, with absenteeism on the part of foreigners who have gone home still retaining their Japanese investments, has been taken advantage of by speculators, not to be called by any harsher names, however, than the large and flourishing band of kindred gentry in our West. The original idea of the Japanese regulations seems to have been

to prevent foreigners in any way getting control over land outside of certain fixed districts. These long leases on outside land, and in the names of a native, were of course a subterfuge and an evasion of the law. The Government, however, winked at it and tacitly admitted its legality through the Consular registration. The Courts have acted very fairly if strictly in most of these cases, and where judgment has gone by default have reopened the cases on presentation of good reason for a rehearing.

A foreigner naturally stands at no little disadvantage through ignorance of language and customs. In an American Court the interests of a foreigner are most carefully protected with view of his special disadvantages, and American juries have the reputation of equally taking these disadvantages into consideration in the jury box. The Japanese have the French system. The trial is purely judicial, the Judge hearing the evidence, conducting the examination, and deciding on law and fact. To us, to look at a question purely from the legal point of view, is only looking at one side of it. The Judge cannot help his special training biasing his more general point of view simply as to the facts. Everything is examined through glasses of a single tint. In Japanese criminal cases it is a question whether proper weight is given to evidence of foreigners in a business community where the standard is necessarily high. The difficulty has more than once arisen in assault cases between European and native. The low class Japanese is very truculent. It can easily be noticed how, when a European accidentally brushes against them on the street, they stop and look back after him. In more aggravated cases they will pursue him, start an altercation, in which they are enthusiastically backed up by every idler and *ricksha* rough in the vicinity. Such episodes rarely go to personal assault among the Japanese, but a foreigner does not know that, and takes the will for the deed, as he would do at home, and vigorously defends himself, especially as he sees scores of natives jostling against each other without paying the least attention to such an episode. The westerner therefore may find himself in court as defendant with the triumphant coolie

as prosecutor, when he had only under his usages acted in most justifiable self-defence. And his evidence is severely scrutinized. Now the westerner is essentially truthful, and can claim more than equal credit with the native among whom the national habit of adorning a tale is rather widespread. There is not only the religious sanction of the oath in his case but there is a legal sanction which is far more important. Perjury is an uncommon occurrence in a western courtroom, which we will not claim as due to any moral superiority in the race but to the fact that the westerner is a clearer reasoner than the man of the East. He can see the hole in a well-fitted tale very quickly, and where the moral obligation to tell the truth does not exist long experience will teach him that "honesty is the best policy." In assault cases it is felt that unless the foreigner is fortunate enough to have native evidence on his side it will go hardly with him, for his western evidence will be badly discounted. And he need not rely on native evidence. There is none of that spirit of fair play which is a part of our Anglo-Saxon inheritance and which makes our jury system possible. This has never had a chance to develop among the Japanese. Their old clan system is responsible for this, stripping the individual of all responsibility and putting it on the shoulders of the clan. They have none of this feeling of fair play toward each other. Why should it be shown in the case of the foreigner? Take the weight of the evidence, and the avoirdupois of a host of coolies will outweigh two or three foreigners without much reference to the probabilities. There is no doubt that every effort is made to be fair and just, but it is the system that is at fault, and some of the printed decisions seem attempts to justify the decision reached rather than expositions of the legal principles involved. If they were acting to-day on a code based on their own national customs and legal habits of thought there is no reason to doubt that great legal minds would have made their influence felt on the Japanese code, but they are acting under a system totally foreign to their habits of thought; which does not mean of course that eastern judges cannot apply western law but that they can

hardly be expected to be enthusiastic over such application. At all events a remark made by Professor Dowden, perhaps, also finds application. Speaking of the French Judiciary under the absolutism of Louis XIV., he says: "Judicial eloquence lacked the breadth and elevation which come with political freedom; it contented itself with subtleties of argument decked with artificial flowers of style."

Of the relations between foreigners and native merchants it is hardly necessary to speak, for the Japanese commercial standard is so universally a subject of complaint that where there is so much smoke there is bound to be fire. This is the more extraordinary in that among themselves they have always made use of an extensive credit system. The better class among Japanese merchants entered very reluctantly into the foreign trade, and even to-day they do not seem to have the control and disciplining of their more slippery fellow-merchants that they have in other countries. How the Japanese ever expect to replace the great foreign houses in the treaty ports is difficult to imagine. Until a very different standard is adopted, and a guild is ready to punish not to uphold delinquent members, foreigners will want to have their representatives on the ground. A limiting of the right of appeal and a strict construction of contracts in the courts would aid this only to some extent. The power of the guilds to boycott merchants who have successfully maintained their rights in the local courts can only be broken down by the action of the Japanese Government itself. One hears much of such boycotts as an ordinary weapon of the guilds in Japanese commercial life. The only other contact which the foreigner is likely to have with the native is with the official. The higher Japanese official has been mentioned. From the head of the office and the older men one could ask no better treatment. They avowedly do their best. With the young element, the subclerk, the sense of importance as a government clerk is too new to sit easily. He is lackadaisical and to all appearances he is lazy. From such appearance one would say the Government offices are greatly overmanned, and cigarette smoking occupies about as much time as making entries in the ledgers. I much prefer the young American.

He may be brusque—which is largely due to our idea of the value of time. He brings matters to a point at once, as if his time too was enormously valuable, but he interests himself to put your business through. Frankly, to get rid of it and you; and the greater despatch the greatest recommendation to his employers. If he is a government clerk there are always a host with an eye to his place, and it pays him to show energy. He has to sit hard on his job to hold it. The Japanese official, it can be said, is raised above any attacks. He is inviolable and unapproachable. The same cannot be said of public men unconnected with Government. If one can judge by the license of the public press—which emphatically one cannot—we should, at times, have to apply what Gil Blas says of his friend the licentiate of Salamanca. He would be a very nice person were it not for three trifling foibles, "litigation, fornication, and intoxication."

There is a good deal of "squealing" among foreigners. Disputes with coolies, extortion at hotels, late trains, call down an amount of denunciation or the pitying shrug of the shoulders, as if such things were only experienced in travelling in Japan. In those respects they are at least as well off as at home. And as to safety, Tōkyō is a far safer city at night than New York, London, or Paris. The criminal element is not so much in evidence as in those great cities. But there is one marked impression in taking a wide range of travel through the country, and that is that the anti-foreign feeling is still strong in Japan. They appreciate the advantages of western material civilization and still retain their dislike of the contact necessary to reap all the advantages of that civilization. It is the material civilization they want, not the broad international life and exchange of ideas that in our own intense western nationalism still finds expression in the term "family of nations." Even the limited and harmless contact with the foreigner is still a source of irritation to old Japan, and an immense amount of the old Japan still exists and is instilled into young Japan. Now this is not simply a dislike of the foreigner as such. We all know the saying, "Bill, there goes a stranger." "Well! 'eave 'arf a brick at him." This is a feeling found all over

the world, but it is not racial. The Japanese feeling is strictly racial. They have it toward the westerner, very little toward the Chinaman, and it only needs some trivial dispute to have the barriers broken down and an open expression of dislike to the *Jin*. Easterners are usually specified. *Nankin no hito, nippon no hito, indo no hito,* or Chinaman, Japanese, Indian. Europe is simply—the rest, man or *Jin*. When the Chinaman falls into bad odour he too becomes *Jin*.

As I had entered Takeda by one tunnel so I left it by another, which again brought me into the outside world. The day's journey took me over the central plateau which occupies the centre of this northern end of the island. We were not long among the pretty wooded scenery, but were soon gradually ascending and winding among low desolate hills covered with bamboo grass. The general contour reminded me somewhat of the country south of Waiotapu in the North Island of New Zealand or of the coast hills in the neighbourhood of San Diego in southern California. Except for the bamboo grass. The Japanese owes much, very much, to the bamboo, but he could well dispense with this degenerate form of it. One sees thousands of acres of land in the country which elsewhere would be covered with grazing cattle. But this grass is poison to them and with sheep the expression "rotgut" is inelegant but accurate. Charles Dudley Warner, in that excellent guide for the agricultural neophyte, "My Summer in a Garden," tells us that the American pusley has more original sin than any other weed extant. If, however, Russian thistle, Canadian dock, San José scale, and even pusley can be successfully dealt with, why not bamboo grass? It certainly looks as if the attempt to clothe these hillsides with foreign grass, to substitute clover and timothy for the present rank article, would be a profitable investment. At the head of a pretty ravine I left my *ricksha* for the men to carry down the slope as best they could for the road was atrociously bad. At the bottom we came out on a wide beautifully cultivated plain, the floor of the great outside crater of Asosan. There are but few breaks in the precipitous

sides, one of them being at the point by which I had entered. In the south end rises the present and active cone, itself a great mountain mass. In speaking of the isolation of the valley at Wakamatsu I mentioned one other instance in Japan. It is here on the crater floor of Asosan. A score of villages are hard at work with every hint, physically speaking, cut off of an outside world. One understands now the slow climb over the broad plateau. Asosan is the greatest crater in the world with the whole of the north of Kyūshū as its base. Greater than Halemaumau that vast pile that rises in Maui. In remote ages when the inhabitants of some other planet turn their telescopes on Terra and her satellite, Asosan will be one of the few of our volcanic landmarks to command a feeble comparison, unless old earth's exit as a scene of life is to be marked again by some such scenes of fire as she has already passed through.

And these peasants, seen working in every direction through their fields; what manner of people are they? I think that nearly everyone that comes in contact with the individual Japanese peasant likes him. The genuine countryman is by no means to be confounded with the town coolie. One could get nowhere a finer courtesy than is often experienced when stopping to rest or to exchange exceedingly bad Japanese with the occupants of many of these isolated thatched houses, almost huts we would call them. Information as to route, shelter from the weather, are extended in a dignified and kindly manner and the average *Ojisan* would be hard to match in his class in any part of the world. These country people have all the qualities of the race. They are brave, polite, prejudiced, and pigheaded, with their world limited pretty much to the range of their physical sense of sight. They are a very important subject in relation to other nations, for it is the Japanese peasant that forms the bulk of the flood of emigration to other lands, and where he is far from popular, whether it be in Korea or the United States, in Canada or in Australia. Part of this is due to his clannishness. The greater number enter the United States to form part of their communities, not to enter into

the general life of the people. And these communities are very aggressive. They regard themselves and act as a little section of Japan, a nation apart from their immediate surroundings, to be ruled and governed with small regard to the customs or the prejudices of their neighbours. They have shown at times small disposition to resort to the Courts or to peaceful measures, and these communities often carry things with a high hand. Armed collisions have more than once required the interference of the authorities in the United States, in Canada, and in Hawaii. The native does not view with any particular liking the collisions between native labour unions and employers, so likely to occur during a prolonged strike, and when the foreigner chooses to make the country the scene of such private war, he very naturally looks still more closely into their desirability as political and social bedfellows. It is hardly to be doubted what action the Japanese Government would take if foreigners made its inland waters a battle-ground, or would start a riot in the streets of Yokohama or Kobe. But the fact that many people—particularly in the western United States—have come to look on the Japanese especially as tricky and quarrelsome, and likely to give trouble in the land, has but little influence on the real question raised by such immigration, particularly in the United States and in the British Colonies. Every government is bound to look out for the interests of its working classes, especially that class whose earnings bring them pretty close to the standard set by the public opinion of the community as the irreducible minimum. In the United States and in Canada we have a very high standard. It is safe to say that the average American labourer eats meat once a day. It is our aim to raise that standard not to lower it. Now the white man can live as the yellow man does, but in the United States we do not intend to allow that undesirable condition to materialize. In some countries of Europe—Italy and Spain—and even in some parts of France and Germany, meat is never seen by the peasant classes, and in Italy the average daily expense of feeding the peasant would come unfavourably near to that of China and Japan. We do not

want to accustom our people to any such living. If our labouring classes are brought into free competition with the Asiatic, that is sure to be the result. A horde of these people entering into the country could quickly drive American labour to the wall, and with the advantage of position could wait their turn to be ousted. It would be a peaceful conquest of the land in which the conquered placed in the hands of the conqueror the very weapon to which they would owe their defeat—their own high standard. The East is not confronted with this question at all. Their standard is very low and their labouring class ensured against competition. Their contact with the western world is merely through those agents necessary in our modern commercial system of barter and exchange, and it is not much to their credit that their spirit of exclusion has been dictated by race prejudice. There is not much doubt as to how the Japanese Government would solve this question, if a hundred thousand coolies from China were dumped into the former Kwantō to compete with their *ricksha* men, their farm labourers, their carpenters, masons, and many minor trades. Without reference to the diplomatic casuistry that the translation of the French term *metier* can give rise to we have some inkling as to how the Japanese regard this question themselves. An Imperial Ordinance as to subjects and citizens of non-treaty powers, after granting to foreigners the right to reside where they please, engage in trade and business, says "it shall not be lawful for labourers to reside or carry on their business outside the places hitherto used as foreign settlements or zones of mixed residence, unless they obtain special permission" and further on it defines the term *labourer*. "By the term 'labourers' shall be understood persons engaged in agriculture, fishing, mining, engineering, building, manufacturing, transportation, *jinricksha* drawing, porterage, and other kinds of physical toil for gain." This last clause is a truly Catholic provision for eventualities or errors of omission. The method of enforcement of the Chinese Exclusion Act in the United States has given rise to much just complaint, but the Chinese are largely responsible for it themselves. A Chinese cer-

tificate of the occupation of the holder is worth just about the paper it is written on and no more, and for this only their own local authorities are to blame. We do not pretend in the United States to settle the disputes among the Chinese themselves. They rarely call on us to do so. They are a community apart, and the imported Chinaman who went back on his contract would not live very long to enjoy the fruits of his cunning. China is not the only country with which the United States has disputes on this question. The legislation to keep out paupers, criminals, and diseased, meets with every possible opposition in official circles, and in Europe agents of the Immigration Bureau meet with anything but a cordial welcome. Experience has shown us that the European peoples assimilate and form part of ourselves. Even with them in some cases the rules are so strict as to amount to exclusion of whole classes. It is to be noted that the Chinese Exclusion Act was passed after due trial and warning of the continued danger of such immigration. Three hundred years ago it was the aim of the great Henry of Bourbon that every Frenchman should be able to have his chicken in the pot. Our standard in the United States has been pushed still higher, and most of the other countries still open to settlement have followed the example.

China moreover is the last country in the world to raise questions of exclusion, when we come to consider her treaty ports with their circumscribed limits for the activity of foreigners, and the necessity for elaborate preparations and due notice to the authorities if travel in the interior of that happy land is to be undertaken. Besides, she sells twice where she buys once, and is not likely to quarrel with the United States over the exclusion of the coolies. The broad hand of "Uncle Sam" has had no little to do with smothering those whispers of "spheres of influence" so often heard a few years ago. The Japanese Government now controls very strictly the emigration of its coolie class. There were probably reasons of high politics that sent thousands of coolies to Hawaii, to the United States, to Mexico and Peru, and everywhere but to northeastern Asia. One hears much nowadays of the "yel-

low peril," a subject well worthy of attention though not immediately threatening. There is a "yellow peril" but not until the three hundred millions of Chinese wake up and conclude to buttress their economic efficiency with physical force, with armies and navies trained in western schools. There will probably never be another Attila or Genghis Khan. In science too many men are everywhere closely following the same lines of investigation as to make an isolated discovery of world-wide importance akin to and of the revolutionary nature of that of gunpowder. Great discoveries are always foreshadowed in these times. In former days the world's business was mainly fighting, now it is mainly working. The struggle between East and West will be based on economic grounds which, however, may seek an issue by resort to arms. It will be a war for the world's markets rather than a struggle of nations seeking an outlet for their superfluous population. How far the Japanese will dare to arm their big neighbour remains to be seen. An armed, independent, and centralized China would mean short shrift to the present position of Japan in northern Asia. It is to be suspected that much more would the sound of "spheres of influence" tickle their ears, and the development of Japan as a great continental power is the only point at which she is to be feared. That is quite possible, although whether it is to be regarded as a yellow peril is open to some question. Never did a brave and ambitious people so completely lack natural resources to carry out their dream of supremacy. Japan is poor in that very thing that makes nations great in these latter days. She has no iron. Thirty thousand tons form her quota to the world's production in a year, and her geology does not favour the idea that her condition will be found, on further investigation, to be materially bettered in this respect. She must depend on other countries to feed her furnaces. A footing in northeastern Asia would change this and would put in her hands the great deposits of northern China which contain, as far as known, some of the finest Bessemer ore in the world. The stakes played for in northeastern Asia are well worth the winning, and the victor well worth

the watching. When the battle between West and East does come it will be a merciless one, for it will be a contest between civilizations radically different in their bases; between which there can be substitution not compromise, and in which the conquered, immersed in a medium foreign to his nature will die of of inanition. A cold-blooded clash such as Mr. Wells has drawn for us in his "War of the Worlds"—the Martians and the World People. The great Napoleon prophesied the division of the world between Slav and Republic and time can well be given to see how the prediction works out, although Slav by no means excludes the idea of Republic. A third formidable factor has risen—Mongol. Slav and Mongol, not Slav and Anglo-Saxon, have clashed first, and the rest of the world can look on with indifference. The Slav has been checked in this first contest, as much by conditions as by his own fault, and Anglo-Saxondom at all events cannot grumble at the outcome, provided that Mongol balances Slav and is not substituted for him. That great people of eastern Europe have not been waked up as yet, and under their present *régime* cannot be. In mass they much resemble China, but with a fierce national feeling not found among the Chinese. One cannot help admiring that intensity which in Austria and the Balkan provinces forbids any compromise with other races, but obstinately looks forward to the domination of the Slav race. Disagreeable as such an outcome would be the supremacy of Slav is to be preferred to that of Mongol. We know something about his qualifications and can judge something as to the result. His Tolstoi and his Turgenieff appeal to us as do our own writers. In science and art and religion he has at least one foot in Europe. It is the bureaucracy of Russia that is dreaded—that hideous and cruel incubus that crushes out all breath of liberty and gives rise to such nightmares as nihilism and anarchy—but the bureaucracy in Russia is not necessarily an institution of a people who have a genius much to be admired.

Next to my inn at Miyaji and right under my eyes was a large temple. Miyaji has a very rustic appearance embowered in its many

trees. Far beyond, the great wall of the crater cuts off the outside world leaving one even rim of horizon as at sea. The temple, though so situated in the midst of the little town, had all the advantages of situation and something of a pretence of a village green. The lines of the Japanese roof are very beautiful. Even an ugly town is a constant source of pleasure to one looking from above. The same cannot be said as to their general use of wood. The aspect of a Swiss or Norway village, or the half timber work of some old French or English towns, is far more picturesque than anything of similar nature in Japan. We do not have to go to Japan for lessons in wood carving. The carving at Nikko is very handsome, although I think most Europeans will take at least equal pleasure in that of the Haruna temple near Ikao, but most of us will give the preference to the beautiful stall and screen work found in so many European churches and cathedrals.

The people of the inn were by no means such early risers as is usually found in Japanese inns. It was nearly eight o'clock before the rain doors were pushed back, but an hour later I was again on my way along the shaded road, or rather what would have been the shaded road, for the first part of my journey was made in a downpour. The valley is drained on this side so we made our exit by the side of the Shirakawa flowing into the Shimabara Gulf, near the city of Kumamoto. We were soon amid pretty valley scenery again, the way being all down-hill to the tree-dotted plain on which Kumamoto lies. To judge from the rather unfavourable way in which many foreigners speak of it as a dusty, dirty town, Kumamoto belies its appearance, for there is far more green about in the way of trees than is found in most large Japanese cities. It rejoices in two excellent Yadoyas, one of which is so up to date as to be supplied with a billiard room. It is possible to cross from here to Shiobara and walk up the mountain to Unzen, which stands 2500 feet above sea level and which means just that much climb. It is equally feasible to take train to Isehaya and by a pretty *ricksha* ride to Obama and from there walk up the mountain. These Kyūshū resorts do not compare favourably with those of

the Tōkyō district, which can be described as "the cream" of Japan. Unzen is on a very uneasy seat, and if the safety valve at Asosan should become plugged up it is quite on the cards that Unzen would be the point of least resistance and depart for parts unknown, leaving nothing but a little stinking sulphurous smoke and reputation behind it. It is a great health resort and has several European hotels largely frequented by Europeans from the China ports. There are hot pools and tiny geysers and beautiful walks in the neighbourhood, but even in early June it was very hot during the day although the nights were pleasant. Up to that time Obama on the seashore at the foot of the mountain holds many of the people. This, too, is a bathing resort, in some ways an attractive little place, especially as it makes no pretence at business of any kind.

A little steamer ran daily from Obama to Mogi and on this craft I saw the only really decent pigs I have seen in Japan. Pigs of an avoirdupois that Chicago would be glad to acknowledge. I was told that they came from China in which case someone was enterprising enough to try and improve the native stock. Of our ordinary farm stock you see little in Japan. It is rare to see any kind of pig in the villages. Sheep, grazing cattle, mules, are the rarities of an enclosure more of the nature of a zoological garden. Chickens, dogs, and cats, are the only familiar features of animal life familiar to European eyes. Once in Mogi it is but an hour's run across the hill to Nagasaki. The home of Madame Chrysantheme is entirely distinct and apart from the other treaty ports of Japan. It is most picturesque on its hills overlooking its beautiful harbour, but there the attraction ceases. From May on it is hot and stinking. Its coolies are the roughest and dirtiest in Japan. Its sailors' hotels and bars with their "hurdy-gurdies," barrel organs, and bouncers as a conspicuous feature, mark it out for the "man-of-war" town of the islands. One must say with regret that the place which has had longest contact with Europe in the shape of its shipping is the most undesirable town in Japan. Nagasaki gives a very false impression of Japan. It is cosmopoli-

tan in a crude bucolic way. Cosmopolitan as were the buccaneers of old. At a little distance lies the great naval port of Saseho with its lines of warships. In Nagasaki at the drydock lies a great steamer of the Nippon Yusen Kwaisha. The plates of both came from foreign lands in such ships as crowd the harbour lying under our eyes. When Japan, as the result of a great national industry and out of her own iron, makes those plates, Saseho will be far more formidable than it is to-day.

VIII

THE LAND OF YAMATO

> "When the funeral pyre was out, and the last valediction over, men took a lasting adieu of their interred friends, little expecting the curiosity of future ages should comment upon their ashes; and, having no old experience of the duration of their relics, held no opinion of such after considerations. But who knows the fate of his bones, or how often he is to be buried? Who hath the oracle of his ashes, or whether they are to be scattered."
>
> —*Urn Burial.*

I am standing on the terrace of Miidera looking down on Biwa Lake shining in the sun. The terrace is a delightful place on the hot July day and the cool breeze sweeping over it a reward for the stiff climb to get up to it. The temple is an old foundation dating from the close of the seventh century in the time of the Emperor Tenji of whom that old collection of Dry-as-Dust the Ō Dai Ichiran* says "he loved the sciences, and the administration of public affairs and justice were under his rule established on a regular and stable basis." The present set of buildings are anything but veterans, however, for they only date from the end of the seventeenth century. Ōtsu lies just below and very glad am I to get away from it, for I remember it mainly by a very indifferent inn. To the left on the shores of the lake is what looks like a grove of pines, but which in fact is a single tree, the great pine of Karasaki, one of those venerable abortions referred to in the first chapter. It is said to be ninety feet in height, although one would

*The Ō Dai Ichiran has been translated by Klaproth. Checked up on material points from other sources there is a good deal of meat to be scraped off its old bones. I am also indebted to Professor B. H. Chamberlain's translation and particularly the notes and preface to the *Kojishi*. Anyone who wishes to read the last word on the early nebulous history of the Japanese must have recourse to this translation. It is published separately as the supplement to vol. x of the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan.

never suspect it, and its branches in two directions extend a dis tance of nearly a hundred yards which can readily be believed. Its bark is almost hidden by its plastered wounds, and the props to its old age make it resemble some distorted *banyan* whose subsidiary aerial roots have subsequently dried and withered. The road to it is too hot and sunny on this summer day, and I turn with relief to seek shade in the beautiful groves surrounding the shrines. These have a romance entirely apart from the ecclesiastical associations, for we hear much of Benkei, the giant retainer of Yoshitsune, the brother of Yoritomo, first of the Minamoto Shōguns and of the warrior class, who supplanted the more effeminate Fujiwara as mayors of the palace. Benkei appeals much to the imagination of western readers. There is a joviality, an open-handed, open-hearted, debonair touch to most of his exploits not found in the usual run of the Japanese heroes. His cunning is mainly free from that tinge of treachery and double dealing with double meaning so common in the East. He is a sort of Little John, Will Scarlet, and Friar Tuck, rolled into one; and his master, Yoshitsune, is the Japanese Black Prince or Henry V., and whom we would gladly see supplant his cold and crafty brother at Kamakura. Benkei and Yoshitsune first met on a bridge in Kyōtō when Benkei proposed to the unknown stripling that he should contribute what his present circumstances permitted to the lining of Benkei's purse. In the fight that ensued Benkei got the worst of it, and ever after attached himself to Yoshitsune's adventurous fortunes. These have been the theme of a number of books for the young Japanese, and Benkei figures in them almost as much as Yoshitsune. We have proof of his prowess here at Miidera, for in one building is kept the temple bell which he carried off, and only restored on condition that the monks fill a huge iron caldron of equal size with bean soup. The marks of Benkei's teeth are now shown on the edge of the caldron.

But Benkei is by no means the only militant feature of these hillsides, for it was on Hiesan that Denkiōtaishi founded at the beginning of the ninth century a monastery of the Tendai sect of

Buddhists, and in the course of years they were dotted with temple buildings, the strongholds of military orders of monks which can only be compared to the great military monastic orders of Europe. The monks ruled things with a high hand, and time and again harried the country roundabout, fighting out their quarrels in the streets of Kyōtō and burning down half the town in the process. For three hundred years they were regular visitants here at Miidera. The place was attacked and burnt to the ground in 1081 and regularly during the course of a century it suffered a like fate. These monks had the same reputation for fierce courage, learning, and brutality as the Templars of old, of whom the people whispered tales of their lust and nameless crimes as they clanked through the streets on their great war horses. It was not until Nobunaga had established his power in the State that he dared to attack "these pestilent monks," and September, 1571, saw a great battle on the slopes of these mountains in which the monks, driven back inch by inch by the overwhelming numbers of their adversary, finally perished in the flames of their monasteries and wiped out the remembrance of their crimes with their blood. But Biwa-ko, or better the Lake of Ōmi, has a better ground to fame than attaches to priestly masters. There is a legend that at the beginning of the reign of the Emperor Kō-rei (286 B. C.) there was a great earthquake and eruption during which Fujisan was thrown up and a depression formed here in the South. At all events, since the very earliest days, while Yamato has been the scene of the exploits of its emperors, much is heard of the Lake of Ōmi, and as literature and song were advanced it figures more and more largely in such literature, so much so as to almost make it a centre for Japanese men of letters. The Kwantō, or present Tōkyō district, was a frontier land far from all the finer influences shed from the emperor's court at Kyōtō, a centre of rough soldiers engaged in warfare with each other and with the savages still pressing on them to the north. It is not until Yoritomo fixed his capital at Kamakura that the northern country cuts any polite figure in Japanese history. We have already spoken of the absence of antiquity

in most Japanese landscapes. Perhaps this very Go-Kinai district is as good an instance as can be selected. Here is the very centre of Japanese life. The *umbilicus,* so to speak, around which the nation lived its life for so many centuries, shows but little sign of that life. Nara and Kyōto are all that are left of the very ancient days. Even then much is of fourteenth century and later. One can well speak of this, for so much is heard of the antiquity of Japanese life. There are literally scores of fine manor houses scattered all over England, contemporaries and far older than these fourteenth century buildings. Old castles dating from Norman times have worked into their foundations the previous structure built by the Roman masters of the world, utilized by their successors, and still sheltering present owners. There are old county families living on the ground occupied by their ancestors from Saxon times and that on the very good historical record of title deeds; and some Welsh genealogies will satisfy the seeker after still dimmer tradition, for they go back to Adam and sometimes to his Maker. Equal credit can be claimed for these old county families with any Fujiwara, or Taira, or Minamoto, that figures in the Kōjiki and trod the soil of Yamato. But if we mean to get on to the subject of the antiquities of "things Japanese" it is time to change our ground, so I come down the shady groves of Miidera to the dusty level of the town, stopping a moment to watch the boats on the canal dug centuries ago and which leads through (not over) the mountains to the level of the Kyōto plain, and gladly picking up my traps at the inn, am off across country to Yamada, the holy, to the temples of Ise, where Ama-terasu-oho-mi-kami, the Heaven shining Great August Deity, the sun goddess, has her shrine, and to which Japanese Mecca all true Japanese hearts are turned.

It is cross country to Yamada, and cross country in Japan means much what it does everywhere else, a series of changes at short intervals in which more time is spent at junction stations than on the train. The ride was rather a dull one until running south on the line that terminates at Yamada. I found the town in one of

its quiet periods, there being comparatively few pilgrims visible tramping the streets. The temples are given a great age by the Japanese, carrying them back to the legendary period of Suinin (29 B. C.–70 A. D.), who charged his daughter Princess Yamato to build a temple to Tenshi Daijin, the sun goddess, on the banks of the Goyusugawa in Ise, which since then has been the centre of the *Shintō* cult. The temples are doubly interesting therefore as the external expression of a national faith. We cannot give *Shintō* a very high rank as a religion. Its central idea has none of that grandeur that is an attribute of the central ideas of the great world religions—Brahminism, Buddhism, Judaism and Christianity and Mohammedanism—and which is so grandly expressed in their architecture. *Shintō* is a strictly local creed, so wrapped up in the nationality of its worshippers that it can have no extension beyond them. In fact, it is a worship of the enshrined nation. Mr. Lowell, in his " Occult Japan," calls attention to the fact that Japanese holy places have no foreign worshippers. They are not the goal of thousands of pilgrims from other lands. They could not have them. Only the land itself can be interested in its own ancestors, and the holy places of other creeds are in other lands. *Shintō* shows its limitations in this external exposition of its spirits. The temples are simply an exaggeration of the native architecture. They are supposed to represent accurately the shape and material of the original native hut so completely does this nation worship the past. They are destroyed every twenty years and re-erected on an alternate site adjoining each temple. As the wind waves the white curtain hung in front of the *mon* or great gate one gets glimpses of the exterior. It is doubtful, even if they were accessible to the public and the infidel, whether there would be anything to see. The main thing about them is their spirit; and the beautiful sweep of the thatched roofs, with the towering cryptomerias, leave one with the impression that he has been in touch with the religious sense of a curious people. One can well remove his hat as he stands before the white curtain scantily concealing the soul of this people as shown in their holiest of holies.

We can leave the religious side, however, to take up the less pleasing side of history wherein the foreign grubber complains so strenuously that he finds more romance than fact. History made to order is not very considerately regarded in the more truthful West, and one can hardly help something of a smile when he reads in a Japanese author that historical research as such was not known in Japan, their historians all bearing an official character. The revision and "correction" of previous records is a frequent occurrence noted in the old chronicle, and emperors and ministers take a fatherly interest that the offspring of their brain should be of credit to them. The old chroniclers therefore wrote—alas had to write—with the immediate object of their employers in view. They have all the enthusiasm of monkish scribes of old, and had as little scruple about altering a date or embroidering their tales as in our historical novels. In fact, the more *official* the man, the more we are inclined to look sharply into his local colouring, even of facts. One calls to mind those lines of Burns:

"Some books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penned;
Ev'n ministers, they hae been kenned,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid, at times, to vend,
And nail't with Scripture."

Previous to the Christian era we have no reason to believe that the Japanese were anything but a congeries of scattered clans. By degrees one of these obtained the supremacy. It is fair to presume from what followed the introduction of Chinese learning and especially Buddhism, at the close of the fifth and middle of the sixth centuries, that their condition was decidedly less advanced than that of their Korean neighbours who for some centuries had been subjected to Chinese influence, at times under actual conquest in north Korea and always by contact through Manchuria. The Chinese have given us a picture of Korea as they knew it in the two centuries preceding and following our era; a picture of a primitive people living in mud huts, ruled over by petty chiefs, but

possessed of the arts of agriculture, weaving and iron making, and skilful in the chase and in making use of the skins of the animals that they killed. During this period the Japanese had frequent communication with Korea, mainly in the form of piratical raids, but it was not until later, at the end of the fifth century, that they shared more positively in the advantages which their Korean neighbours had been drawing from their civilized neighbour China, and Korea stands at least a couple of centuries in advance of Japan. At the end of the fifth century the Chinese books were formally introduced into Japan. The best authorities all reject the idea of a native Japanese script existing before this period; the only means existing in earlier times of handing down to posterity the records of the past was by oral tradition. Between the formal introduction of the Chinese books, however, and the publication of the earliest extant work on Japanese history—the *Kojiki*—it is fair to presume that the Chinese ideograph had come into general use and was used in compiling current records and in putting in more permanent form past tradition. The *Kojiki* (687–712 A. D.) hints at this, and although the writer says he took it down from the mouth of the learned Hiyeda-no-Are, the man with the india rubber memory selected by the Emperor Temmu to thoroughly memorize the wise saws and events of former days, we will give him credit for some documentary corroboration in front of him at the time he wrote. As to his own production the less said the better. Someone in the presence of Coleridge happened to refer to Klopstock as the German Milton. "And a very German Milton" quoth Coleridge. The *Kojiki* can perhaps be classed as the Japanese Homer—and a very Japanese Homer it is. Professor Chamberlain in his introduction tells us that as "the 'Records' sound bald and queer in English, so they sound queer and bald in Japanese." They are made up of folk-lore tales and legends of the gods bound together by long-winded genealogies, which frankly seem to be nothing but a *nexus,* artificially adopted by the writer to bind his work into some sort of semblance to an organic whole, matter that previously had no real connection.

Japanese mythology does not err on the side of modesty. The Age of the Gods is divided into two periods, one of a thousand million years, the other of 836,702, and it is a pity that in this last the days and hours also are not given. If we can trust to such computation all our geological problems are easily settled, for it can include the requirements of the most extravagant evolutionist. It is noticeable that the Japanese do not attempt any ultimate explanation of the universe. Chaos exists, and it is out of this chaos that the early gods are born only to disappear again, "hide their persons—*i.e.*, died." They have no apparent connection with each other. Their propagation is cosmical not carnal. They come and go, and as far as the writer of the *Kojiki* is concerned, merely furnish an introduction to his more serious matter. It will be well to give one of the shortest of these genealogies. It is typical of the *nexi* binding the book together, whether at this point or at its close when devoted to the affairs of the more earthly emperors. Some of them run on page following page in monotonous succession. The following is Professor Chamberlain's translation of "the Seven Divine Generations": "The names of the Deities that were born next were the Earthly-Eternally-Standing-Deity, next the Luxuriant-Integrating Master-Deity. These two Deities were likewise Deities born alone, and hid their persons. The names of the Deities that were born next were the Deity Mud-Earth-Lord, next his younger sister the Deity Mud-Earth-Lady; next the Germ-Integrating-Deity, next his younger sister the Life-Integrating-Deity; next the Deity Elder-of-the-Great-Place, next his younger sister the Deity Elder-Lady-of-the-Great-Place; next the Deity Perfect-Exterior, next his younger sister the Deity Oh-Awful-Lady; next the Deity the Male-Who-Invites, next his younger sister the Deity the Female-Who-Invites." It is hard to class these genealogies. They have far less value than their nearest prototype, the genealogies of the Book of Pantagruel, without, it may be added, the touches of pungent wit with which from time to time Rabelais enlivened these latter. Homer's "Catalogue of the Ships" is cheerful to them.

With Izana-gi-no-kami, the Deity the Male-Who-Invites, and Izana-mi-no-kami, the Deity the Female-Who-Invites, we enter on the more interesting if nebulous second period of the gods. One thing to be noted is the relationship of this pair. Whether this is an old tradition adopted as a gloss to cover a similar relationship still in favour well in the period of men is beyond conjecture. It is certainly the case that with the legendary emperors such a relation was not regarded as unusual, and the term "sister and wife of Jove" could well be read into most of the annals of those days.

With Izanagi and Izanami the action advances. Standing on the Bridge of Heaven, they pushed down the jewelled spear* and stirred with it, curdling the brine and thereby forming an island. On this they descend, and by carnal copulation give rise to the various islands forming the Japanese archipelago, and subsequently to a list of Deities implying a nature worship devoted to articles more or less useful. The last of these, the Fire-Burning-Swift-Male-Deity, causes the death of his mother, thereby arousing the wrath of Izanagi, who cuts off the head of the offending infant, and thereby giving occasion to the author of the *Kojiki* to string out a few more pages of similar matter. Izanagi is much overcome with the loss of his wife and there follows an Orpheus and Eurydice kind of tale. It will be well to compare it with the charming Greek legend or to Ulysses' "Descent to Hell," to see how Japan and Greece have handled kindred subjects at the dawn of literature. It is a little long but it has the added advantage that it is the most interesting and best expressed found in this ancient record. We turn again to Professor Chamberlain's translation of the *Kojiki*.

"Thereupon [His Augustness the Male-Who-Invites], wishing to meet and see his younger sister Her Augustness the Female-Who-Invites, followed after her to the Land of Hades. So when

* Klaproth says, "Les commentateurs disent que c'est une expression allégorique pour exprimer l'idea de l'amour et de l'attachement des deux sexes; que ces mots designent le membre viril."

from the palace she raised the door and came out to meet him, His Augustness the Male-Who-Invites spoke, saying: 'Thine Augustness my lovely younger sister! the lands that I and thou made are not yet finished making; so come back! Then Her Augustness the Female-Who-Invites answered, saying: 'Lamentable, indeed, that thou camest not sooner! I have eaten of the furnace of Hades. Nevertheless, as I reverence the entry here of Thine Augustness my lovely elder brother, I wish to return. Moreover, I will discuss it particularly with the Deities of Hades. Look not at me!' Having thus spoken, she went back inside the palace; and as she tarried there very long, he could not wait. So having taken and broken off one of the end-teeth of the multitudinous and close-toothed comb stuck in the august left bunch [of his hair], he lit one light and went in and looked. Maggots were swarming, and [she was] rotting, and in her head dwelt the Great-Thunder, in her breast dwelt the Fire-Thunder, in her belly dwelt the Black-Thunder, in her private parts dwelt the Cleaving-Thunder, in her left hand dwelt the Young-Thunder, in her right hand dwelt the Earth-Thunder, in her left foot dwelt the RumblingThunder, in her right foot dwelt the Couchant-Thunder: altogether eight Thunder-Deities had been born and dwelt there. Hereupon his Augustness the Male-Who-Invites, overawed at the sight, fled back, whereupon his younger sister Her Augustness the Female-Who-Invites, said: 'Thou hast put me to shame,' and at once sent the Ugly-Female-of-Hades to pursue him. So His Augustness the Male-Who-Invites took his black august headdress and cast it down, and it instantly turned into grapes. While she picked them up and ate them, he fled on; but as she still pursued him, he took and broke the multitudinous and close-toothed comb in the right bunch [of his hair] and cast it down, and it instantly turned into bamboo sprouts. While she pulled them up and ate them, he fled on. Again later [his younger sister] sent the eight Thunder-Deities with a thousand and five hundred warriors of Hades to pursue him. So he, drawing the ten-grasp sabre that was augustly girded on him, fled forward brandishing

it in his back hand; and as they still pursued, he took, on reaching the base of the Even Pass of Hades, three peaches that were growing at its base, and waited and smote [his pursuers therewith], so that they all fled back. Then His Augustness the Male-Who-Invites announced to the peaches: 'Like as ye have helped me, so must ye help all living people in the Central Land of Reed-Plains when they shall fall into troublous circumstances and be harassed!'—and he gave [to the peaches] the designation of Their Augustnesses Great-Divine-Fruit. Last of all his younger sister Her Augustness the Princess-Who-Invites came out herself in pursuit. So he drew a thousand-draught rock, and [with it] blocked up the Even Pass of Hades, and placed the rock in the middle; and they stood opposite to one another and exchanged leave-takings; and Her Augustness the Female-Who-Invites said: 'My lovely elder brother, thine Augustness! If thou do like this, I will in one day strangle to death a thousand of the folks of thy land.' Then His Augustness the Male-Who-Invites replied: 'My lovely younger sister, Thine Augustness! If *thou* do this, I will in one day set up a thousand and five hundred parturition-houses. In this manner each day a thousand people would surely die, and each day a thousand and five hundred people would surely be born.' So Her Augustness the Female-Who-Invites is called the Great-Deity-of-Hades. Again it is said that, owing to her having pursued and reached [her elder brother], she is called the Road-Reaching-Great-Deity. Again the rock with which he blocked up the Pass of Hades is called the Great-Deity-of-the-Road-Turning-Back, and again it is called the Blocking-Great-Deity-of-the-Door-of-Hades, so what was called the Even-Pass-of-Hades is now called the Ifuya-Pass in the Land of Idzumo." Let us make, however, our exit from hell, not with Izanagi but with Ulysses. The lines are from Pope's translation and the old Greek poet has not gained by the exchange.

"Curious to view the kings of ancient days,
The mighty dead that live in endless praise,
Resolved I stand; and haply had surveyed
The godlike Theseus, and Pirithous' shade;
But swarms of spectres rose from deepest hell,
With bloodless visage, and with hideous yell.
They scream, they shriek; and groans and dismal sounds
Stun my scared ears, and pierce hell's utmost bounds.
No more my heart the dismal din sustains,
And my cold blood hangs shivering in my veins;
Lest Gorgon, rising from the infernal lakes,
With horrors armed, and curls of hissing snakes,
Should fix me stiffen'd at the monstrous sight,
A stony image, in eternal night!
Straight from the direful coast to purer air
I speed my flight, and to my mates repair.
My mates ascend the ship; they strike their oars;
The mountains lessen, and retreat the shores;
Swift o'er the waves we fly; the freshening gales
Sing through the shrouds, and stretch the swelling sails."

Satisfying ourselves with two specimens of the *Kojiki* we can pass over the rest of the Age of the Gods more rapidly. Izanagi as he emerges from the land of pollution purifies himself in the river, with the result of many new deities being born from his garments and his members. The most important to us are the Heaven-Shining-Great-August-Deity, Amaterasu-oho-mi-kami, born from his august left eye, and His-Brave-Swift-Impetuous-Male-Augustness, Take-haya-Susa-no-wo-no-Mikoto, born from his august nose. Izanagi distributes his kingdom among his offspring. His Swift-Impetuous-Male-Augustness is the only one who sulks, so his father expels "with a divine expulsion," whatever that is, but it does not seem to affect his conduct very favourably. He visited his sister the Sun Goddess, Amaterasu, and plays all kinds of pranks on her, breaking down the divisions of her rice-fields, generally smashing things like an angry child, and finally dropping through the roof of her dwelling a horse that he has "flayed backward," whatever *that* means. She then takes alarm and flies, retiring into a cave and leaving all the outer world to darkness. The other gods then consult and lure her out by strategy, thus restoring the normal condition of affairs, but they

also sit in judgment on Susa-no-Mikoto and expel him from their midst, this time without any divine expulsion. The next story also relates to him. He comes to the land of Izumo and here he finds an old man and woman with a young girl. The first two are in tears and he finds out that the girl is tribute to a dragon that dwells in the country and yearly comes to devour his prey. "It has one body with eight heads and eight tails. Moreover, on its body grows moss, and also *hi-no-ki* and cryptomerias. Its length extends over eight valleys and eight hills," and generally the old chronicler shows little skill if plenty of imagination in its delineation. Susa-no-Mikoto asks for the girl as his reward, bids the old man prepare eight *saké* (liquor) tubs and leave the rest to him. Of course the serpent comes, drinks the *saké,* and is subsequently slain in its intoxicated sleep by Susa-no-Mikoto. This is quite a favourite story of Japanese children and figures in all the collections of folklore tales.

Other stories follow without much forward action until the Heaven-Shining-Great-August-Deity, already allowed something of a primacy among the gods, decides to people the earth. There is as much backing and filling over who shall undertake this as subsequently there was, at times, as to who should succeed to the imperial throne which often went begging. The candidate finally pitched on rejoiced in the name of His Augustness Heaven-Plenty - Earth - Plenty - Heavens - Sun - Height - Prince - Rice - Ear-Ruddy-Plenty, and who finally descends into Himuka (modern Hiūga) in Kyūshū, the large southern island. The only thing to be noted here is the locality selected by tradition for this early settlement. It is singularly consistent through all its forms, a point of some interest seeing that it is this island that directly faces the Asiatic continent at its nearest point, Korea. Some method must be found to account for the mortality of the imperial line, and this is found in the action of Prince Rice-Ears-Ruddy-Plenty who insults the Deity Great-Mountain-Possessor by accepting his beautiful younger daughter the Princess-Blossoming-Brilliantly-Like-the-Flowers-of-the-Trees, but sending back the elder daughter

Princess Long-as-the-Rocks, who seemed to correspond to her name. For this the Deity Great-Mountain-Possessor curses the August offspring and "it is for this reason that down to the present day the august lives of Their Augustnesses the Heavenly Sovereigns are not long."

We are now getting close down to things more mundane. Two of the children of Prince Rice-Ears-Ruddy-Plenty were Prince Fire-Shine, who was a fisherman, and Prince Fire-Subside, who was a hunter. A sort of Jacob and Esau story follows. Fire-Subside asks for the loan of his brother's fishing tackle and loses the most essential part of it, the hook. Fire-Shine refuses all composition, and as Fire-Subside, instead of "seeing him furder fust," sits by the sea weeping, one of the sea divinities recommends him to take the advice of the Deity Ocean-Possessor. He builds a boat and after some adventures with the Deity's daughter is finally brought into his presence. He marries the daughter, but his wife sees his unhappiness and worms out of him the tale of the fish-hook. When the Deity Ocean-Possessor hears the tale he summons the fish so as to locate the lost hook which is finally found in the throat of the *Tai*. With this and the Deity's blessing and advice how to overcome his brother, he (and presumably his wife, for she figures later with him) is sent back to the land of mortals, riding on a crocodile who is specifically warned not to buck. The worthy pair of brothers are quickly engaged in a battle of wits in which, owing to the charm given him by the Deity Ocean-Possessor, Fire-Subside is easily victor. Whenever his brother attacks him he puts forth the "Tide flowing Jewel" and nearly drowns him, until he is ready to cry enough and consent to serve his younger brother. A note to the *Kojiki* here tells us how the Hayabito, imperial guardsmen, down to historical times combined the office of court jesters with that of guardsmen, fulfilling in their dances and posturing the statement of the *Kojiki* that "down to the present day his (Prince Fire-Shine) various posturings when drowning are ceaselessly served up." It is the grandson of Prince Fire-Subside who is Prince Kamu-Yamato-ihare-

biko-no-Mikoto, better known to western ears under his posthumous name of Jimmu.

Now it is plain enough that there is not much of value in an historical sense to be wrung out of this part of the *Kojiki.* Future investigation may weave some sort of solar myth out of the Heaven-Shining-August-Deity and her difficulties with her brother, may connect it with an eclipse or other natural phenomena; and so with the tale of the eight-headed serpent, and the White Hare of Inaba; and the story of the Nether Distant Land may be connected with the primitive dwellers of the real land. As for the contents of the tales and their expression, they will hardly bear serious comparison with the beautiful myths of the Iliad and Odyssey. They are decidedly crude and at times grossly obscene with the witless obscenity of the clown, and at such places not veiled in the harmonious rhythm of Homer's verse. With Jimmu Tennō, however, we are, to the average educated Japanese, on solid ground. The date, 667 B. C., given to his accession, is an entirely untrustworthy one from any point of view, for by simply averaging up the lives of the intervening emperors the tale of years allowed to each is as unreasonable as that allowed to the old Hebrew patriarchs. When material was found carrying back the kings of Accad to 5000 B. C. it was seen at once that the scanty list here pointed to missing links in the chain, and true enough in time most of those links have been discovered and filled in with data and with kings whose lives are commensurate with human experience. There is no such material here or likelihood of finding it, for before their first shadowy appearance in history in the early centuries of the Christian era we have no reason to believe that the Japanese were in any more advanced condition than the Britons which Cæsar, at a still earlier date, found in Albion. It must be remembered that the tale of these days was written hundreds of years later, when the writer was consciously or unconsciously drawing on his own experience, and transferring much of his surroundings to his paper. Before going on with the *Kojiki,* mention should be made of one of the early Chinese references

given in Klaproth's "Introduction," bearing in mind that the date, 667 B. C., given to Jimmu's emigration, is just about as trustworthy. Klaproth gives this Chinese tale with the frank statement that no trust is to be placed in it. It refers to two brothers who, leaving the throne of their father to a younger brother, emigrated about 1280 B. C. to found a kingdom among the barbarous people dwelling in the north of China. This lasted for six centuries and a half, when it was absorbed by conquest by its neighbours. The last of the dynasty, *Fucha,* committed suicide, and his son and grandsons took to the sea, becoming the *Wo* or Japanese. Chinese tradition fixes this at 473 B. C.

We might make a stop here to make a legitimate comparison with the chronologies of the western world, simply to see how the Japanese stand in this Age of the Gods in the claim to be an ancient nation. With the ancient nations of western Asia and the eastern Mediterranean they and the Aryan nations of Europe have no standing at all. Japan was as little thought of as the United States or the German Empire in the days preceding the time of the Accadian Empire, 5000 B. C. It is to be remembered that from 4000 B. C. down we have very solid historical records both in Egypt and the Valley of the Euphrates. The fourth dynasty was building the pyramids in Egypt, the Book of the Dead had been formulated, and a great Semitic empire founded in Babylonia. In the period that follows, Babylonians, Assyrians, Egyptians, Phœnicians, and the Hittite-Elamite tribes, were carrying on that ferment of civilization out of which two great nations, Assyria and Egypt, were rising and making their struggle for supremacy. Small indeed seems the time from the legendary date of Jimmu to the present day when we add a thousand years to it and come down to the year 1500 B. C. Egypt has expelled her shepherd-kings, Thothmes III. has conquered all the world known to him and has made Thebes, Memphis, and Heliopolis a marvellous sight of temples, palaces, and gardens, to which we crowd to-day to gape and wonder at the ruins. The Hebrews are still in captivity in Egypt and perhaps groaned as they toiled over these massive

piles. A hundred years later western Europe comes in view. The Etruscans are founding their kingdom in northern Italy and the Dorian Greeks are beginning to pour over that ancient European civilization at Mycenæ and in Crete which the latest investigation is carrying back to an age rivalling that of Egypt. A civilization showing that eastern Europe in 3500 B. C. was a worthy rival of Egypt and Assyria. Two hundred years later, in 1250 B. C. began authentic Jewish history in the exodus from Egypt, and as to the reason of which Egyptian and Jewish authorities differ so radically that we cannot hope to reconcile them. Western Greece and Asiatic Greece had come to grips and were fighting the wars of Troy; and Hiram I. is reigning in Tyre and foreshadowing that commercial people who were to give Rome herself such a tussle. In 970 B. C. Solomon is seated on the Jewish throne and the kingdom of the Jews has started on its career. A hundred years before even Jimmu's shadowy date—viz.: 776 B. C.—the Olympiads have been established in Greece. Centuries before the adventures of Achilles have become part of the folklore of Greece and now the Iliad of "Homer of Chios" has been familiar to Greek ears for nearly a hundred years. At Jimmu's date both Greece and Rome have well started on their careers, not in the land of myth and fable, not as a half savage wandering clan, but as great peoples with an architecture and a literature soon to be developed to an extent never known in the far eastern world. We certainly cannot enter the Japanese among those nations with a really ancient history, of which in the western world the Egyptian fellah and the Jew are still the unchanging element. Italian and Greek, still clinging tenaciously to their original soil and against the waves of barbarian hordes of the North, are old—very old—compared to the Japanese, although they are young compared to Hebrew or Fellah. We will have to come much further down in our table of comparative chronology before the Japanese appear in it.

If we cannot get much history we can get a good deal of interesting reading out of the "Japanese Romulus." The legends take

on a much more human tint. There is even less of the marvellous in them than is found in the accounts of some of the later monarchs. It would be interesting to know what pressure of time or circumstance started Jimmu and his brother on their expedition from their old home in Hiūga. Perhaps his fishermen, seeking their prey in more remote waters or blown by tempests to Yamato, brought back a pleasing tale of the land to the eastward. The emigration and the conquest is made with all the decent regard for time that such movements require. We do not find Jimmu and his brother at once transferred to Yamato, which leads us to believe the writer of the *Kojiki* is using some old folktale worked up by years of oral tradition into more connected form, not piecing them together himself. They stop for some time near the Shimonoseki straits and then settle on the Inland Sea in what is now the province of Aki. Perhaps Jimmu more than once sailed from the harbour of Kure, now the great Japanese naval port of the Inland Sea. The tide of invasion is always rolling on, and for three years he is occupied in subduing the three provinces to the eastward—Bingo, Bitchu, and Bizen, "the land of Kibi." His last move is decisive, and he next appears in the promised land of Yamato ready to face the struggle which is in front of him. This is no light one. The Prince of the land, Tomi, offers a stout resistance to the invaders. Jimmu's brother is slain in battle and Jimmu himself plainly received a check, for he substitutes attacks on the flanks of Tomi's country rather than direct invasion. In fact, he gets in a pretty bad way, and is only extricated by the aid of his divine ancestor, who sends him assistance in the shape of a wonderful sword. All Jimmu's army, himself included, have been prostrated, "fainted away," but when Jimmu receives this weapon and displays it to the sight of the enemy, they are cut to pieces merely by its divine power. Organized opposition is decidedly lessened against a man with such powerful influence behind him. Prince Tomi, however, is still heard of as recalcitrant.

There is of course a good deal of the marvellous mixed with much of the human element, but there is a very natural touch of

the latter. Treachery and cunning are displayed together with hard fighting and rash bravery. We seem to be reading of a condition of civilization much like that we read of in the German folklore tales of Siegfried, and Hagen, and Gunther; only the old German stories are much more elaborately and beautifully worked up, and there is a real ethical teaching behind their tales of blood and warfare. Two of these stories of Jimmu are worth giving in some detail. He sends a messenger to two brothers named Akeshi who were evidently in arms against his power. The nature of the messenger—a crow, eight feet long—we can pass over, later on in the chronicle it would have been a man with a name eight feet long. Unable to resist by force, one of the brothers decides to use treachery, so he invites Jimmu to come to him, and meanwhile prepares a pitfall in the "palace" to snare the king. The younger brother, however, turns traitor and warns Jimmu, who pays the visit by deputy. These insist on the elder Akeshi entering the palace first and drive him into it at the point of their spears. He falls into his own trap, and in that strenuous age promptly pays for his treachery with his life. The second episode has the natural feature of primitive warfare. The land seems to have been in part occupied by cave dwellers, "earth spiders" the *Kōjiki* calls them, who lived a particularly outlaw existence unconnected with even the primitive government of the aborigines. Jimmu goes against them as against brigands; but he encompasses them by treachery, inviting them all to a feast and stationing his warriors disguised as servants behind them. At a signal they are cut down in the midst of their rejoicing. The latter part of his reign is far better established. He is imagined to have left Hiūga in 667 B. C. and seven years later he builds his palace in Yamato and is crowned Emperor or Dairi.* An elaborate establishment of guards and ministers is attributed to the end of his reign, all of which can be transferred to the preconceived ideas of writers influenced by the customs of their own times.

* "As long as the Emperor is living it is not allowed to use his name in speaking of him. He is mentioned under that of his palace—Dairi"—*Klaproth.*

These old stories of Jimmu have a very real value. We see the Emperor appearing in the rôle of a petty Mongol chief, leading in person his troops to battle and governing his people directly. Everything is on a very small scale. There is here no evidence of a great movement by a great people and it can safely be assumed that Jimmu's invasion is purely that of a local tribe, not of some great wave of continental immigration. And as the movement is petty, so also are the means often petty. Jimmu and his men in Yamato are much like one of the bands of Northmen who effected settlements in southern Europe and gradually made themselves part of the land. It would be interesting to know whether these earliest invaders had any recruiting from their home province of Hiūga. Probably yes, for the movement is slow and continuous, and Jimmu has to deal not only with the aborigines but with the chiefs refractory to the primacy which he has assumed.

If we have a decided strain of the human element in Jimmu's story we have still more of it in that of his immediate successors. Jimmu had several wives, and for two years his throne was in dispute between his sons by different mothers. One pretendant to the throne was finally slain and Suizei ascends the throne in 581 B. C. These dates and the facts themselves, it should be added, are about as reliable as if we should attempt to give dates and credit to the wanderings of Ulysses, but they serve the useful rôle of introducing some sort of chronology into this period of legends and folklore. There is little to note as to this second emperor except the fact that he was a younger son of Jimmu and was chosen by his elder brothers to succeed, a precedent often followed in later days. The old chronicle skips a few centuries here, bridging the interval with pages of genealogy. The next emperor in whose reign anything of importance happens is Kōrei (290–210 B. C.), for he must have witnessed the elevation of Fuji and formation of Biwa Lake to which we have referred. Klaproth also speaks of an old Chinese tradition in which the Emperor of China sends his physician to find the Elixir of Life. He lands on the islands of the East, possibly Japan. This is about as shadowy as the next two

Japanese emperors who account for the whole period between 209 and 97 B. C. Both reigns cover a period of sixty years each and the emperors live to the advanced age of a hundred and fifteen and a hundred and seventeen years respectively. As far as any record is concerned we can well believe there is a lapse in it here.

As we get down to the Christian Era the details multiply. In the reign of Sūjin, the tenth emperor (97–30 B. C.), the barbarians to the north were troubling and being troubled, and the Emperor despatched an army against them, concerning which it is worth noting that the emperors have already begun to seek substitutes in their warlike rôle. Hardly is the army on its way than he has to call it back to suppress rebellion at home. His reign is more noteworthy, however, for the tradition of an embassy from Korea at which we can look with some suspicion, for the old writers were naturally eager to push back the period of contact with the old world just as they were nervously eager to make the date of the civilization of their own land as distant as possible. We note here a custom in which the Japanese are akin to their Tartar neighbours on the continent. It was usual up to the reign of Sūjin to bury a number of retainers with a deceased chief. They were literally "planted" up to their necks in the ground and left to starve or have their eyes picked out by the birds, a process which anyone who has examined the sharp curved beak of one of our ordinary crows can well appreciate. In the *Nihongi*—a companion chronicle to the *Kōjiki*—is a description of the funeral ceremonies attending the death of Suinin's brother, Yamato-hiko-no-Mikoto. Following Mr. Satow's translation, "On this they assembled those who had been in his immediate service, and buried them all upright round his sepulchre alive. For many days they died not, but day and night wept and cried. At last they died and rotted. Dogs and crows assembled and ate them. The Mikado, hearing the sound of their weeping and crying, felt saddened and pained in his heart." Suinin could not sleep, and he offered a reward to anyone who would devise a substitute. This was done by substituting for the living men and animals clay figures, and

the lucky genius who devised this outlet from the difficulty was loaded with honours. Probably his wit was stimulated by the desire to avoid a like fate. The practice seems to have been occasionally enforced much later.

Sūjin's successor Suinin (29 B. C.–70 A. D.) was something of a freak, being nearly ten feet high. This did not spare him fighting for his throne, and that, too, against domestic treason. It is noticeable all through this political period of the emperors that their persons and lives were the object of attack. The divinity attributed to them was still very slenderly hedged, and it is not until they retire from politics much later in history that their sacred character appears fully grounded. Suinin's brother-in-law was the head and centre of the plot against him, and even his wife was involved in it. She was appointed to slay him as he slept, but lacked the courage and the Emperor awakened by her tears falling on his face quickly learned the story of the plot. Even then he does not seem to have been in a position to take immediate action. The Queen takes sides with her brother—as a matter of family pride—and they perish in the flames of the castle which is attacked in force by the Emperor in person; all except the royal infant which she sends out to her spouse. Castle, it can be added, by no means implies the massive stone structure of later days. They were built of wattles and earthworks, and in this particular case bags of rice were used as defence. It was not until the sixteenth century when Nobunaga built, on a European model furnished by the Portuguese, his great castle of Azuchi on Lake Biwa that the massive structures exemplified at Nagoya and Himeji were erected. We are as yet far beyond the beginning of any written records, but we have attributed to this Emperor an elaborate political and religious system and also the sending of an embassy to China. A very specific account is given of the first wrestling bout which took place before him. One of the contestants breaks his leg and dies, and the other is granted a small property and becomes known as the inventor of clay figures and bijouterie. As in Europe this episode shows that the old sports were rough and dangerous.

His successor Keikō (71–130 A. D.), a much married man and father of eighty children, is far more renowned for one of his sons than for the events of his reign. Yamato-take is the Japanese Hercules, and just when we are getting down so nicely into more mundane surroundings this young man sends us packing off again into the land of legend. I say Hercules, for the rough and ready traits of that hero largely enter into Yamato-take's exploits; but there is also something of the gentler Hiawatha in his composition as shown by his later adventures, and perhaps some Japanese Longfellow will rise to tell his story in similar strains accentuating more that side of his character. His first exploit is decidedly strenuous, for he pulls his brother apart, limb from limb, for disobeying their father. Glad to get rid of such a boisterous son, Keikō sends him to subdue two bandit chiefs. He is only sixteen, and taking advantage of his youthful appearance disguises himself as a woman and enters the camp of the chiefs. These are completely deceived and make much of him, fêteing and entertaining him. When he has them thoroughly off their guard, he draws a sword he has concealed under his garments and plunges it into the breast of his host seated next to him. The other brother is cut down in his flight, only living long enough to give to his slayer the name by which he is known afterward, "Bravest in Yamato." "As he had finished saying this, the Prince ripped him up like a ripe melon and slew him." Treachery at this date seems the favorite method with Yamato-take. Western readers can hardly read with unction his adventure with the Izumo bravo. Yamato-take first wins his friendship and then slays him by a trick far more disastrous to the enemy than the exchange of armour between Glaucus and Diomedes. Yamato-take has slipped a wooden blade into his scabbard, and jesting proposes that each take the weapon of the other. Then he draws the genuine blade and falls on his helpless foe, rejoicing,

> "Alas that the sword girded on the Izumo
> "bravo, and wound round with many a
> "creeper, should have no true blade."

Much better reading are his adventures against the northern barbarians. His aunt, the Priestess of Ize, has given him a magic sword—" the Herb-Quelling Sword "—and he purges the northern quarter of the kingdom, the Kwantō, of these pests, although many a trap do they lay for him. But his neglect of the gods—like many strong men, he is confident in his strength—causes the loss of his wife, who sacrifices herself to the sea to calm the storm raised by hostile divinities, and to enable her husband to carry out his mission in Awa. His next matrimonial venture is not fortunate, for he gives his magic sword to his new wife, and bitterly he laments its absence as he pursues the Deity of Mount Ibuki. This adversary is far too heavy for him in his defenceless condition and causes a " heavy ice rain " to fall on Yamato-take as he climbs the mountain. The hero soon feels the effect of such a battering, and in plain terms sickens and dies of pneumonia, which is at least one palpable and prosaic fact to get out of the heroic age and the *Kojiki*. We do not require much comparative chronology in this period,—we have run over from Jimmu to Keikō (660 B. C.–130 A.D.). It has been a stirring period in Europe. Greece has waxed and waned, after leaving the world a heritage that will probably never be equalled. The Roman Empire is ready to enter on its decline after being mistress of the world for the two hundred and fifty years from the fall of Carthage. Roman Britain is a flourishing colony. France and Spain are great Roman colonies, foundation already being laid for two great modern nations. It is only beyond the Rhine and in the forests of Sarmatia that the cloud of barbarians hangs threatening to overwhelm European civilization before that civilization tames its conquerors. Fortunate were the Japanese in having the scanty *Ebisu* instead of hordes of Goths and Vandals, Visigoths and Huns to meet in battle. What civilization they had to develop could only be hampered in such development by domestic discord, and not be in constant danger of attack from powerful outside foes.

More than half a century after Keikō's reign comes one of those critical periods in a nation's career. That is if we can place

any confidence in the national tradition. We need not accept the dates that the old chronicle offers here, but there is evidence in the contents of the numerous dolmens scattered over this old land of Yamato to show that the Japanese had contact with their continental neighbours at a period earlier than the introduction of Chinese learning. Burial in the dolmens, to be sure, was practiced as late as 700 A. D., but some of them perhaps can be attributed to a period as early as 200 A. D. Up to this point the traditions of the Japanese themselves show a people who have advanced to a civilization of about the same grade as that the Romans found in Britain a couple of hundred years earlier, and Boadicea and the Iceni will perhaps give as good a picture of the times we have been describing as any that can be drawn for western readers, and then we hear of no such imposing priesthood as the Druids. But the contents of these dolmens contain articles of Chinese and Korean workmanship, and it is to this time that the old chronicles attribute the first invasion of Korea and contact with their outside neighbours. Chuai (192–200 A. D.) from all accounts had a very short and busy reign. He was mainly engaged with "plague, pestilence, and famine" and wars with his barbarian neighbours. In the midst of his troubles he is approached by his Empress Jingō Kōgō* who "possessed" by the gods tells him there is a land to the westward flowing in milk and honey, and bidding him go conquer it. Chuai probably thought he had enough trouble on hand at home. At all events he paid but small attention to the divine commands. There is something tragic in the death of this puzzled man, sitting brooding over the confusion in his kingdom and touching the strings of his lute. This is how the *Kojiki* tells the tale—"'There is only the great

* A Japanese writer attributes the origin of the English expression "by jingo" to the name of the Japanese Empress. The expression, however, is a very old one and far ante-dates the jingle ending with "we don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do, we've got the ships, we've got the men, and we've got the money too." Certainly old Peter Motteux uses the expression in his translation of the fourth book of Rabelais, which dates it back at least as far as 1694.

sea' (to the westward, he said), 'they are lying Deities,' and he pushed away his august lute, did not play on it, and sat silent. Then the Deities were very angry, and said: 'Altogether as for this empire, it is not a land over which thou oughtest to rule. Do thou go to the one road!' Hereupon the Prime Minister, the Noble Take-uchi, said: '[I am filled with] awe, my Heavenly Sovereign! Continue playing thy great august lute.' Then he slowly drew his august lute to him, and languidly played on it. So almost immediately the sound of the august lute became inaudible. On their forthwith lifting a light and looking, [the Heavenly Sovereign] was dead."

One puzzling feature about this episode is the locality of the story. Without warning we find ourselves translated to Kyūshū and the centre of the Government is no longer in Yamato. The Empress Jingō finds herself in an interesting situation—in a double sense of the term. The will of the gods must be carried out and at the same time some means must be found to prolong her advancing pregnancy. This she succeeds in doing and so delays it for three years, which is enough to stamp her as a very wonderful personage. The judgment of the old Emperor is justified, for Jingō finds it necessary to quiet affairs at home. This done she pushes boldly forward against her unprepared antagonists who hasten to submit and pay tribute. On her return to Japan, and after attending to her more personal unfinished business, she finds it necessary with her infant son Ōjin to again move on Yamato where advantage has been taken of her absence. Here the chiefs have established themselves on their own account, two sons of Chuai by a concubine leading the revolt. Jingō succeeds more by craft than blows and once more establishes herself, as regent, on the throne. A very interesting record of this regency is the first embassy to China, which Klaproth tells us is corroborated by the Chinese records. These say it took place in 238 A. D. and of course claimed it was an embassy bringing tribute to the son of heaven. Japanese historians of the advanced school reject this Korean conquest by Jingō. There is no evidence of such an event having taken place

and it cannot be identified with any of the raids, more or less serious, of which the Koreans kept an account. That a female did rule over Japan at this time and that she was a woman of no little ability is corroborated by Chinese records. These speak of her as Ohime, which is " honourable princess," not a name itself. They say that she was chosen by the Japanese to compound their many differences and that after her elevation to the throne she lived in retirement and was never seen; that she reigned for many years and was succeeded by another female. It is the shrines of Chuai, Jingō, and her son Ōjin that we have just passed at Usa in Kyūshū.

Ōjin (270–312 A. D.) had a long reign. We hear much of forced labour in his times. Public works built by Ainu and Koreans. Two features of interest are referred to this period. A dispute arises involving great interests and (delicately speaking) the personal equation of two of his great nobles. Ojin establishes the trial by hot water to determine which one of the two is stretching the truth; as logical and perhaps a more useful procedure than egging them on to hammer each other into so much useless pulp on a " fencéd field." More doubtful is the tale of the introduction of Chinese books through Wani, sent from Korea. This is antedating a story of two hundred years later. *Saké,* or rice liquor, is also introduced in this reign—from Korea—and Ojin shares Noah's fate in indulging not wisely but too well. He is canonized, however, after his death as Hachiman, the god of war, not as Bacchus.

During the long reign of his successor, Nintoku (313–399 A. D.), much is heard of public improvements. Lakes and channels are dredged out on quite a large scale. The life of wandering tribes has settled down into that of a people established in the land. The barbarian is less pressing on the attention of the growing power. This is no longer centred in the head of a warring tribe. The emperor as yet is the genuine head of his people, but he is more *rex* than *dux*. Nintoku's improvements weighed heavily on his people, but he seemed a reasonable sort of man and one who could enter into their difficulties. His memory is

of a pleasant savour in their nostrils, for, finding out their distress, he remitted all taxes for several years, not even allowing his own palace to be kept in repair by their forced labour, and shifting his quarters pretty often in consequence of leaks in the roof. His empress was most determined as to her connubial rights and much of the record is taken up with Nintoku's endeavours to make peace after his numerous infidelities. His successors are a very average lot of mortals. The refinement of its neighbours has not yet touched the land, and we are in that period corresponding to our Anglo-Saxon ancestors when they were still living under their tents uninfluenced by civilization or missionaries.

Nintoku was succeeded by Richiū (400–405 A. D.). His reign begins with a rebellion against him headed by his younger brother. There are touches in references to these times that recall an old Welsh jingle, or rather an old jingle in reference to the Welsh.

"Gryffyd ap Llewellynn Plym,
What a name to go to bed with,
Would fill himself up to the brim
With gin and rum and bitter beer.
Anything to swell his head with.
Gryffyd ap Llewellynn Plym,
Full of liquor to the brim."

The manners of the court are distinctly gross, and the emperor nearly loses his life in a fit of intoxication, of which his brother takes advantage to head an attack against the palace. Richū's minister, however, loads the unconscious monarch on his back and carries him off to safety, leaving the palace in flames. The throne seems no bed of roses. On his death it literally goes begging, and it is only by persuasion that Inkyō (412–453 A. D.) consents to assume the imperial power. It had been decided that of his two sons, Prince Karu should succeed him. This prince, however, roused a strong party against him by his dissolute action in debauching his young sister. Absorbed in this guilty passion he fell an easy victim to his brother and was banished to the hot springs of Iyo. The passion seems to have been mutual, for the lady fol-

lowed him thither, and probably to forestall a separation they committed suicide together. Many of these scenes read much like the times of Murad IV. The successful brother and Emperor, Ankō (454–456 A. D.), slays his uncle who had conspired against him, and takes his aunt for wife. As her child by her former husband plays around, Ankō tells his wife of his misgivings that the child when he grows up will avenge the father. Young as he is the child understands the conversation and takes time and his relative by the forelock. As soon as the Emperor is asleep he seeks a sword and then chops off his head.

From the year of confusion which follows the Emperor's assassination, the boisterous Prince Oho-Hatsuse (later Yūriaku) emerges triumphant, and avenges his father the Emperor. All through this period the defeated usually commit suicide by stabbing or hanging, in preference to falling into the hands of their enemies who treated them in genuine Tartar fashion. Not all could be so skillful, however, as old Tsurube, guardian of the child prince murderer, who cuts off his own head! We could believe this, perchance, an exaggeration, were it not for the fact that centuries later, in the reign of Go-Daigo, we find that the general Nitta when defeated by Ashikaga Takauji accomplishes the same feat. Yūriaku (455–477 A. D.) had the unenviable reputation of being known as the bad emperor. He loved blood and sport and often mixed the two, treacherously murdering his cousin Prince Ichinobe while riding peacefully beside him to the chase. It can be imagined that the manners of his court were no improvement over the times of his predecessors. Even the ladies took a hand at lowering the peg and the *saké* circulated freely. His son died without issue in 487 A. D. and the direct line came to an end. During the interregnum a lineal heir was almost despaired of, until accidentally in the person of two peasants were identified the lost children of Prince Ichinobe, slain by Yūriaku twenty-six years before. These had fled on the murder of their father and disguised themselves as clowns. The Regent of the kingdom on one of his excursions comes into their neighbourhood, and the people are summoned to

dance before him. During the dance the younger of the brothers recites their adventures in a song, and to his great delight the Regent is able to find candidates for the vacant throne. The material is inimitable for a comic opera. The younger Gensō reigns from 485 to 487, during which it is necessary to have a remission of taxes. Muretsu, his son, is another bad emperor. The details of his amusements cannot be given here. Enough to say that he is a thorough degenerate whose match can only be found in an emperor like Caligula. It is but a short step, in which no events of great importance happened, to the Emperor Kimmei (540 A. D.). With his reign and the introduction of Buddhism we have taken up elsewhere the modern history of Japan.

We have at least the satisfaction in this period dating from Ōjin of feeling that we have gotten beyond the period of mere tradition. There is proof that the Japanese had come in contact with the more advanced civilization of their continental neighbours. We can hardly rely on the statement that the Chinese books were brought over in the time of Ōjin. Professor Chamberlain has pointed out that one of these books was not published until two hundred years later, and under the circumstances we must attribute something to the zeal of subsequent compilers—one of those "rousing whids" to which Burns refers. Fortunately or unfortunately the peculiar situation of the Japanese has enabled the isolated development of a race on lines entirely subject to its own control. Their neighbours were both unwarlike—for example, the Korean; and unenterprising—for example, the Chinese. If China had been a great warrior nation such as ancient Rome, the history of the East would have had a very different development. But in addition, there was none of that ferment of nations which in Europe prevented the Roman Empire from going into that deathlike trance which up to recent times has held the Pacific coast of Asia. None of those virile peoples which swarmed from the northern forests of Germany and Scandinavia, eager to destroy and eager to learn, absorbing the civilization of the conquered, and with that active originality of mind which enabled them to

make such civilization the basis of their own onward development. The Japanese, on the contrary, were left to develop on their own island kingdom. They are not an original people. They are a people who have invented little and adopted much; and what they have adopted has been chosen out by themselves as fitted to their peculiar ideas. They have had nothing forced upon them, a process which, however, is very wholesome to a nation's life. The result is that they have not so much taken the best of every nation as they have taken the outward form of the best, and that is a very different thing from the inward spirit. However, in this fifth century we have got them beyond the days of Boadicea and her Iceni. Life is still primitive. One suggestive touch is found in an incident connected with the fiery Yūriaku. As this prince was hunting, his eye caught the recently erected mansion of one of his nobles who indiscreetly had indulged his vanity by erecting a two-story dwelling. Now this was a privilege confined to the Emperor. Yūraiku was not slow to assert his rights, and the unfortunate noble only saved his property, his skin, and the man in it, by abject submission and oiling of the imperial palm. The ordinary house, therefore, of high and low, was a one-storied structure. In the very early days it had been built over running water and the description Mr. Hitomi gives of such a house recalls to our minds similar structures seen in the Philippines and the islands to the south of that group. The later house described by Sir Edward Satow—with "floor low down, so that the occupants of the building as they squatted or lay on this mats, were exposed to the stealthy attacks of venomous snakes, which were probably far more numerous in the earlier ages when the country was for the most part uncultivated . . . the *yuka,* here translated floor, originally nothing but a counter which ran around the sides of the hut, the rest of the space being simply a mud floor"—is familiar to-day all through the mountain districts, and it is the gradual extension of this *yuka* that makes the Japanese home of to-day. It is warfare and the chase, coarse feasts in which the flowing bowl is a conspicuous feature, treacherous plots and counterplots, dances

mimicking triumph over foes, poetry in which the dominating idea is a pæan of triumph or passion that makes up the history of this epoch. This is a civilization such as our Anglo-Saxon ancestors established after they had been a half century in Britain, a civilization which was barbarian compared to that which the Britons had inherited from their Roman masters.

It is not easy to get a chronological parallel at this point, for just as Japan is on the edge of her expansion the Roman world was breaking up under the hammer of the North. To the Italians it is unfair to compare them. It is these latter and the Greek settlements in south Italy, who, through all the turmoil of the fourth to the eleventh century, carried down the unity of European history and art. The Italians are essentially not the heirs but the lineal descendants of Rome. In spite of the hordes of German barbarians that descended on her and ravaged her soil, her *plebs,* her common people, held their own both in customs and institutions. If they had no other rallying point they had the Bishop of Rome, and to Papal Rome they owe much of their final triumph over the invaders. Slowly they emerge again in the tenth century, still retaining laws and prejudices, and with their affection for these accentuated by hatred of everything connected with the barbarians to whom they owed little but the harsh treatment of the "mailed fist" laid on through centuries. The great monarchy of the Franks are to inherit and carry on the civilization of Rome. They will soon establish their centre at the Roman capital of Gaul, Lutetia, now Paris. They perhaps form a better comparison to this crude people we have under our eyes in this eastern world. Perhaps, also, Kimmei can be safely compared to those Anglo-Saxon kings of the Heptarchy antedating the introduction of Christianity. With later dates the parallel grows more difficult. Europe's dark ages lasted from the fifth to the eleventh centuries, from which it gradually began recovery through the withering blight of Scholasticism until it flowered again in the Renaissance. Japan's dark ages, however, had very much a reverse development. After a glorious bursting forth under the contact of Korean and

Chinese artists in the eighth century the decline began with the Taira and Minamoto wars of the twelfth century, and under the Ashikaga Shōguns, when the country was a mere congeries of warring barons we have a true Age of Iron—the Dark Ages of Japanese Art. It, too, had its Renaissance when Nobunaga finally began to give the country a settled and centralized government, and under the peaceful years of the Tokugawa it reaches its highest development. The Japanese art of the eighth to the tenth century is at its height while that of Europe lies palsied under the cloud of its incessant strifes. It is not until the twelfth century that Europe begins to recover from its paralysis and turn to its ancient models; and it is just this period which marks the end of Japan's reign of peace and the final retirement of the Emperors.

There is no great difficulty in understanding the sudden leap of the Japanese into civilization. As we have said, while not an original people, they have a natural bent toward adapting foreign ideas to their uses. The early art as shown at Hōryūji is confessedly by Korean artists. This dates from the end of the seventh century, and subsequent development by native artists is rapid and of a very high standard; but it is to be remembered that for two hundred years they have been eagerly learning in the school of their continental neighbours. The same thing happens with every other nation. Barbarian Greece brought into contact with Asia Minor at once leaps into a glorious development of its art and literature. The beginnings, of course, are there, but being inferior, have not been preserved. So with Rome when brought under the inspiration of Greece, and the Renaissance in Europe gave little sign of its coming. This is the case not only with the first efforts of nations, but of periods of art within a nation. The flowering has been as sudden as with one of nature's products. Although Korean brains and native labour probably built and decorated the early temples at Nara they had apt pupils, and a time of peace during which the Emperors not only reigned but governed, fostered its early development, and the Koreans had very different pupils from the brave but stupid Britons, who could fight with their arms

and be annihilated, instead of fighting with arms and civilization and turning the tables on their conquerers. I will not leave Yamato with these temples of Ise, but taking the charming railway ride through the fine gorge scenery to Nara and Sakurai, and walking across the picturesque country between Hase and Yoshino, take my leave under the shadow of the Yoshimizu Jinja. This whole country is a joy to the walker and many a fine temple is sprinkled through its groves. Two of them are passed on this walk—at Hase and again at Tōnomine. In early April the whole mountain side at Yoshino is a mass of the pale pink cherry blossom. There is a full sweep over the rolling mountain country, the shining Yoshinogawa in the valley below, and last but not least is the association of this little temple with Japan's greatest hero. I much prefer to leave Yamato with Yoshitsune and Benkei in mind rather than the shadowy divinityships of the Imperial Line.

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Once more I am in the north, in the Land of Kai. I had started from Shōji, and climbing along the trail overhanging Lake Motosu reached the narrow ridge barely a score of feet in width which cuts us off from the jumbled country to the west. The trail reminds one somewhat of many similar footways cut in the sides of the bare California hills, with small indifference as to the steadiness of head and the ultimate destination of the wayfarer if he should ever get started down the steep slopes. There is no sign, however, of *crotalus horridus* coiled in our pathway to dispute the narrow passage, and the scene anything but recalls that far-off country. Fuji rises in a beautiful cone across the waters of the lake, perhaps better seen from this point than any other, so pure are its outlines. As I turn to descend, the view on the other side is equally glorious. The big fellows of the Hida ranges, some of them nearly the height of Fuji, are piled up into great confused masses beyond the Fujikawa. They are forty miles away, but even from this distance one can see the rugged uncompromising nature of this towering mountain mass laid athwart this main

island of Hondo. They form a great wall on the side of the Japan Sea. Elsewhere narrow valleys shut in by their craggy summits twist and turn into the bowels of the mass, but there are few mountain passes to carry one out of them and across to the other side of the plateau. With a last glance at Fuji I plunge down the steep path into the woods, and after a charming walk through the valleys, by the side of rushing mountain streams and across the intervening ridges, reach Yokkaichibi early in the afternoon. Here I am soon afloat on the Fujikawa. The men have little to do and we have but a short distance to go. A sail and the idle current of the river does all the work and in a couple of hours the boat is hauled up on the shore and I march off to cover the three miles still necessary to reach the little mountain hamlet of Minobu.

Minobu is a tiny place, but it is one that makes much noise—metaphorically and physically—in this Japanese world. It was toward the end of his stormy life that Nichiren settled among these mountains, established a shrine, and preached his doctrine of regeneration of things spiritual in the Japan of his day. From the end of the thirteenth century *Namu Myōhō Renge Kyō,* "Oh! The Scripture of the Lotus of the wonderful Law," has resounded from the walls of the Minobu temples, the echo of the fervent prayers of his disciples and followers. As the old monk felt his powers failing, he left Minobu to come down to the Kwantō plain, and died where now is the little village of Ikegami near Tokyo and where a splendid temple marks, not his last resting-place but his last breathing-place. Nichiren, like most reformers, was unpleasantly polemical and highly obnoxious to the powers that were. His followers followed in the train of their chief and many a battle was fought in the streets of Kyōto with the enthusiasts of other sects. He was banished several times, and Tokimune Hōjō, the great regent, finally determined to get rid of him once and for all by the simple process that so often recommended itself to rulers in those and later days—viz.: chopping off his head. Many will remember the scene of the intended execution, the little village of Koshigoe opposite Enoshima, where the divine interposition turned

aside the executioner's sword. Nichiren evidently did not intend to trust to a second miracle, for he quieted down very much after this exploit, and on his return from a short period of banishment retired here to Minobu. One hears and gets so much of temples in Japan that I think the average tourist is more than ready to cry enough. Unless one is interested in their old traditions they do carry but little attraction. Architecturally most of them are uninteresting. If one has seen Nikkō and Shiba, Nara, and the Hongwanji temples of Kyōto, they carry away with them all the idea they could wish of Japanese religious symbols. Minobu, however, is one instance that could be added to this list. As we stand in the little chapel in which rests the bones of the saint we are surrounded by all the art and skill that the native can show us in these days. And a blaze of glory it is. The priest and his acolyte chant an invocation as they slowly and reverently open the *pyx,* in which rests the crystal vase containing the bones of the saint. One cannot help being impressed with the idea that Nichiren was not only a large man politically and polemically, but also physically. There are a sight of bones. Indeed, we afterwards have far more trust in the wide distribution of some of our western saints so liberally scattered among the different churches. If they only would not duplicate too often parts of the body strictly limited in number, and which stamp some of our holy men as undeniable freaks, with fingers by the dozen and teeth by the score, hair enough to set up an upholsterer's establishment, and bones enough to start a glue factory.

As we gaze on the bones of Nichiren it is hard to understand how such an accidental method of burial by simple interment remained fastened on the Christian dogma. Opposition to pagan methods and the influence of old Jewish custom was of course its origin. The East knew not what they did but they undoubtedly stumbled on by far the most sanitary method of getting rid of the dead, especially as living man has always insisted on keeping the remains as near as possible to his dwelling places. Even in these days of science, and of which we in the West boast as our special

inheritance, there is among the body of the population as much prejudice against cremation as there was centuries ago. The sleek burghers of the average country town—the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, and the blacksmith—will meet in town council and eloquently denounce typhoid fever and the bad water supply, and just as eloquently denounce the heathen practice of cremation and the proposition to establish a furnace in the town —for anything but garbage. Europe is far less finicky over this point than we are in America. In Havana, one of the few European cities left on the western side of the Atlantic, the rule is "no pay, no stay." When the corpse's leasehold expires, unless it is renewed he is unceremoniously tumbled out to go on the bone heap and make room for fresher material. Leases are short, and with the poorer classes are seldom renewed. Minobusan is a good example of the Church Militant. As we sit in the gorgeous main temple, surrounded with all the paraphernalia and glitter of a great creed and listen to its sonorous ritual, we are carried back in mind thousands of miles to the other side of the globe. We have intentionally carried in many things a parallel to Italian life in "Things Japanese." As a people, the Japanese have not that careless gayety of the French, that innate spirit of genial scepticism which makes the "eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," the real substratum of the national thought. As little have they the gloomy striving to raise things mundane to an ideal basis, so common among the Germanic races, a striving of which they recognize the uselessness and which degenerates into the exaggerated pessimism of their greatest thinkers. Rather it is that spirit so common in Italian and Spanish writers, recognizing the gravity of the incubus that rests on man, unable to get away from it in the manner of the more volatile Frenchman, unwilling to attempt useless palliation, as with the German races. *Shigata ga nai.* When we see the bands of pilgrims moving through the streets of these holy places, raising their monotonous songs, dragging along the weaker members and rousing up their spirits with their own holy enthusiasm, one calls to mind some of the scenes witnessed at

famous shrines of southern Europe. There are no such terrible episodes as d'Annunzio describes for us in his "Triumph of Death," and for that we can be thankful to the relation of the Japanese to his gods; but the colour and glitter, banners and excitement, are all there. A temple with the foreground covered with these people and their standards, reverently uncovered before the shrine which they have tramped miles to reach, putting up their heartfelt petitions, almost demands to be heard, can be easily read into western manners. The raincoats and broad hats and dark faces are but the external husk covering a similar idea. And the smooth-shaven, silently observant priests are another phase of the same idea, and here as elsewhere represent the triumph of mind over matter.

On a fine morning I was again on my way down the river. The Fujikawa below Minobu is a grand stream. I was practically alone with it, for the gulf that existed between the stranger and the boatmen—a gulf widened by difference of race, of language, and of thought—made us reciprocally so much inert "baggage" to each other. I think it is under the shadow of these great mountain masses, or gliding under the great vault of the sky studded with stars and in the expanse of some such lonely sea as the South Pacific, that one gets a more physical nearness to the idea of one's humanity as a very trifling item in the makeup of this universe. They seem so vast and so old, that our lives are really but little more in comparison than the lives of the bright coloured insects darting and dodging before our eyes. We cannot help thinking, that as they have witnessed the hundreds of thousands of years past, so they will witness the ages of the future, when not only we but even thinkable generations have all gone to dust. These same hills, on which we gaze, impassively witnessed the antics of strange beasts so utterly foreign to our conception that we can only draw a fanciful figure of them from their scanty remains and clothe it in the figment of our present experience. They will just as impassively witness what comes after us, and of which we are so unable to form a conception, that in spite of the

long record of the past we proudly assume that the future will merely be a continuation of to-day and that we are the culmination of this gigantic scheme of evolution unfolding before us. Man indeed strikes the stars with his lofty head, but he is sometimes brought to earth and reality in other ways than the necessity of earning bread and butter.

My men (as usual) put on steam as we approached the sea and managed to catch the train and a good " drink present "—a not unknown feature of this trip. I stopped for the night at the pleasant little hot spring of Shūzenji in Izu, which I remember in connection with one of those upsetting exhibitions which often happen in this country of delightful oddities. Shūzenji is noted for a hot spring which rises in a rock, the said rock itself rising in the middle of the brawling little river. A footbridge crosses to the bath, and watching the stream idly one rainy day I saw a Jap carefully step on the bridge and make his way to the bath. He did not have on much in the way of clothes anyhow, but what he had he deposited under a little shelter erected near the bath, and going down to the stream, carefully protecting his naked body under his umbrella, proceeded to perform his preliminary ablutions—out of the wet. As to just what particularly harmful effects are supposed to belong to rain from the sky as distinguished from rain in the river, I am still in the dark. Having well washed himself, he went back to take the usual stew, and the last I noted was his black head just emerging from the water—without the umbrella. You lie in your bath at Shūzenji with the tumbling waves of the river fairly galloping down on top of you and only separated by some boarding and a lattice window. A sluice enables you to turn the river into your bath and temper its fierce heat to your more or less tender skin. Altogether, I was pleased with Shūzenji, and its excellent inns, and

IX

NUNC DIMITTIS

> "Straziante dolcezza di quel Novembre sorridente come un infermo che ha una tregua al suo patire e sa che è l'ultima e assapora la vita che con una grazia novelli gli scopre i suoi più delicati sapori nel punti di abbandonarlo."
>
> —*Romanzi del Melegrano.*

What then is the real meaning of this strange civilization which we have under our eyes? Its outward seeming is fair enough. As we see the really beautiful picture of the Japanese home, with the marked respect shown to age by youth; as we see the self-contained courteous demeanor of all classes of society in their dealings with each other; as we see the Government carefully watchful to hurry its freshening influence into those corners of the national life, whether of education or sanitation, which show signs of anæmia; are we not likely to overlook the pivot on which the whole structure rests, stable enough while it remains in its present condition, but which once out of gear throws the whole system back on the resources of its constituent units to find that there is no reserve fund; to find that these units have no basis apart from the community, that they are unaccustomed to act alone, by laws based on general principles applicable to the whole human race, and furthermore to principles having their grounding in Nature's general law of compensation—"reaction and action are opposite and equal"? It is hardly necessary to say that I do not here refer to the upper classes. As everywhere else, there is in that quarter a very undifferentiated product in these modern days. They are educated in all the learning of the modern world. Their moral and social code, judging by outward results, is not a whit different from the man of the same class half way round the world, except in that peculiar bias which so limits the Japanese horizon

and which unconsciously crops out when they deal with "Things Japanese." They have ruled the nation—and ruled it thoroughly—for fourteen hundred years of authentic history, and it is their business now to "sit tight." It is in their relation to the lower classes that the Japanese upper classes have failed. They are of them but above them, not a part of them. Widely separated into a caste to whose level there is no effort made to raise the body of the nation. The whole trend of the social training is to emphasize this separation and to maintain this leadership of the nation in the caste. We have said something of *Bushidō,* that knightly code which can be compared to the knightly code of Europe, and which in its practical application, misapplication, and lack of application, closely parallels to-day the similar code in force in the West. Let us see how far the knightly caste have gone in their duty of impressing it on the nation as a means of raising the general standard.

Now it is hardly fair to cull choice extracts from the millions of soldiers' letters and cite them as instances of the delicacy, feeling and high standard of the Japanese people at large. There are presumably thousands of men of education sprinkled through the rank and file of the Japanese army, and the general practice of poetical composition through the mass of the people would give an idea of them not exactly in accordance with the idea we get of them on more prosaic occasions. For high patriotic sentiment and earnestness of purpose such letters can be matched in many similar publications made in America and Europe. America and England would fare badly, I admit, on the poetic side. We most decidedly have no general gift that way; but perhaps the Latin nations, and very particularly Germany, would compare quite favourably with anything Japanese. Hans has an unaccountable poetic strain in his makeup which makes him burst into anything ranging in theme from the "Wacht am Rhein" to the "Sorrows of Werther." This is not exactly the question. It is rather—What is at the bottom of the Japanese character? What remains when we strip it of its external wrappings of conventionalism?

One of the kindliest and truest of their delineators—as to one side of their character—tells us that we will find wrapped up at the bottom of the soul of the Japanese a core unbending and hard as a stone; that if once, by any accident of word or deed, you strip the covering and strike against the man stripped down to his very soul, you will find about as hard, uncompromising, unforgiving a character as you can find among any race or people. I think a good deal of this is due to the moral code of the nation being based on Duty. Love is so unknown that it is hard to find a word to express it with our meaning of the term. Carnal love is plentifully supplied with terms of endearment. Moral duties run through a whole gamut of expressions. Moral love, the kindly feeling of the oneness of humanity, goes begging for some adequate form of expression. To this extent the code of the upper classes has been imposed on the lower; namely, that the latter hear much of Duty. Duty spelt with the largest kind of a capital letter.

The standard imposed on the Japanese people is purely one of tradition. Each class is strictly limited to its own bounds, and its duty is laid down for each circumstance that may arise toward other classes. The separation of each class from other classes is not left to the instinctive habit of every man to consort with his kind. It is ensured by the most drastic legislation specifically directed to crushing out any too great extension of interests among the people at large. But this is not enough. To be sure, if the general association of men is fostered, they are sure to find common ground entirely apart from their immediate pressing interests. The sphere will be widened, and the individual man will find himself regarding outside affairs entirely apart from the other units making up his immediate society. All the more reason to strictly shut him up inside the horizon of his caste. Let us go a step farther and shut him up inside the limits of the family. Here is sphere enough for his individual aspirations. These we will limit, however, by all the powerful bonds of the religious code, and we will so entangle all the members of the family in this mesh of

interacting duties that they will never be able to act except as a unit. Now we have our man where we want him. Any event that may call up his kindly feelings as an individual must first carefully be judged as to how it may affect the other members of this "Siamese twins" organization. If in the kindness of his heart he should violate any of these traditional rules the community will inevitably condemn him. The moral desirability of his action has nothing to do with it. The community may actually agree in its desirability to the particular case, but they cannot afford to have the individual set himself up as judge over a matter which may influence all. For this reason the rules were framed. It is easy to see that every extension of sympathy from class to class was thus cut off. An *eta* or a member of the outlaw class could hope for no aid or protection from anything but his insignificance. To make any effort to raise or improve these dregs of the State was therefore prohibited by the nature of the code. Where, therefore, the code not only does not foster but prohibits that kindly interest in things human, it is not hard to see that charity receives a severe check at the very source from which it should receive encouragement. The State here puts its own interpretation on the doctrine of *Shintō,* "Follow the dictates of your own hearts" substituting therefor "Follow the rules." A substitution indeed of the Way of Men for the Way of the Gods.

The State has therefore left nothing of the individual in his relation to the community, and it leaves as little in his relation to the family. Here, too, all spontaneity is cut off. He is set in the midst of formulæ which he must have at his fingers ends. Precedence is carefully established by rule. He is responsible for everybody and they are all responsible for him. He must look at the outside world with the average eyes of the family, and we know that when an organ is not exercised it soon atrophies. We can say outright that his kindness is not a trait of personality. It, too, is listed under his duties and its limitations strictly defined. The great charity organizations of the West were unknown to the Japanese. It is their contact with foreigners that has aroused the

spirit of imitation. Stress of modern war—commercial and actual —has shown that the old system was ineffective. Where whole classes were involved in the general distress it was too much of a paradox to expect them to find aid in their own ranks. An aid which would have amounted to a general fellowship in starving together. It is an interesting instance how great *national* peril aroused people to this feature of their organization, or rather lack of organization. Bands of young men went around their neighbourhoods, ploughing and working the land for the men absent fighting at the front. If the same man had been sick or helpless with disease he must rely on just the amount of aid his family can give him and they may be nearly as badly off themselves. Now it seems to me that in his lack of individuality there is a very serious lapse in the Japanese character. It consists in that feature known as self-control. We all know of the man who is " legally honest." Who as long as he does not transgress the criminal code is a good man. We do not think much of him in the West and are rather glad when he shaves a bit too close and gets landed in the District Attorney's office. Now our self-control is both national and individual, and it is very admirably developed in many ways in our western world and very largely due to the abnormal development of our individualism. As far as the individual is concerned the wrath of the community falls far more heavily than when the shield of the family is interposed to take the responsibility and settle for his acts. A man, therefore, facing the community alone, is far more careful in what his acts imply. He judges them according to his own personal resources, and as to how far he is able to stand the shock if they should be questioned. He cannot be careless as to results. Now this sort of a man is likely to have a pretty wide sweep in his mental horizon. He is human and he is weak, and knows his weakness and can understand and sympathize with it in others. The wider his outlook the more easily he can overlook the mistakes of those less gifted. You can put it down to the fact that he sees the limitations of and dangers arising from any evil deed and hence he avoids it, or you can put it down

to a perception of unimportance of any single action in the great round of the world's life; but his self-control is not limited by rules and regulations, it is limited by the wider vision of his personal experience. Thousands of men in the West are governed by rules and regulations and the desire to keep within the law, but this class of higher men, it seems to me, is much more extensively developed West than East. He permeates all classes of society, and you find the man who would not do an unfair thing, who despises chicanery, whose field of charity is only limited by his resources, quite as often among the lower classes as among the higher. And the more rules you pile on, the less you develop this spirit.

Japanese self-control seems to me decidedly negative. It is based on the grinding down of the individual under the friction of endless rules. You can hardly ascribe any high position to an individual's actions when he is acting not as individual but as community; when his standard is simply one of tradition and not based on the higher one of moral right. It must be confessed it is not his fault. If the Japanese merchant conducted his business on principles based on Bushidō certainly not a word of complaint would be heard of his methods. In fact, he would probably be stripped to his skin by his rivals, for the knightly code of gracefully tendering the sun to one's adversary would hardly answer in these strenuous days. But if his life, apart from business, was based on Bushidō he would have evolved a much better business code than he has been able to do out of Duty. With a better code, however, he was not allowed to meddle. Left to himself the game has been to the craftiest, with no umpire of higher standard to see that it was played fairly. The high standard of the upper class cannot be applied down in the scale where men were strictly confined within their own limits of thought as applied to their means of livelihood. Hence we find the farmer ranked next to the soldier, then the artisan—and last of all the man who lives by his wits, the merchant and middleman. But they are all a brave people. Island races usually are brave. And intensely national, sometimes amus-

ingly so. There are few low-class Japanese who would not prefer their stinking tobacco to an Havana cigar. Among their manhood you will rarely find that openness of the western disposition which is such a gracious feature of the West. The westerner is not afraid to express his humanity. He rarely has anything to conceal. His very speech is open and direct. Not so the easterner. Much weight is to be given to words, and more especially to the ideographs expressing words, and which may have very different meanings under the same sound. And as his language is doubtful so at times are his methods. His national means of defence is *Jiu-Jitsu* and much was heard of it until its exponents displayed it *pro forma* to the foreign public. The American Press on the whole was rather unanimous on the subject of *Jiu-Jitsu*. I remember an editorial on the subject in a paper rather given to the heavy side of guiding public opinion and rarely descending into such fields for editorial exposition. *Jiu-Jitsu* was freely denounced as the apotheosis of the foul blow which the Anglo-Saxon had taken such pains to eliminate from his sports. *Jiu-Jitsu* as an athletic institution was rather downed by the husky athletes of West Point *vi et armis,* which, let us hope, obviates any danger of its adoption as a national institution in America.

One must admire the Japanese wit and their ingenuity in the small things which every toy shop displays. Countless ingenious toys show that what the race needed was polish with other wits to develop its best. A people of course must be held responsible for their own actions, but the Japanese owe a heavy grudge to the men who shut them out of the race for so many years. Much do they owe to the selfishness of the caste who had so little foresight and ambition as to support their rulers in such action. The people never make themselves heard. Submissively they accepted the iron chain that Chinese philosophy threw around them. It seems to be in the Mongol blood, this submission to the past. Their very guilds are based on it. The development of the Commons, the rise of great free cities like the Italian Communes or the Hanse towns, was an impossibility with this race. They have adopted

it from the western world; whether they can develop any of the great problems of modern times is doubtful. They have certainly shown no such qualities in their seclusion. Beautiful brush work, intricate and spirited carvings in miniature, elaborate embroideries, lacquer with a smoothness and strength never surpassed; but their material civilization has stood still. Mentally, perhaps, they are a proof of a statement often made, that man's philosophical attainments have never gotten beyond that Golden Age of the world, when India and China in the East and Greece in the West not only laid its foundations but built the magnificent superstructure. We base our philosophy to-day on the old Greek philosophy and merely have adapted its tenets to our modern materialism. It is to be hoped that before the old system of mutual courtesy is worn away that some substitute will be found to take its place. Strip the Japanese of their traditional politeness, they have as yet little to fall back on, and without it they would be unbearable. The views of foreigners as to the Japanese differ much according to the point of view, and it is no easy matter to strike the balance between the discords. The Japanese take care that those attached to the Legations shall see the pleasant side, and hence from such circles a chorus of praise can be said to arise, only neutralized by the unsparing anathemas of the foreign merchants who often see only the bad side of the people. If you discount his professional bias perhaps the fair-minded missionary—and there are such men—will give you a better idea of the Japanese people than any other resident foreigner. He is certainly far closer to their daily life than either of the other two classes, but he must be caught out of business hours and not allowed to talk *ex cathedra*.

We have then a people with all the traits of a highly civilized society together with many primitive ones crystallized into their system by the early adoption of an unbending formula within which only the system can develop. Let us turn for a moment to look at our western civilization and see how the guiding power acts there. The people make themselves heard. Both the German " folk " and the Roman " plebs " have political value, that in

the case of the latter lasts down to the time of the Empire, and in the case of the former down to the establishment of the feudal system in the seventh century. In the earliest days of such interpretation—the days of the feudal system and the beginnings of the canon law—the king is such "by divine right," not by his own divinity. The people undoubtedly suffered practical extinction during these feudal ages, but the spirit was still there nourished by all the prejudices of the race, and the feudal system by its very constitution—its diversity of interest between lord and fiefholder—carried in it the seeds of its death. As the powers became evenly balanced, one or the other looked around for allies, and of which there was but one source—the People. Whether king and people against the nobles, as in France, or barons and people against the king, as in England, the people were able to buy their way into influence and power. And where the people cut no figure in this controversy, in time the State is bound to fall to pieces from the heterogeneity of its warring interests, as in Poland. The people therefore have been brought into close contact with their leaders. The upper and lower classes have gradually coalesced until to-day it is the people who largely rule in modern Europe, even in those aristocratic states where the privileged classes have managed to gain pre-emption in certain high offices—on condition of maintaining their efficiency.

Now the important point here is the close contact of the upper and lower classes. The lines fade into each other. And it is not the upper classes that have come down to the standard of the lower classes, but it is the latter that have risen, and are gradually raising themselves. The standard of western life in the upper classes is at least as high as anything in the East. I think it is higher, inasmuch as the individual rules his conduct on simple general principles of ethics unmodified by any code based on loyalty to a political system and making that the object of the code. Men in the bottom of their souls highly applaud the sentiment, "My Country—right or wrong," and on some occasions we exercise all our powers of casuistry to make the right of a matter fall

on our side of the fence. But after all it is not the highest standard although it takes rare courage to break with it. We may regard the conscientious protest more than once made in America and England against national acts as mistaken, but we respect its source. I doubt very much if such open dissent from the voice of the community as was heard in America at the time of the Spanish war, or in England at the time of the Boer war, would be tolerated in Japan. The Japanese has not that much width of mental horizon. His code always carries a rider attached, that it applies to "Things Japanese," and outside actions must adjust themselves to it. He never dreams of widening its range, never perhaps suspects the narrowness of such range.

The relations between upper and lower classes are therefore much closer West than East. The lower classes naturally take the upper for the model and the responsibility of the latter until recent years has been heavy. I say of recent years, for the question of standard has become so important, and education has become so widely diffused, that even if the existing upper class does not come up to former standard, the public, becoming critical, has means of examining and making use of high examples of the past. Still, on the whole, it is the present tone that rules, and the imitation of the upper classes by the lower, even in its foibles and vices, is so striking that it has given much material to writers on manners, satirists skilled in pointing out many of the weak points of our system in the sometimes too faithful caricature thus afforded. However, our upper classes on the whole are sound and I think this soundness is reflected in the condition of the lower classes, which too many are ready to attribute to the "natural goodness" in man, although in the primitive specimens of the *genus* we rarely come across its striking traits except in the pages of Cooper. Take the standard of decency. There is, to be sure, no harm done where prurient thoughts do not enter in connection with many actions connected with our animal nature; but no one will dispute that the standard that shoves those acts as far as possible in the background is the higher one. "Ignorance is bliss," it is true, but

there is no particular folly in being wise in this case. Both standards may be legitimate in their application, but that does not necessarily imply the same plane. Now this sense of decency is widely diffused through the lower classes of the West. It is by no means natural to the western man, and its spread can be clearly traced as more and more interest is taken by the upper classes in the personal affairs of those beneath them. Kindness to animals is another trait, and which found in the West is largely due to influence from above, although in this case self-interest largely helps in the development of this idea. The experience of the western man with animals, as aids to his daily labour. has taught him the value of kind treatment. Also he is more independently truthful. This he owes to his individualism and his political importance. He is a member of the community, not a member of a corporate body attached to the community. His rights are based on general rights, and the community will support him against the injustice of his superior, and he does not hesitate to appeal to it for such support. I do not see that we have gained anything in our western world by the adoption of the eastern principle in our Trusts and Labour Unions, and the monopoly of adjusting disputes to which they aspire. Arbitration by the community at large, which often has but a remote interest in the matter at issue, is far safer than the compromises arranged between clashing interests, and is more likely to reach a just decision even if it sweeps the balance entirely over to one side. Compromise is sometimes more worthy of defeat than acceptance. Our western man's position to-day is so independent that practically he can stand on his own bottom, and it is shown by the fact that his "yea" and his "nay," according to the limits of his judgment, is quite as independent and pronounced as in the upper classes. Here again he is governed largely by the best that is accessible to him, and the wideness of his range has been more than once shown in the practical sympathy extended to the struggles of other peoples and to his forbearance. More than once have political leaders wished to take advantage of embarrassing conditions to strike at possible rivals, and more than

once has the voice of the people been heard with an emphatic—"No."

Again, I think there is a greater feeling for another's pain in the West as compared with the East. This is of recent growth. It is known with what indifference our ancestors regarded this point and looked with calm enjoyment on the most frightful tortures applied to their fellow creatures. The explanation of this callousness has been often given but bears repeating. Namely, that before the discovery of chloroform there was so much suffering endured by the innocent that one could hardly expect any display of sympathy for those found guilty of gross crimes against the community. Perhaps this is the case in the East and in Japan. They certainly have displayed great indifference to the physical suffering which surrounded them, but so much was shared by people who had certainly not drawn it on themselves by any action that it was taken as part of the course of nature—"*shigata ga nai.*" Perhaps as a kindlier view is taken with the removal from the old hard times their sympathy will widen. No one can criticise it or find finer examples of it within that limited sphere in which the code allowed it to exist. Politeness is largely a matter of nationality. Among the Latin nations custom imposes politeness much as among the Japanese, but for many years it has been the attribute of personality not the application of a code. We Anglo-Saxons are not a polite people, but I think we are a more trustworthy people. When a man gives you his support you have the reasoning, thinking man behind you. With the Japanese you have the man trying to fit his formula into the situation, and his formula is not always broad enough to cover it, or he is not expert enough, or is too timid to apply it outside its sphere. I would add also that the Japanese is an artist to his finger tips which also the Anglo-Saxon is *not*. In this respect we can compare him to the Italian, who in so many other features he parallels. As the westerner has a greater sense of his personal value as a man and his obligations individually to other men, so we can regret that the Japanese did

not have this trait to develop in his seclusion. Probably the terms are contradictory. Such qualifications would rather have given rise to a great conquering race, which would not have been content with its isolation but would have overrun their passive neighbours. But the peasant had no escape from the iron heel of the military, who gradually absorbed the monopoly of war and trod him into the dirt, there to remain and plough it and interest himself in it alone. Thus was the nation retired from its active affairs. It is no particular credit to a country to say it never has changed its rulers, for it simply implies that in the course of centuries they must have stood a good many bad ones. Besides, in the case of the Japanese it is not strictly true. The Emperor was soon retired as a figure of practical politics. Before this, he is subject to all the accidents of political life, including exile and assassination. As soon as he is retired, if he aspires to become anything more than a figurehead, he is summarily removed by his guardians to make place for a more pliable substitute. The *Shōgunate* quickly fell into the same harmless position, and up to the time of Iyeyasu the real government of the country was a gage of battle earnestly and persistently fought for by the men marked, here as elsewhere, by certain personal qualities of leadership. It was not until the time of Iyeyasu that the *Shōgunate* coming under the direction of an elaborate political system with checks and counter checks reached a position of stability that would continue by its own weight and without reference to the personality of the nominal head.

Wrapped up in isolation, the Japanese brought to perfection, politically and artistically, a civilization unique in the world's history. As to the conditions underlying this fair surface something has been said in a previous chapter, and native writers more than hint that a cataclysm was impending, which in a sense would have been akin to the French Revolution in this far-off outpost of the East. But even if we doubt the possibility of a popular movement in those days it is not hard to see that the system had reached the ripeness of its rottenness. As a museum specimen Japan was undoubtedly an object of enraptured admiration to the eyes of the

artist. Let us take one example—from many—of such eulogy; the art rather than the actual condition of the country must be in the mind of the French writer when he speaks of the dramatic events which ended this civilization. "It was the Americans who in 1853 charged themselves with the task. Under colour of a treaty of amity and commerce, and disregarding the powerless protests of Japan, the Yankee brutally thrust into this anachronism the regenerating stamp of modern ideas, represented alas! by the band of unscrupulous adventurers, of eager and rapacious contractors. Among them glided the devious Chinaman, the common enemy, who became at once the indispensable intermediary between European and Japanese, the steward or *comprador* with whom no foreign business house could dispense."

Now this is a serious indictment, and, apart from the fling at brutal Americans, it is worth looking into to try and see just what is the net balance to be struck in the exchange between East and West. Native writers are fairly unanimous in saying that the Japanese had reached a crisis in their history; and it is extremely improbable in the face of modern history that Japan would have gone for another century or more, during which, after another Age of Iron such as followed Minamato and Ashikaga, the recovery and further development of her art would have progressed. It is not easy to see that Japan would have profited in any way if the country had been opened to foreign intercourse by the gentle interposition of Russians or Germans, English, or even French. Just how the Japanese regard the events of 1853 does not exactly lie on the surface. Of the event the present generation undoubtedly are glad, although they resent the implication of force at the bottom of Commodore Perry's demonstration. That this was necessary is plain enough to anyone who reads Japanese expression contemporary with those events, and the national pride as witnessed in the distortion of passing events finds free expression in the answer of the Daimyō to the Shōgun and in that interesting little book translated by Sir E. Satow, the *Genji Yume Monogatari*. Now Commodore Perry's motives, even if he was prepared

to use force, were beyond suspicion. They were confined purely to obtaining a base of supplies, and proper treatment of the American whalers who were building up a great industry in the North Pacific, and if possible negotiating a commercial treaty with the country. Any question of territorial aggression was absolutely barred by the then declared policy of the Republic. Opened on these easy terms to the outside world I think the balance of exchange has been rather heavily in favour of Japan. On its material side the West gained, temporarily, a market of some millions of people entirely unsupplied with a host of modern products of which the novelty alone would create a demand. This was no small item, and perhaps would not have been indulged in so enthusiastically if the commercial mind of that day could have foreseen, not a constant and humble consumer but the early creation of a formidable rival in the world's markets. The West had thrown open to it a full inspection of an art the influence of whose beauty and completeness had, however, been discounted by examples already known to Europe. Just how far Japanese Art has influenced European Art is for artists to say. It has not deviated western ideals one jot from their former course. Western artists seem to have seen no reason to throw over the old masters and sit at the feet of the Japanese. They have gladly worked the best of the Japanese technique into their own methods and such of its spirit as was of value to them and then evenly gone on their own way. In religion and philosophy the West could get nothing. The western mind is essentially polemical and progressive, and in these latter days practical. It is the practical features of Christianity that give it such a powerful influence in the West. The dreamy contemplative religions of the East could never be of use to a man who is all action: with their shadowy philosophies spun out of cobwebs and the human brain, not too subtle but too unsubstantial to be of practical value. The metaphysics of Europe driving human search after knowledge into those doubtful regions beyond the range of the Practical Reason, still strives to carry into those fields the methods and formulæ gained by experience. It still

strives to remain on a practical basis. Its exposition is mathematical even when speculative. In science we obtained from the Japanese nothing. In politics we see the doubtful advantage of organization carried to a very great extreme, and which in the face of its obvious defects—the annihilation of the individual—we regard as an anachronism and to which advanced western nations will never return. In exchange Japan has taken the whole material civilization of the West. What has cost us centuries of toil and experiment is handed over with a full explanation of its rationale. And it would probably do her good if she would widen her range of vision far enough to see and understand the mental processes lying behind all this material civilization, for it is the spirit that gives rise to things not the material object that is of value. We can give all credit to the man who carves the beautiful netsukes, polishes the most exquisite lacquers, weaves the intricate embroideries, covers temples and shrines with a network of scenes from nature and human life wonderful in their spirit and fidelity, or paints them with a breadth and subtlety that arouses admiration; but we have all this elsewhere, and in addition we have a spirit that carries us on, worming out of Nature her secrets and enabling man to be a little more efficient in his struggle with Nature. It is the efficiency of the nation that counts, and the man who can construct a great battleship or the man who discovers radium emanations is as great a man as a great artist. He gets less credit for his work because it is always becoming and never crystallizes into a permanent shape. And well it is that this is the case, for such crystallization would mean the death of progress. Material and mental qualities seem singularly related. They react on each other favourably as long as the former is an active progressive factor. Halt material progress and we seem to turn in on ourselves thus hedged in, and eat our hearts out. It was the case in Greece and Rome. And, it can be added, would have been the case in Japan had it not been for some Perry to arouse her up again.

"Who by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?"

The nature of the land they live in has been accused of influencing the stature of the Japanese, a mountain people being supposed to diminish in height as they expand. Of the latter quality, however, the Japanese have been unfairly deprived by Nature. Too many instances to the contrary of this question of height and habitat will occur to any one, I think. The Scandinavian inhabits a land that can reasonably be described as mountainous; the average Swiss guide is the very reverse of a dwarf; and the average Esquimaux anything but a giant. The latter at all events is a plain dweller, for he avoids the " Great Ice " of the interior just as strenuously as he avoids the inconvenient neighbourhood of icebergs. But the nature of any land undoubtedly does react on the spirit of the people dwelling in it, and naturally the land they live in has more or less influenced the Japanese. The stamp of environment, whether on the broad plane of a great continent with its sweeping outlines *in extenso,* or the miniature presentment of a mountainous island country, shows itself to the eyes of every traveller. They are so characteristic that one could hardly mistake the greater for the less. Scenery on broad lines is impossible within the limits of an island territory. If the land is flat plain, its outline, by the slope in every direction to the sea, betrays its nature. If it has been subjected to great upheaval and distortion, within its limited space, its confused structure, dissociated from any broad general plan, will give rise to suspicion as to its nature. There are few apparent exceptions to this rule, and those are susceptible of explanations. As the great includes the less, so the continents will generally be found to contain all the scenery typical of true island scenery. But all our continents are of vast age. Nature has been carving away and softening down their outlines for untold centuries. We know that at one time in its history eastern America was a great island, and typical of island scenery which, however, has been all ground down to a softened type whose rounded outlines harmonize with the great Mississippi plain. We know that England in Cretaceous and lower Tertiary times was part of a great continent bordering on the north the great central

Mediterranean Sea, which then extended an arm up over what is now eastern Russia to the Arctic Ocean. It was a part of such continent and not merely connected with it, and age and weathering have brought it into harmony with the softer outlines of the great continental plains bordering on the northwestern sea. The only island which could be classed as an exception—Australia—is of such vast extent as to be a continent in itself, and in age rivals the other continents.

Japan is a true island. It has almost certainly been at one time connected with Asia, but the connection has been a bridge. It remains to be shown whether it ever was an integral part of the continent. The type of scenery found, therefore, is an island scenery, and this has been but little softened by time. Its outlines are ragged and abrupt. Lying on one of the earth's great lines of adjustment, it has been subject to great distortion. The result has been one of the most picturesque countries in the world. The sharp serrated outlines of the mountain ridges, clothed with green from top to bottom, the archipelago nature of the main island itself giving entrance to the sea far within its proper limits, the abundant rainfall descending in countless cascades and rushing mountain streams, which have but a short dash to make before they again return their water to the ocean, the numbers of little lakes confined within the tangle of the central mountain mass, the tortuous mountain valleys opening up new vistas every few miles, the abrupt nature of the coast, due to the fact that the islands really consist of a main mountain range occupying practically the whole of the available ground and leaving but a narrow space to form the shore, at times even cutting off this and rising abruptly from the ocean itself; all these characteristics imply the very word "beauty," which always attaches to a judicious intermingling of water and land into a landscape. And yet withal there is something which reduces the scale of everything. Fuji loses nothing in beauty by the regularity of its cone. It gains immensely by it. It is curious how completely such a great mountain enters into the miniature of "Things Japanese." It harmonizes completely with

all that fondness for the specific which the Japanese displays. And man's specific must naturally confine itself to detail. But it loses in grandeur, and in that respect, I think, most people will class it below a cone like Mount Tacoma, with its beetling cliffs and perennial snow-fields and glaciers, or such a great pyramid as the Matterhorn, standing savagely isolated among the surrounding peaks, or the beautiful spire of the Silberhorn, or the rounded domes of Mont Blanc, Jungfrau, or Monte Rosa. The great range in Hida and Etchū is of a rougher type and loses something of its effect as the peaks rise or seem to rise from a plateau country. Prevailing winds, together with the seasonal distribution of the rainfall and evaporation, place the snow-line too high to make these peaks snow-capped the year round.

It is, however, as man has modified the scenery that the traveller will find the greatest interest. For an old inhabited country such as Japan this has been singularly incomplete. When the land is available for agricultural purposes every inch of it has been used, and the waste places bloom with all that beauty of cultivation by which man, giving trimness and neatness, can add so much to scenery. In general terms, however, there is none of that exquisite finish that is found in most European countries. Away from the agriculturally available, the land is unkempt. There is not that beautiful park-like appearance which is so characteristic of England. Englishmen boast, and justly I think, of this feature of their country. It is found elsewhere in districts or on some great estate, but is nowhere so universal as to turn almost the whole country under man's hand. This is not found in Japan, and their mountain and lake scenery suffers from it. We can understand "the forest primeval" in vast America, but one can hardly get into the spirit of the forest primeval when he has a score of villages and hamlets within the sound of a gunshot, or when he rises from his absorbed contemplation to find a half a dozen natives consciously turning their gaze everywhere but at him, although he has been the object of their interested and concentrated attention for perhaps the last quarter of an hour. The unexpected presence of

the native is sometimes as startling as must have been Roderick Dhu's retainers to Fitz-James. They literally spring out of the ground. The lakes usually visited by foreigners, Hakone, Chūzenji, and Biwa, can certainly be easily matched by the score in America. Hakone is only redeemed by the cone of Fuji, for the lake itself, with its bare grassy slopes, can lay claim to no great beauty. A lake as beautiful as Lake George, or many of the Adirondacks or Maine lakes, I have not seen. Most Englishmen and Scotchmen, I think, will be loath to admit any superiority in this feature of Japanese scenery. In fact, most of the native standard is due to limited range, and judging by it, foreigners are likely to be grievously disappointed when they visit the show places of Japan. Matsushima and the Inland Sea are very beautiful, but they are types to be found everywhere in the world, and the exaggeration of the native causes a sense of disappointment that is likely to swing the balance over too far into an unjust sense of depreciation.

It can well be asked then what is the immense attraction which undeniably lies in this eastern race—an attraction that makes them the goal of so many seekers after the novel and the curious? Japan has been called the "Land of the Lotus," but I think that the curiosity that has been roused in the western world concerning the Japanese has little to do with Lotus-eaters. It is the Japanese people, who, in their lives and thoughts past and present, afford so much food for study, not to Lotus-eaters but to men who have found here a mine of wealth worth the devotion of a lifetime to get at its inward spirit; and who, in their attractive presentation of their discoveries, have led so many tourists to believe that what has taken the discoverer years of minute observation to strip from its coverings lies open and patent to the sight. The result is that the average casual traveller passing from point to point has, after all, to fall back on the contents of the curio-shops and bazaars, and the comfort of travel and climate as compared with the benighted condition of India or the limited range of China. In Japan at least one finds creature comforts, and can wander through the

country without those special preparations which would imply an expedition of the old days to the heart of Africa. The attraction to others, however, is the Japanese people, and, as I have said before, the upper classes of to-day can here be altogether eliminated. Forty years ago as an anachronism—a living picture of our own *material* past—perhaps they were the chief interest. To-day, they are simply the polished conventionalized men of the world, who differ very little east and west of the 180th meridian. The common people, however, maintain much of their old interest in primitive traits. The grudging extension of political privileges to them has still limited their ideas to the immediate affairs of their daily life, a range which in every country changes very slowly and only under the pressure of great material progress. Great discoveries affecting daily life have an immense influence on the mass of the people, but human labour is so cheap in Japan that steam and electricity have had far less application as yet in the form of labour-saving machinery than would be supposed. In their daily occupations these uses made of natural forces have hardly influenced the common people, who are still handicraftsmen, still artisans. But after all it is this unchangingness of thought that makes the common people of Japan interesting to-day and from which we can draw some very useful lessons.

It is very difficult to picture just how our ancestors lived, and still more difficult to picture just how they thought. In fact, we are farther removed from them in the latter than in the former. The description of material things is a matter of words, and if these change in meaning the change is usually so gradual as to admit of detection. In this way we probably can figure fairly well the material environment of our ancestors, but when it comes to looking at that environment with *his* eyes language gives us less assistance. Words have done more than change their meaning. They have changed the spirit of that meaning, that subtle soul of a word that is so dependent on our political and social surroundings. If we were planted down to-day in the home of our ancestor of a thousand years ago I am afraid we would have a very hard

row to hoe. With our individualism, boldly expressed as it is in these modern days, we would soon most roughly ride counter to the old gentleman's ideas, and fairly before the novelty of our general " make-up " had a chance to appeal to him, the insult to his headship would make itself felt, and we would have a taste of the *patria potestas* and the dungeon cell, while he decided in his mind whether it were better to choke us out of the world, or shove us off on some of his acquaintance by the simple medium of exchange and barter, to the profit of his purse and the perhaps entanglement of the purchaser. It is our individualism that has made the difference to the western world. For that reason our formulæ have been cast on much broader and simpler lines, to apply to a much wider range of subjects, and the minutiæ must be left largely to the individual subject. If he cannot take care of himself, so much the worse for him. The State will only engage to look after him before the period known as the years of discretion. This has been steadily at work modifying our system for centuries. At times it has made great advances at a bound, as in 1789 and again in 1848, but it has never been absent. This is very much the reverse of the Japanese, who up to 1870 was living under the same system, social and mental, as his forefathers. The decline of the imperial power, followed by the civil wars, had given rise to a military caste which soon became limited to its professional members. From that date the people were restricted to their respective spheres, and a minute code was laid down as to their conduct. This code, as far as it showed any tendency to change, was towards making it still more stringent.

Forty years could hardly make a very wide impression on it, especially in country districts removed from the life of the outer world. The existing relations of family life and of village life, between employer and employed, between the farmer and his peasant kind, can be carried back to former times or forward from former times. It will be sufficient to recall the relation of the servant in a family. Domestic servants are rated at wages of two yen (one dollar) a month. This, of course, means

that the relation of the servant in the household is a very different one than with us. They are clothed and fed and educated and prepared for their future independent life much as if they were connected with the family. Clerks go into the establishment of their masters on the same severe terms. Their food is plain, their apprenticeship is long, and the wages *nil,* and they prefer it to the harsher and (to them) unpleasant service of a foreigner. Their relation to the master is personal, they learn the business, and when the service is completed they are started out in business by him and with an established connection, so to speak. So it goes through the many grades of life. And as the relations are the same so must the little tricks of method, even of physical habits, be the same, so unchanging is the code and so unchanging is the habit of thought it must have inculcated. There are no great material changes here to be worked into it and to disturb it. No discovery of steam or electric power to call into exercise new faculties of the brain. Everything moves on in the same even ruts, which take a smoother and smoother polish with the decades and tens of decades. This, it seems to me, is the interesting feature of " life Japanese." We are watching the man of the past at work. It can only be seen now in small ways, and great was the privilege of those who saw it in its original untouched condition.

As to how far back we can carry this life into the past of other nations is a difficult question, but much of the life of the common people of India is singularly unchanging. Certainly with a knowledge of it we can read better the old description of dead and gone nations of the past. We translate too much our present ideas into gaudy descriptions of the great festivals of the Mesopotamian cities. Life in Babylon was probably not so different from life in India to-day, as far as the common people went. The glitter of gold and silken banners, the hosts of richly clad priests in procession, the troupes of dancers, can be softened down to the tones of to-day, where there is more brass than gold, the women far from the ravishing dream of the poets, and a good deal of hemp or the cotton plant is woven into the silk. The priests are still there, but

their pounces have been clipped, their mysteries have been stripped from them; and there also more brass than gold has been found. Time throws much of a glamour over everything, and he has not hesitated to so adorn the physical proportions of our ancestors. The fierce warrior in armour seems a terrible spectacle, but it is simply his unfamiliarity to our eyes, his remoteness, as of some strange monster of Mesozoic times. Put a man of our present generation—one of our own acquaintance—into a suit of armour and he is far from terrible. In fact, he probably could not get into it, for the improvement of physical surroundings is said to have increased the proportions of the race. Sir Launcelot might possibly be even classed as a "runt" in these days, so far distant is the seventh century. And it is to be suspected that these terrible heroes of Japanese times are not so unlike our mild-mannered neighbours surrounding us. Unfortunately for man, however, we cannot confirm our suspicion that this applies also to more than physical stature.

How hard we labour and strive to make a name for ourselves. We often see the pompous statement of a man that he "writ his name large across the page of history." One can well ask, In what way? "Who cares to subsist like Hippocrates' patients, or Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the *entelechia* and soul of our subsistences? But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives, that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we can compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations, and Thersites is likely to live as long as Agamemnon." Three thousand years and more before Christ, Babylon was a great city. Their life and thought is before us, not in many ways unlike our own. They bought and sold, worked and played, quarrelled, and even went to law. Their

contracts and deeds of conveyance are before our eyes in the British Museum. Mr. A covenants and agrees to sell to Mr. B the lot of ground with messuage built thereon at the corner of Nebuchadnezzar Avenue and Bel Street for and by the consideration of so much weight of silver duly paid (and weighed) and delivered, etc., etc., with a description of the property and the signatures of the subscribing witnesses. The said Nebuchadnezzar was, as we know, a very great king; the tale of his being turned out to grass was a malicious invention of a conquered and maltreated people who had no other means of blackening the character of their oppressor. His health was of the greatest importance, and yet we do not know even the name of his physician, let alone the qualifications which gained him his eminent position. The cares and complexities of his great empire called for great legal learning in its administration, and yet the name is lost of the leader of the bar of that day. Of his cook, Nabuzardan, we know at least the name, if so great an authority on the kitchen as Friar John of the Funnels is to be relied on.

If we ask what is the value of human fame, can we not go a step farther and ask what is the value of the fame of nations? These nations of the past are so dead and gone, so out of all real touch with the nations of modern times, that for any active sympathy they might have been located in Mars. The only connection we have with them is in a faint reflex of customs dimmed by time but still comprehensible to us, or into which we read our own meaning with but little thought as to the meaning they read into them. We adopt only the formula; the living interest of the past has died out of them. The man in Babylon five thousand years ago was born, lived, married, died, went through all the alternation of joy and despair that we go through to-day. He is flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone, and yet we have no real sympathy for him. Their woes are our woes and yet not our woes; they are only museum specimens, duly labelled, curious to the sight and understanding. So are the huge winged monsters, half men, half lion or bull that this ancestor of ours evolved out of his con-

sciousness of things. I think in some ways these nations have a great advantage over us. They at least, after enjoying their period on earth, have handed down their record to the future, and singularly complete are the remains they have left to us. They seemed instinctively to turn to the most durable material on which to grave their records—baked clay and the hard granite or diorite. Barring man's destructive hand, it will take long ages for Nature to wipe the page clean of the record the Babylonian and Assyrian and Egyptian have placed for future men to read. Parchment stands a small show in the contest of durability against brass and stone. The modern world has gone a double length. We have abandoned entirely oral tradition. We purposely throw as little strain on the memory as possible, leaving much to written notes taken at the time and kept handy for reference. We have ostentatiously left off training the memory to devote our whole time to developing the understanding. Now there is a distinct disadvantage in this, inasmuch as in the early years during which the memory gets its training, our present system and memory discipline can go hand in hand. There is every reason to teach the child early to think, but there is no necessity of doing so memorandum in hand. In the old days of our fathers, their misdeeds in school were penalized by the imposition of hundreds of lines of verse or prose to be learned by heart, and excellent discipline it was, as the ease and accuracy of quotation of which they were masters shows us in their public debates. There are many little incidents that at the time hardly seem worthy of note, and which later circumstances make most interesting or valuable to succeeding generations. Our memories are getting shorter and shorter, and if a man sixty years hence had to give even the general details to fill in some history of to-day, we should much less trust to his account than, under similar circumstances, to that of the man who ran through the whole gamut of classical literature with ease and accuracy.

We are, however, not satisfied to stop at this point. In the rare cases in which we resort to stone to perpetuate our memories,

what is sought? The softest and easiest to work. How long is a modern graveyard to last in any shape of intelligibility? The old slate tablets of our fathers are far the more durable, but the present day runs to marble and sandstone, and if they do take granite it must be softer qualities which take—and lose—a high polish easily and disintegrate rapidly. In the graveyards of to-day it is not the graves of a hundred years ago that have suffered. It is those of thirty and forty years ago, whose inscriptions are hardly legible. To stone or brass, however, we do not often resort. Our mainstay is paper, and on that we have built the whole structure of our history as the world is to know us in the future. There is much in the world of the past that is useful to know, even if we make but little or no practical application of it. It at least teaches us the important fact *how* things came to pass. It is only the immediately useful that survives by use. Doubtless the future generations can get along quite as well without knowing anything more about us than they have taken from us as at first hand, and we are adopting admirable methods to see that they will not be troubled with details. As it is, we have the merest fragments of the world's literature and history. If it had not been for the material used, the existence of the ancient world would be as obscure to us to-day as that of the nations who built those mysterious ruins in Central America and in Central Africa. They would only exist as doubtful traditions to be set down as another mythlike Atlantis. In the twenty-five hundred years that have elapsed since Homer's time, the bulk of a great literature has literally disappeared. It has been fourteen hundred years since the fall of the Roman Empire, and we have gone far enough to know that of its literature more has been lost than preserved. It has been fifteen hundred years since the Romans left Britain. Of the first thousand years only fragments of its literature remain. It is but three hundred years since Shakespeare's time, during which Ben Jonson, Massinger, Webster, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford, and Dekker, have become the gradually diminishing property of a few literary men, only to interest the general public in the form of apt quotation; and there

is no guarantee that three hundred years more will not put Shakespeare in the same position. To-day he is more quoted than read, and the reading and quotation is becoming more and more centred on a few plays. In other words, the whole life of the man is getting out of touch with us, and we are reading the fortunately wide range of his views into our own environment.

Our insignificance as men, however, is accentuated, not so much by time as by thought and civilization; the lack of symmetry and sympathy and connection. If we have no sympathy with the distant past, we have almost as little with peoples of the present removed from us in thought and habits. We show but a languid interest in the misfortunes of such peoples. We read of frightful slaughters in Armenia, of famine in India, of the disappearance of a whole population into the dust of its neighbouring volcano. It is a newspaper item to us. A man slips his dollar into the glass bowl exposed on the street for the use and benefit of the sufferers, and goes on his way with far less real thought about it than if the electric car had run over and mangled the pet house dog. It is not our fault. We cannot take interest too far from our immediate surroundings. We take an interest in the slaughter that great armies wreak on each other, for that is something that may come to ourselves any day, and we cry out for some method of doing away with such methods of settling disputes, but we have no fear of Turks or Cossacks or Kurds, falling on us from the skies and filling the streets and wells with the dead and dying. Take some of the sketches of that kaleidoscope of nations found in d'Amici's "Constantinople." Look at the worn, thoughtful faces of the old men there depicted. Those men are living their lives with as little thought of us as we of them. We do not know the kindly old face in front of us. Just as well we do not, for in thought there is probably no sympathy between us. We wish him well, and yet for all real meaning he might be as immaterial as the printed paper or as an inhabitant of another world. And so it has gone on not only for the present but in the past for untold generations. These men of ages back have existed, but to-day, individually, they have

barely the reality of a dream. And as we look at the waste places of the earth which they made to bloom and flower we can well believe them a dream. Nature is far more powerful than we are, and drives us hither and thither over the face of the globe. In the face of her periods it really seems as if the question as to who shall carry out the scheme of evolution, white man or yellow man, was a very trifling one to her. We are newcomers, to play our part and disappear as others have done before us and elsewhere in the Cosmos.

Perhaps then to us men the real problem is the race, and that it is alone the race that counts and to which we are to direct our efforts. The question is—how to control the individual and yet develop his powers. Rules and regulations have their own great defect. Man is complex, and the object is that his development should be harmonious. West answers the question by giving him as much freedom as possible and takes the risks of abnormalities. East fits the man to a preconceived mould and forcibly starves her abnormalities out of existence. In both cases are still applied the old natural rules inherited from the past, but the West recognizes the possibility of progress and fosters genius which necessarily is abnormal. The East takes the past as the fixed standard and allows nothing to flourish outside of it. But even in the West we are restrained. Man is a herd, and just as animals suppress the lame and the freak, so all wanderers from the human herd must pay for their idiosyncrasies. We want neither angels nor devils. Departures from the norm are met with hostility, and must make their way good in the face of such hostility, not against the inquiring spirit. It is the West only that to some extent the inquiring spirit has been able to make its voice heard, demanding that the innovation at least be given a hearing. More it cannot do. In the East up to very recent times it has been unknown. After all, a live dog is better than a dead lion, and the capacity of a people to live is far more to them than what nations may say of them when their civilization has gone to dust. People can judge of the capability of the past, the future is groping in the dark and new

steps taken rashly may bring disaster. It is the limitation of his experience, the tacit admittance of the limitation of his capabilities, that makes man conservative. Genius is rarely happy. Perhaps the more we carry this conservatism into our individualism the happier we are. I do not mean that subserviency to formula that is the prevalent tone of the East, but that wise balance due to wider horizon which is the heritage of our western world. Well can we bear in mind those wise words of Herr Teufelsdröckh, "So true is it, that *the Fraction of Life can be increased in value not so much by increasing your Numerator as by lessening your Denominator.* Nay, unless my Algebra deceive me, *Unity* itself divided by *Zero* will give *Infinity.* Make thy claim of wages a zero then; thou hadst the world under thy feet. Well did the Wisest of our time write: 'It is only with Renunciation (*Entsagen*) that Life, properly speaking, can be said to begin.'"

It is the stirring events of the past—so much the all, the finality to the men of that day, and such Dead Sea fruit to us to-day—that makes us doubt the real importance of our human affairs to anything but ourselves. We have before our eyes the insect that seeks his mate, exhausts himself, and dies; and it is, too, probable that the importance of humanity is a fiction of our own brain. And, indeed, when we look on the different races of men, our capacities are so exactly akin to the other manifestations of Nature that in very shame we hide our heads from such obvious facts, and for ages have cackled about the divinityship lodged in our skulls. Modern science has broken down some of this feeling. Comparative anatomy attaches more importance to locality and convolutions of different parts of our brain as compared with the other animals below us in the scale, and we are beginning to suspect that after all we may be only the as yet ripest product of some vast scheme,—not separate and apart from it, not a favoured child for whose enjoyment all the rest has been provided. It has been hard for us to abandon our theory of "the final product." Through all the pains and penalties of our lives, with all the suffering of Nature going on under our eyes, we have still steadily pur-

sued this *ignis fatuus*—that the world is properly a scene for enjoyment, not for strife. If it were not pitiable it would be laughable to see how we grasp at the merest shadows to bolster up our despairing hopes. To us it is, or we pretend it is, all fact. Youth grasps the shadow of life as real, old age the shadow of death as real, but there is little difference between the two stages except in so far as Nature sends the blood bounding through the arteries in the case of the one and chills the blood of the other. Old age! The very term is relative. The bodily frame of one man as measured by our terms of years may not have reached maturity, but in Nature's eyes he has long passed the threescore years and ten. And our period is not even marked on the second hand of Nature's timepiece. We know how little of its task science has done. We know as little about the real structure of a protoplasmic cell as we ever did; and there is a shrewd suspicion that in our attempted explanation of the mystery "life" we will merely succeed in pushing the problem one stage farther back. The distance of the nearest star is inconceivable. The distance of the farthest is a mere row of figures without meaning. Our telescopes plunge into black depths of space between the southern constellations which so far represent nothing to us but a horrible chasm. Perhaps ages ago the light of some star has started through this space not to reach us until ages hence. Perhaps by the time such light does reach us the star itself will be the burnt-out cinder of such a world as that toward which we are ourselves tending. And if the infinitely great is beyond our grasp so completely we get as little consolation out of the infinitely little. Our limit of microscopic visibility is to-day about 1-7000 of a millimetre. By special devices we can photograph objects of 1-10000 of a millimetre, and by still further indirect devices we can, by means of the diffused light reflected by particles exposed to a strong beam of light detect their presence if at least 1-100000 of a millimetre in diameter. Speculatively we have pushed things still farther, and, by means of formulæ deduced from the action of gases, can conceive of the diameter of an atom of hydrogen as placed at not less than 10^{23}

of a millimetre. Now the volume of Thompson's corpuscles are placed at but 10^{16} part of an atom, or as Mr. Whetham has graphically stated comparable in size "to a fly roaming about inside a cathedral." What man does get therefore out of his study in these latter days of his physical surroundings is the sense of the vastness of this universe. A vastness that makes the explanation of it in the past seem so very trifling, makes the nature of the divinityship evolved by those ancient communities seem so very inadequate.

When, however, we look on this great system of suns and worlds with its countless insoluble problems, let alone the insolubility of its central problem, is it any wonder that man, after having exhausted every rational means, should cut the Gordian knot and fall back on the old device of a *deus ex machina,* in which he can at least exhaust all his powers of casuistry and dialectics on a new field of argument, which logomachy will distract him from the real problem. If the scheme of the material world is beyond his grasp he can at least devise a substitute for it, and try and frame his facts to fit that substitute. But the difficulties that this leads us into are greater than those we have avoided, for our mental grasp is too limited to frame such scheme for this grand universe; and many, baffled and beaten, have given it up in despair. Many, however, have such spiritual hunger that the limitations of the human mind is a constant source of pain, a corroding acid eating into their very souls. Wandering in the mazes of their own perplexities, unwilling to accept their limitations, "kicking against the pricks," such men are often driven in their attempt to measure the infinite by the finite, to abandon all effort to find man's true place in Nature, and they fall back on that shadowy authority of the past, which in our longing to communicate with it has such influence over us; for after all it is the only tangible thing we have to grasp. If the past is shadowland, the future is doubly so. It is an unsatisfactory method but it is the only one to many men; for human reason is not such as to solve the problems presented to it. Well did Newman express this agonized cry of the puzzled human soul,

when he, giving up the battle with his doubts, sought refuge in Authority. His beautiful hymn appeals to all engaged in this struggle or any struggle in which man is pitted against forces too vast for him and lies crushed under the sense of his insignificance. It expresses the almost dramatic hopelessness of our situation before these abysmal depths of Space and Time,

"Lead kindly light amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on,
The night is dark and I am far from home."

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SAKURAMBŌ

By

JAMES S. DE BENNEVILLE

"Oh, past delights,
Whereof the very thought excites
A thrill in every limb, as though
The merry life of long ago
I lived again."

Romance of the Rose

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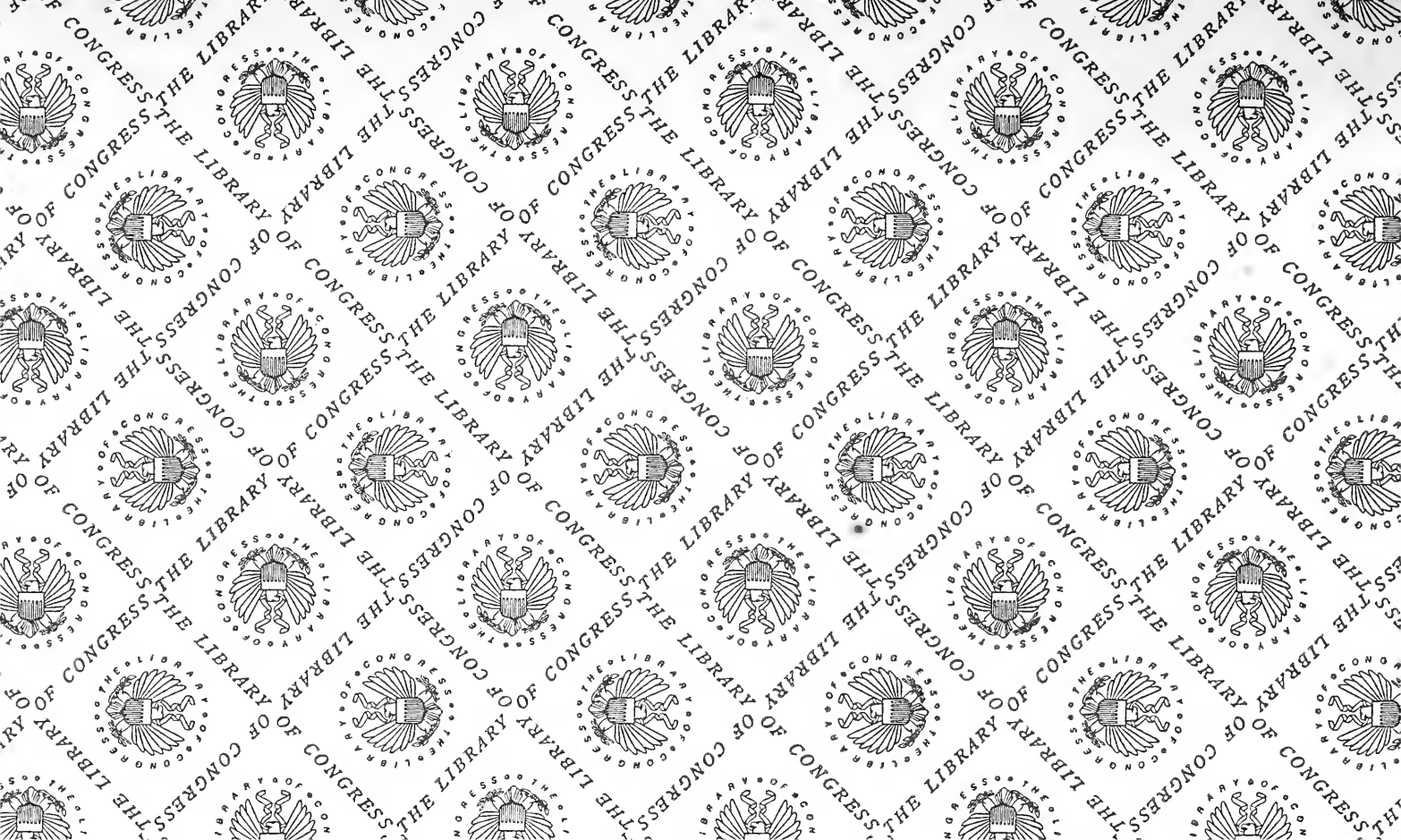
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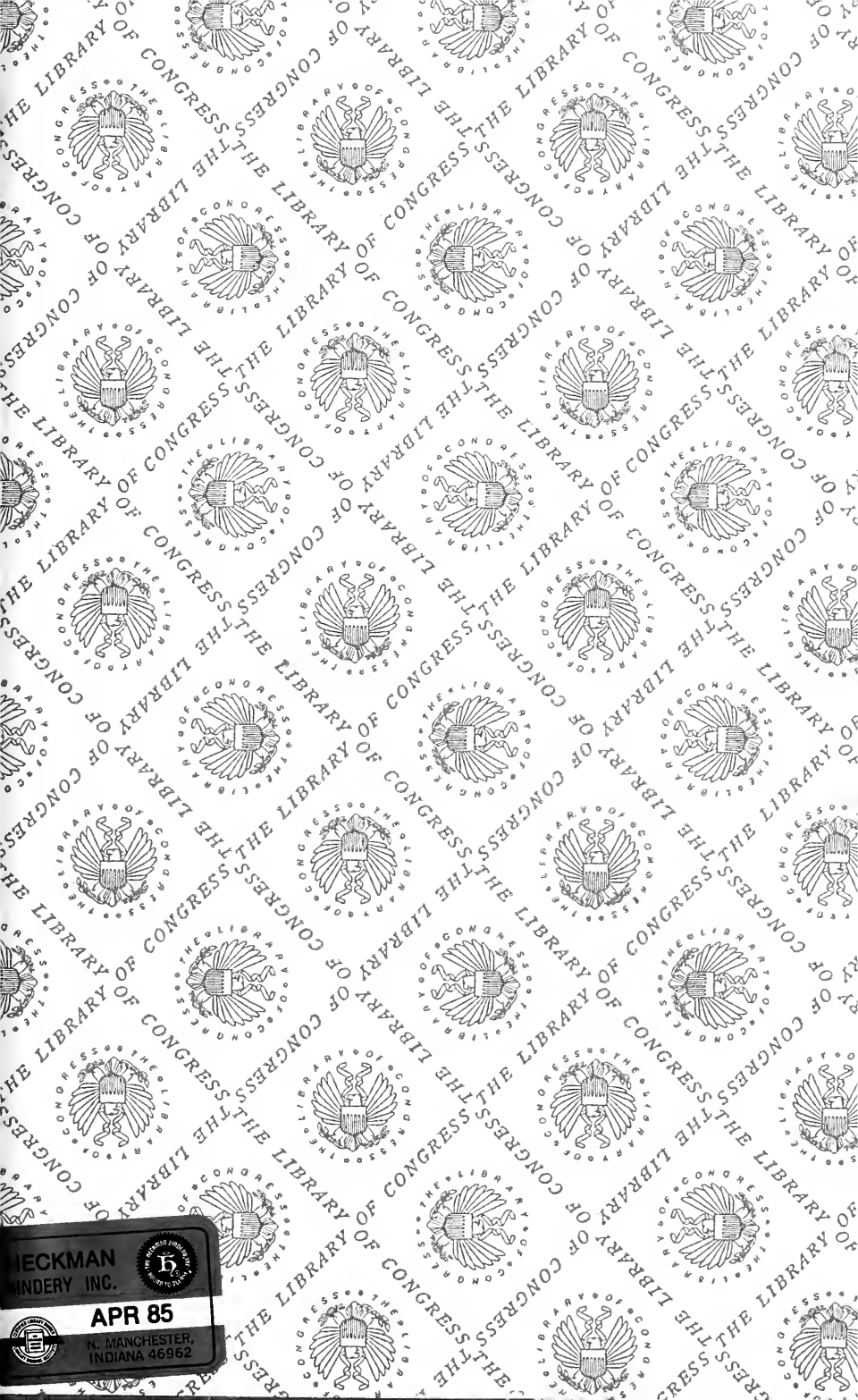

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